PEORIA PUBLIC LIBRARY
Writing or marking in this book, even for the correction of typographical errors is strictly forbidden. Any defacement or mutilation will be charged to the last borrower preceding the discovery.

SEPTEMBER, 1918 VOL. XLVIII., NO. 1

THE BOOKMAN

THE TRADITION OF LETTERS IN AMERICAN DIPLOMACY

BY HENRY VAN DYKE
Formerly United States Minister at The Hague

The United States of America is not the first or the only nation to discover the value of literary training for the diplomatic service.

Take Great Britain, for example. Geoffrey Chaucer, the "morning star of English poetry", was a trusted diplomatic envoy charged with special missions to Genoa in 1372, to Flanders in 1377, and to France in 1378 when the marriage of the young King Richard II to a French princess was planned.

Sir Henry Wotton, the friend of Isaac Walton, was British Ambassador to the Republic of Venice during the reign of James I, who had the greatest confidence in the judgment and skill of this man of letters. After his return from Venice, Wotton became Provost of Eton College.

John Milton, the loftiest poet of the English race, was Secretary for Foreign Tongues to the Council of State of the Commonwealth, and conducted practically all of the international correspondence under Cromwell, whose foreign policy was so successful. It has been said that the reputation of the Commonwealth abroad rested on two pillars—Milton's books and Cromwell's battles.

Joseph Addison, essayist and poet, was Under-Secretary of State in the reign of Queen Anne, and Secretary of State in the Stanhope Ministry under George I.

The second Lord Lytton (better known by his pen name "Owen Meredith", the author of that very sentimental novel in verse "Lucile", and of other poems of greater merit) was for four years the highly honored and successful British Ambassador in Paris, and for five years the Viceroy of India.

Coming down to our own day, we find one of the great ornaments of British diplomacy in Viscount Bryce, the Ambassador of Great Britain to the United States from 1907 to 1912, a period during which he probably did more than any other man to deepen and confirm the British-American friendship which is stronger than any mere political alliance could possibly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be. James Bryce is essentially a man of letters. His first book, written in 1859, is entitled "Flora of the Island of Arran". The book which made his reputation is "The Holy Roman Empire" (1862), and the volume which crowned it is "The American Commonwealth".

The present Ambassador of France at Washington, Jules Jusserand, also belongs to the republic of letters, in which he holds a very high place as a critic and a biographer. His book on "The English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare" is recognized as an authority, and his recent volume, entitled "With Americans of Past and Present", shows his moving eloquence as an orator who knows how to speak at once to the point and to the heart. For sixteen years he has held his important post in this country and has been more useful than any man since Lafayette in revealing the real France to the real America, and in so weaving those ties of imperishable gratitude and love which now unite the two republics in the great battle for world-wide liberty.

Among the other men of letters who have adorned French diplomacy, the names of Chateaubriand and Lamartine come instantly to mind.

Turning to the diplomatic history of America, we find that the name of Benjamin Franklin, universal genius and one of the most distinctive American authors, "leads all the rest". He stands not only first, but still foremost on the roll. His "Poor Richard's Almanac", published in 1732, and the pamphlets such as those entitled "Plain Truth" and "Cool Thoughts", which he put out from time to time, gave him even more reputation than his invention of the famous Franklin stove. His discovery of the identity of lightning and electricity, wonderful as it was in itself, owed a considerable part of its renown to the literary simplicity and vividness with which he presented it to the world.

Franklin was diplomatic and business agent in London for the colonies of Pennsylvania, Georgia, New Jersey and Massachusetts at different periods between 1757 and 1775. The work which he did there in endeavoring to dissuade King George III and his Tory ministers from waging war on the American colonies, was in its way as patriotic and distinguished as the work which he afterwards did to make that war result in the liberation of the republic. Franklin was sent by Congress as Commissioner to France in 1776. In 1778 he was received by the King as American Minister. His labors in France were carried on with a tact, prudence, good humor and firmness which made them of incalculable value in securing that French sympathy and support without which the war of independence could hardly have resulted in a victorious peace. In the conclusion of that peace at Paris in 1782 and 1783, Franklin played a most important rôle as Commissioner. His autobiography, which was not published until after his death, holds a unique place in American literature. It is one of those very small books which are as sure of immortality as any human work can be.

The next man of letters to be noted in our diplomacy is one whose name and fame are not so well known. Joel Barlow was one of the so-called "Hartford Wits" and the author of a highly patriotic but rather long and dull poem called "The Columbiad". He was American Minister to France under Napoleon I and performed his duties in that difficult post with intelligence and skill.

Washington Irving, romancer, his-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

torian and short-story writer, was the first American whose books were widely read abroad. They deserved it. Irving loved England and wrote much about it. He also wrote in very good English—clear, simple, picturesque and restrained. In spite of these qualities—which some modern critics seem inclined to regard as blameworthy, if not distinctly unpatriotic—the work of Irving is thoroughly American in its spirit and tone. It represents, however, not the Americanism of the soap-box orator or the corner loafer, but that of the men of trained intelligence and decent manners who really founded and freed this country. Irving was appointed Chargé d'Affaires of the American Legation in London in 1831. In 1842 President Tyler sent him as Minister to Spain, where he performed his diplomatic duties for four years with diligence and success. His genial personality was a distinct factor of usefulness in his service to his country. His books dealing with Spanish subjects were written some years before his diplomatic mission to Spain.

John Lothrop Motley, the author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic", "John of Barneveldt", and other famous books, is usually associated in our thoughts with the Netherlands, to whose history he gave a world-wide renown. But as a matter of fact, he never held a diplomatic post in that country. His first mission was as Minister at Vienna under President Lincoln, in 1861, where he remained until 1866. In 1869 President Grant appointed him Minister to Great Britain. From this post he was recalled in 1870, in consequence of an alleged diplomatic indiscretion. So far as I can remember, this is the only case in which an American man of letters in the diplomatic service has been even accused of anything of the kind. Whether the charge against Motley was justified or not, I do not pretend to determine, but his literary fame is so high and so well assured, that his diplomatic service is of minor consequence in our general estimate of the man.

George Bancroft was another American historian who entered diplomatic life, having previously served as Secretary of the Navy in the cabinet of President Polk. He was appointed Minister to the Court of St. James in 1846 and filled the position with great credit until 1849, receiving from Oxford University the honorary degree of D.C.L. In 1867 he was appointed Minister to Berlin, and made a high record by his ability and usefulness there, resigning in 1874. Bancroft began his life as a Unitarian preacher and a schoolteacher.

Another man of letters who filled the post of American representative at Berlin was Bayard Taylor, traveler and poet. Having served as Secretary of Legation in St. Petersburg, 1862-1863, he was sent to Germany as our Ambassador in 1878, and died at his post in the same year. I had the pleasure of seeing him often and intimately while he was there, and can bear witness to the honor in which he was held by the best Germans of the old—and alas, now practically extinct—school. His translation of "Goethe's "Faust" in English verse is still the best.

Other American men of letters who have been sent in our diplomatic service to Berlin are Andrew D. White, historian and philosopher, and David Jayne Hill, philosopher and historian. Dr. White filled the position of Minister to Germany from 1879 to 1881, and to Russia from 1892 to 1894. He was sent back as Ambassador to Berlin in 1897 and remained there, universally

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

honored and greatly useful in his work, until 1902. His service was distinguished by its breadth and discretion.

Dr. Hill began life as a Baptist clergyman and college president, served as American Minister to Switzerland from 1903 to 1905, and to the Netherlands from 1905 to 1907, and as Ambassador to Germany from 1908 to 1911. I had the pleasure of being his guest in this last period, and again had an opportunity of seeing with my own eyes how well the diplomatic functions can be performed by an American man of letters, who has broad intelligence, good common sense and a ready spirit to master the details of his task. Dr. Hill's book, "A History of European Diplomacy", is monumental in character.

When we come to consider the American diplomatic representation in London, the service of men of letters appears in its full value. I have already spoken of Irving and Bancroft in this connection. John Hay, poet, essayist and biographer, after having served as Secretary of Legation at Paris, Vienna and Madrid, was appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James in 1897. The record of his work there in negotiating the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, and in supporting the open-door policy for China, is well known. It was continued splendidly in his service as Secretary of State under President McKinley and President Roosevelt.

James Russell Lowell, poet and essayist of the first order, was made Minister to Spain by President Hayes in 1877 and Minister to Great Britain in 1880. He remained in the latter post until the close of President Arthur's administration in 1885. The Encyclopædia Britannica says of him: "As a man of letters he was already well known in England, and he was much in demand as an orator on public occasions, especially of a literary nature. He had also proved himself a sagacious publicist and made himself a wise interpreter of each country to the other." This is a very moderate description of the inestimable service which Lowell, by the charm of his temperament and by the wit of his wisdom, rendered to both countries.

Whitelaw Reid, who was Minister to France under President Harrison, and Ambassador to Great Britain under President Roosevelt, is better known as a journalist than as a man of letters. But any one who will read carefully the addresses which he made on public occasions in England will find in them that fine literary quality which gave distinction to his conversation and to his editorial writing. He belongs in fact to that group of distinguished men like Edward Everett, Reverdy Johnson, Joseph H. Choate and Edward J. Phelps, who while not strictly speaking literary men, owed to their love of literature and their familiarity with what is best in it, much of the power which they showed as diplomats at the Court of St. James.

Among those who have done excellent work in the American Consular Service, three of our foremost writers of prose fiction should not be forgotten.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was Consul at Liverpool from 1853 to 1857. Bret Harte was Consul at Krefeld, Germany, in 1878, and at Glasgow in 1880. William D. Howells was Consul at Venice from 1861 to 1865.

There are two American authors who have rendered a long and valuable service in diplomacy. Arthur Sherburne Hardy, author of exquisite and delightful novels, was Minister to Persia from 1897 to 1899, to Greece,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Roumania and Servia from 1899 to 1901, to Switzerland from 1901 to 1903 and to Spain from 1903 to 1905.

Maurice Francis Egan, poet and essayist, was appointed Minister to Denmark in 1907 and did admirable work there for more than ten years. His resignation on the ground of ill-health has just been accepted and his retirement is a distinct loss to the service. Again I can bear witness from personal observation to the substantial worth of an American author-diplomat. Mr. Egan was the Dean of the diplomatic corps at Copenhagen when I visited him in 1916. He was honored and trusted by everybody. He had the great satisfaction of working out a problem which had previously baffled many attempts at solution. The sale and transfer of the Danish West Indian Islands to the United States was accomplished through his patient skill and resourcefulness.

President Wilson appointed a number of men of letters to diplomatic positions. Walter Hines Page, essayist and publicist, former editor of "The Atlantic Monthly" and "The World's Work", was sent to London. Thomas Nelson Page, admirable novelist and short-story writer, was sent to Rome. Brand Whitlock, novelist and publicist, was sent to Brussels. The labor which these men have performed at their different posts need not fear comparison with the work of those who have been specially trained for the service of the Department of State. They may not be *diplomats de carrière,* to use the technical phrase; but they are *diplomats de nature.*

Valuable contributions in regard to the history and aspects of the great war in Europe have already been made, and more will undoubtedly be made, not only by these men, but also by others not to be classified as literary men. Judge James W. Gerard has not only performed his duties as Ambassador at Berlin with distinguished success during a most trying period, but he has also written a book called "My Four Years in Germany", which is full of interesting news and observations, and which lifts the curtain behind which Germany's arrogance and duplicity mixed this hell-broth of war which she has forced upon the world.

Mr. Morgenthau, our late Ambassador to Turkey, has since his return written many articles of the most interesting and informing character in regard to his experiences there, where he did so much in maintaining and safeguarding American and humane interests amid the tempestuous times of strife and peril. His voice, like that of an old Hebrew prophet, was always lifted in defense of righteousness and mercy.

Brand Whitlock, who held his hard post at Brussels with admirable and calm courage, tenacity and skill, is giving in his book a most convincing and memorable picture of the martyrdom of Belgium by the ruthless German invaders.

Mr. Page in London, having won the admiration and confidence of the whole British people, and having handled many delicate and difficult affairs with wonderful firmness and discretion, will doubtless have a great story to tell when the time comes. Mr. Page in Rome has already written some excellent articles for the magazines during his residence in the immortal city, and he has carried on his official work there with unfailing devotion and capital results, adding to it that unofficial touch of true courtesy and friendship which alone can make a diplomat really *persona grata.* No man could be better fitted than he to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

write of the extraordinary aspects of the war in Italy—that conflict among the clouds, in which the Italian people have shown such marvelous bravery and resourcefulness. It is to be hoped that we shall have in due time a great war novel from the hand of Thomas Nelson Page.

SOME VERACIOUS PARAGRAPHS

BY JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

I

The students of the earnest school of American "literary" autobiography can have but an overwhelming condemnation for the course which led me to the publication of my books and stories. I am certain that, in addition, they would be affronted. The actual facts are rather an amazing refutation of a number of celebrated "moral truths". Men with a nice sense of performing long-drawn and disagreeable duties will find nothing here to reassure them that virtue is its own reward, or rather that such virtue only is rewarded. The room where I am writing is low with rafters and a wide stone fireplace darkening since 1712; there is old mahogany, early Empire and Heppelwhite, dull rose, the deep blue of Staffordshire china and wrought iron. The windows look out on uninterrupted greenery, maples ruffling in a delightful morning air, and terraced grass. Behind the long low gray stone house the peas are in pod; there is a gardener like a crusted English clay pipe; Airedales are on the lawn and communicative brown owls in a willow. From a reasonable angle this is a great deal, it is perfect of its kind, and it is all, all, the result of perversity.

There was hardly a stage in the process of its realization that would not serve as an illustration of the ways that lead to ruin. Practically every young man who in the lessons comes on disaster arrives by the route which brought me, under forty, to this verdant tranquillity. In the first place, largely through persistent illness, I spent a complete childhood doing nothing in the world. I did it very well indeed, in a large mid-Victorian house, with a clashing bell and prayers morning and evening, and walls—the library, the halls, the music-room—lined with distinguished books; every book a successful Scotch Presbyterian type-founder would possess. During this period my mother subscribed for a series of paper-bound love stories.

After a number of pleasant years in the company of the Duchess and a stainless Indian named Deerfoot, I was introduced to school. I was a timid, fattish boy, with an incurable aversion to study and a surpassing clumsiness at games. It was a Quaker school with both girls and boys, and my failure with one was as dismal as with the other. But this didn't last long for, in the consistency I have set out to reveal, at the end of two or perhaps three terms I definitely withdrew myself from the field of education.

Advancing from the Duchess to Ouida, I went on as I had before; at seventeen, I entered an Academy of Fine Arts. There I did one day's work

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in fifteen, stood, together with other gesticulating thumbs, before the celebrated paintings in the gallery above the schools, and had an affair of the heart. This occupied me until I was twenty-one. Then, with the numerous grandchildren of the Presbyterian type-founder, now unfortunately dead, I received a very satisfactory sum of money. My cousins invested their legacies in industries or discretion; mine I immediately dissipated, mostly in Venice in the country of Italy.

I had a private gondola with a Turkey-red carpet and my initials in silver on the gondolier's sleeve. We spent the priceless days of youth and effort—never, never to return—floating on the placid tide beyond Murano, rolling cigarettes from choice Egyptian tobacco. Just as I had accumulated two familiars—an old English gentleman whose valet always carried three overcoats for him to change with the weather, and a well-known illustrator of children's books, dying from insomnia—my money vanished and I came home with less than twenty-five cents.

II

In the period that followed, I was as convincingly detrimental as any moralist could wish. I kept what is everywhere recognized as low company, and enjoyed most the proprietor of a night-hawk cab. His name was Smith, he had been a prize fighter, and he took me to remarkable balls where it was quite nothing to beat up a policeman with any handy bottle. I met suave young Italian-American gentlemen temporarily retired from the deplorable accidents of their own cities, adroit individuals whose hands were supple with glycerine, and stout genial retired ladies with beautiful diamonds who owned apartment houses. From these I came home in the cadaverous trolley cars of dawn.

Then one morning in early October I was leaning a swimming head from my window over an open suburban street, the air sheeted with pale gold and veiled with the pungent haze of burning leaves, when suddenly every aspect of my existence became insupportable. It was as if a voice had shouted in my ear. Within an hour, with a few necessities like books and chocolate in a glazed bag such as children carry to school, I had left forever all the past circumstances of my life. I went on a walking trip, which consisted in taking a train to Harper's Ferry.

At the station, asking for a hotel, I encountered a woman bound for one on the bluff above and we went up together. She talked civilly, and thoroughly weary of all that I had been, I informed her that I was English, a nephew of Lord Kelvin, the astronomer—the first name that occurred to me. The hotel, except for my companion and an aging but vigorous man, was empty. We had supper at a small table lit with a single lamp in a vast shadowy place of faded summer greens; where it was revealed, as humanely as possible, that the lady was a member of a notable British family and had come to the United States to lecture on the private life of Queen Victoria, and could recognize any nephew of a nobleman across the Potomac; while the other was Simon Newcomb, the celebrated American astronomer, an intimate of Kelvin's, and perhaps the one man on the continent who knew that he had no such relative as I had announced myself to be.

Yet observe the sequel of this reprehensible fabrication—it set in motion a mild entertainment in which I learned that the lecturer was, too, a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

novelist; she had produced a respectable number of volumes under the pseudonym of Lucas Cleeve; and she had the proof of one at the hotel. On the day of my arrival her eyes had failed from continual strain and the acidulous smoke of cheap cigarettes; that evening I was correcting her galley proofs, while she sat beside me with her head swathed in a damp towel, emphasizing with the cigarettes what should be noted and changed.

Throughout this process I was conscious of a growing dissatisfaction at her story, with the result that I immediately wrote a novel of my own. Naturally it was nothing more than a rather crude joke at the expense of my labor and hopes. Now, thoroughly engaged, I determined to make a further effort. In the search for a place at once quiet and inexpensive, I took a Virginia mountain stage that put me down, with a decrepit typewriter, in a little village lost in the midst of deep, narrow, green valleys and high ranges. There, in the detached part of a farmhouse on the slope beyond the village, I addressed myself to the difficulties of creative writing.

If I had had any idea of what was to follow, I would have made a more careful choice of subject, for I was condemned to rewrite over twenty times a trivial affair about a calf, a country girl, and a professor in search of health. In the course of the story the professor accidentally shot the calf . . . the girl he married. The typewriter broke down at the most inconvenient moments, the lettered caps fell off and lodged in inaccessible parts of the mechanism, the type-bars tangled and the ribbon was full of holes. I would, as I thought, finish the story, and get into bed with unutterable satisfaction, only to wake sometime in the night with the realization that I had again made an inexcusable blunder; and the following morning start a fresh page with the title which I have since mercifully forgotten.

It would be difficult to express the depth of my ignorance at that time; I could follow the superficial logic of events, and I had a vague idea, from its appearance, when a sentence was completely wrong. That was the extent of my literary knowledge and background. I spoke of writing this over twenty times, that was the entire story; a great many periods, yes, and paragraphs, were repeated a hundred or more. Eventually I knew the whole dull, stupid business by heart, and recited, with indescribable bitterness, entire pages to the trout I caught in the virgin mountain streams.

Finally I was convinced that I could do no more, and sent the manuscript to a magazine. It returned, but with an encouraging letter, a suggestion to try it with a periodical that specialized in light fiction. Light! It seemed to me the heaviest thing ever created. It was fourteen laborious years later before I sold a story.

III

Looking again about my pleasant room, this narrative seems incredible. I had left undone nearly everything I should have done and did, what is agreed, comes to nothing. Even the fourteen years of labor were systematically discouraged, or rather regarded as an ingenious defense of persistent idleness. I had literally nothing to show but baskets of wasted paper and a few printed rejection slips. A relative to whom I said "kind of things", pointed out that a literary ambition was, well—unfortunate. I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hadn't read Thackeray and didn't like Dickens, and—major crime—I never looked at the newspapers. An aunt remained awake one entire night because I mentioned Darwin. No education, you see, and no habit of industry, no background of the masters nor corner filled in the family pew; and against this only the scribbling.

Yet the result, the dark rafters and broad hearths, the emerald sod and low eaves echoing with birds, charming blue eyes, is the reward promised for industrious righteousness. There is a drawer full of heartening communications from impressive sources. Solid men in approved vocations admit me to their confidence and society. * * * And only the scribbling.

Asked for explanations by a large class for the study of story writing, I sat in a silent quandary—should I admit the Duchess or tell them of the weeks in Venice, or say at once that any one of them might with great ease prove me an entire ignoramus? The instructor gently prodded me: they want to know about the tricks by which you get effects, he put in. This was not helpful. In self-defense I repeated the history of my first two published novels. One, of which a thousand copies were exempt from royalties, sold nearly nine hundred; the single financial activity connected with the other was the privilege of later buying the copyright and plates.

I was still opposed to both providence and propriety, for the subject of one novel was a boy's purity—in a world where that quality is a cause for excruciating jest—and the second the failure of an aging man to repair a spiritual wrong with gold. People, I learned, preferred to read of immaculate young women and be reassured concerning the money to the obtaining of which they sacrificed so much. The earlier indifference gave place to a prodigious amount of advice.

It was continued by the editors who wrote me after a story or so appeared in a highly reputable place. Enthusiastic letters arrived and I answered enthusiastically with manuscripts. The admonitions: our readers demand more optimistic and vital stuff. More action! Mary, the daughter of the wealthy manufacturer, must marry Alfred, the laborer, who at imminent peril bursts open the fire-escape doors locked by the villain and releases the panic-stricken girls in the loft. Still more action, if Alfred is equally the child of a wealthy manufacturer in disguise.

I was, in addition, condemned for dealing with a love slightly different from the eugenic legend of the stork, and for deducing from the movement of women's skirts that they were propelled by legs. Or else I was metaphorically pounded on the back and invited to write, for disturbing sums, gingery serials. Without conviction in either direction, I fell between. It was then discovered by the erudite that my books held actual grammatical errors—infinitives were severed, adjectives crowded in unauthorized procession. These criminal facts were exposed; yet, in spite of them, I saw a novel of mine being read in a Pullman car. In spite of them other publishers appeared and other readers.

Almost nothing can be said in defense of such a career, a composition of wilful idleness and labor, unsupported by any vision of success. It is obviously a provocation to virtue that, as a result, I should be able to smoke very long and very pale brown cigars with an import stamp on the box. I have no business with a fine Airedale terrier named after Mr. Conrad's Marlow, nor a wife with a flap-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ping pink hat and the blue eyes of which I spoke. Remember the lamentable companions—Smith, the nighthawk driver and fallen prizefighter, the thieves and wasted, the tragic sensualists. Remember all the opportunities ignored—my grandfather's classic library, the education, the money.

Among the letters is a generous note from a most conservative source, speaking of my long devotion to art. It came only a little while ago, and it was that which set my mind on the past I have so inadequately unfolded. There is the obvious retort that if it had been different, I should be much further along now, more admirable. Perhaps. If my first novel had been of the "vital" sort people prefer, it might have sold half a million copies instead of nearly nine hundred. That is a consideration; but grass can be only so green, a terrier no more than faithful.

Then there are friends, personal and friends of my books, to record. They must be the final indignity to the truly worthy. No one has better: they are, in the terms of the cigars, of most expensive shapes and aromas. I am unable to credit the statement that one gets the friends he deserves. This, with so much else, is exceedingly mysterious.

There is brandy on the sideboard, too, and cigarettes before breakfast, and shelves of books largely condemned or ignored; but no longer, alas, the Duchess or Edward Ellis. The breeze—so finely ruffling the maples—continues to blow on the just and unjust. Babylon stands. I have written the last word of another novel preposterous now in time and setting. It will be published while countless other books written by the most exemplary will be refused, and justly annoyed superiority will endure the strain of again seeing my self-indulgent countenance looking out at them from the pages of their favorite reliable journals. . . . Tough!

PILGRIM

BY JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

The cold wind cries across the rolling dunes,
The gray sails fleck the margins of the world;
I watch the rolling dunes along the barren sky,
And wan, white waters by the swift wind hurled.

O where are Queen Faustina and Babylon and Tyre,
And pale Troy lost in a silver mist of tears?
And I, O Earth, thy child, more old than all these others,
What have you done to me in all these thousand years?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LITERATURE OF PLACE

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

About forty years ago Thomas Hazard of Peacedale, Rhode Island, being then an elderly man, set out to tell the public, through the columns of the Sunday edition of "The Providence Journal", how his grandfather's colored cook, Phyllis, was the indirect cause of the death of Marie Antoinette and the French Revolution. He set out, I say, to impart this interesting and hitherto unsuspected historical information. But in an unfortunate moment, while penning paragraph two, he mentioned Rhode Island Jonny cake (the spelling is his), and the mere mention of the word sent him off on a long parenthesis, so that he used up all his space for that Sunday. In the following Sunday issue, however, he resumed his attempt to inform the public how his grandfather's colored cook, Phyllis, was the indirect cause of the death of Marie Antoinette and the French Revolution. But this time he was unfortunate enough to mention yellow-bellied eels (or perhaps that came later, and it was the proper method to cook a Jonny cake); at any rate, he was off on another three-column parenthesis, and the historical information was put over yet another week.

So it went for I don't know how many Sundays, each week the mention of some South County dainty, or some sprightly legend, sending "Shepard Tom"—as he signed himself—off on half a page of fact, folk-lore and whimsy about the old Narragansett country of Rhode Island, and postponing for at least half a year the imparting of his historical revelation. Incidentally, he did finally tell how his grandfather's colored cook, Phyllis, was the indirect cause of the death of Marie Antoinette and the French Revolution—but that is another story.

These "Jonny Cake Papers" of "Shepard Tom" Hazard were gathered into a book, after "The Providence Journal" had printed the last one. It was a book eagerly sought and highly prized by Rhode Islanders, but it apparently attracted no attention elsewhere, and when the edition was exhausted, it was not sent to the press again. As a result it became in time exceedingly rare and difficult to procure. I tried for ten years to get one, in vain, and a Providence friend of mine paid $12.00 for his copy. I never saw a copy listed in a book auction or dealer's catalogue. Not until two or three years ago was a reprint issued. Then a descendant of "Shepard Tom" published a new edition, in limited form, printed by Updike and illustrated by Rudolph Ruzicka—an edition worthy of the place the book had taken in the hearts of South County's lovers.

I am telling this story to illustrate the fact that there is a literature of place in America, some of it, of course, well and widely known, but the appreciation of some of it still confined to the small sections which it pictures and interprets. We all know Thoreau's Walden (Thoreau, of course, was considerably more than an interpreter of place!). We have climbed the Sierras with John Muir. Some of us older

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

folks, perhaps, still remember our first thrill upon landing on Star or Appledore, the thrill of realizing that these brown rocks in the sea were Celia Thaxter's islands. Emerson was hardly a pioneer or a mountain scaler, but he did climb Monadnock, in the days before Dublin was a village of one-hundred-thousand-dollar "cottages", and wrote a poem about it. It would be idle to deny that his poem is a part of the impressiveness of that lone pyramid of granite, a part of the spell the old mountain exerts. If Frank Bowles had never been to Chocorua, to write those charming books about it (they should surely be reissued some day), the Chocorua region would be less devotedly loved, and less rich in subtle associations, than it is to-day.

For that matter, the whole White Mountain region owes an inestimable debt to a book, to Starr King's "White Hills". Much has been written about the entire range, from Gorham to the Connecticut River, since the Charlestown minister made the mountains, then almost unknown, his summer playground. Mr. Allen Bent, secretary of the Appalachian Club, has compiled a formidable bibliography of the White Mountains, in fact. But Starr King's book is still the classic, and likely to remain so. I well remember reaching camp one rainy evening, on the very crest of the Great Divide in Montana, and finding there a man who had packed up the trail on foot. We fell to talking over the camp-fire, and when we discovered that each was an early devotee of Starr King's book, and could quote from his eloquent description of Tuckerman's Ravine, we were friends for life. Though our camp overhung a far deeper and steeper and wilder ravine, the bottom of which was higher than the summit of Mount Washington, it was that early love for mountain wildness and appreciation of mountain form and contour, so largely fostered by Starr King and the White Hills, that lay at the back of our present enthusiasm and our present adventures.

But a place may have its literature known only to the few, and this literature, like the place itself, may be all the more precious to its lovers on that very account. I, for instance, am one of the lovers of old South County, and I must confess I was not wholly glad when the "Jonny Cake Papers" were reissued, even in a limited edition at $6.00 the volume, from Updike's press. Just as you cannot get real Rhode Island Jonny cake outside of southern Rhode Island (they do export the meal now, but it suffers a sea—or land—change in the process, and it cannot be made into genuine Jonny cake by any but a South County cook), just so you cannot truly flavor "Shepard Tom's" delightful and whimsical book unless you know the land whereof he writes and the people. No one who has not tried to talk with a real South County, salt-pond, oyster fisherman can relish the tale of the eels, and the neighbor who dropped in to sample them for breakfast. He ate seventeen helpings in perfect silence, but as his plate was going back to the fire for its eighteenth filling, he jerked his thumb toward the kitchen door, and spoke.

"Them's eels, them is", he said.

It was, perhaps, a descendant of the same man who once stood beside A. E. Thomas, the playwright, and me, and watched a friend of ours, a man of almost superhuman muscular strength, lift the bow of an eighteen-foot catboat up on a block, when the chain-tackle wouldn't work. We gasped, but Ed didn't. He contemplated the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feat calmly, and when the boat was on the block, ready for him to begin work, he shifted his quid and remarked casually, "Pretty stout, that feller".

Nor can anyone, I fancy, who has not waited for the evening mail to be distributed in the little gray post-office, or loitered down the lane toward the big salt pond, with the lazy tremendousness of sky overhead and the soft air stirring the grasses, and Block Island like a blue mirage out on the hazy horizon, quite appreciate what gives Rhode Island white corn-meal its superlative quality, like no other corn-meal anywhere. It is ground slowly, between soft millstones, water driven, and never heats in the process. "Shepard Tom" tells how one miller he knew used to put a bushel of corn in the hopper, walk two miles and court the Widow Brown, and return in time to catch the last of the soft, suave, flour-like meal coming out. That isn't the way to make money—but it is the way to grind good corn-meal.

The Old World, of course, is rich in the literature of place, and just because of that literature many a spot in England has, perhaps, more intimate associations for us, mellower associations, than spots no less beautiful and hardly less potentially interesting in our own land. Bobbie Burns sang of the banks and braes of bonnie Doon, a stream otherwise somewhat insignificant. Wordsworth made excursion through the Lake country. Hardy, by the marvelously vivid background of his novels (landscape background has never been so superlatively employed, so like a living character, as Egdon Heath in "The Return of the Native") has vitalized a whole section for all of us. To a much smaller circle of readers, the poems of William Barnes, in the Dorset dialect, have enriched with beautiful associations a neighboring section. The mere words "The Bard of Avon", have endowed a meandering brook with thrilling immortality. Beside such associations as these, our own newer land can offer little for comparison, though it is hard to conceive of the American who can be callous to Concord, who can fail to feel in that beautiful, dignified, tree-shaded village the ghosts of the departed, who can pass, for instance, Emerson's white house on the Lexington Road, with that pretty glimpse of the green, rolling fields of Middlesex behind, seen through the "pleached garden", without removing his hat, or, at the very least, sensing a new and riper loveliness in the countryside.

On second thought, perhaps there is a certain conventional pose in the assumption that we, in America, are poor in these overtones of literary association. After all, there is much in American letters already working to endear and enrich certain localities, even when it is not, strictly speaking, literature of place. I was reminded of this fact afresh the other day when my motor suddenly rounded a bend on the Boston and Worcester post-road and beside me, behind its huge, patriarchal oaks, rose the beautiful old walls and shouldered roof of the Wayside Inn. I must admit that Longfellow lay about me in my infancy so ubiquitously and was, by pedagogical compulsion, copied so often into my "memory-gem book", that I now detest him above all other poets. Yet I saw the Wayside Inn rising behind its great oaks, flanked by the lovely, rolling fields of Middlesex, with a thrill that even its antiquity and architectural charm could not account for. Why, you have to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pay even to enter it now! You pay for the privilege of paying for a meal there. Literature did that. Let the landlord take charge of the next inn up the road, let him serve meals ten times as good, yet what would become of his admission fee? No, the Authors' League should certainly take the matter up, and compel him to disgorge royalties on his present profits to Longfellow's family.

A poet I always instinctively preferred to Longfellow, and do still, is Whittier. "Snow-bound" was the favorite poem of my childhood, because it invested with a homely magic of meter and strong, sane feeling what was a commonplace—to a less extent, to be sure—of my own life. I too knew the New England snow-storm, the transformed universe, the tunneled drift, the Gothic pump, the warm, enforced privacy of the family. There is little likelihood that we shall have no more snow-storms, but a hundred factors of modern life have entered in to rob them alike of certain terrors and certain compensations. The scraper that clears the State roads, the rural delivery man, above all the telephone, do not fit into Whittier's picture. It is rich in the atmosphere of a life that is fast vanishing, both physically, and, unfortunately, spiritually. Yet in its homely fidelity of picture and its mellow sympathy of human feeling, its love for the simple family joys and affections and labors of the earlier New Englanders, it will endure as a lasting record in our literature. It has the needful affection for the home spot, the needful observation of local minutiæ, the needful broad appeal to all readers of kindred experience, to make it true literature of place.

It has been a long time since I have read anything by Washington Irving, and my instinct was to consider his work rich in the literature of place; so I sought out his books afresh, to see. To my surprise, I found very little. Certainly the Knickerbocker history cannot be so classed, nor, for American readers, his innumerable sketches of foreign scenes and incidents. What, then, had given me such an impression? I went back over my memories and discovered. It was entirely due to the vividness of the impact on my childish imagination of the landscape and human background in "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow". I recalled my first trip up the Hudson, my first visit to the Tarrytown cemetery, my first glimpse of the Catskills. It was Irving, in a few brief pages, who had made them rich in association, endowed them with the overtones of history and legend. Probably he had nothing of this in mind when he wrote, yet it is a fact, I believe, that had he not himself intimately known and fondly loved this Hudson basin, some element of enduring charm would have been lacking from his stories, that authentic background which now holds them as a setting holds a jewel.

Here, of course, we have the literature of place fused with the literature of fiction: such fusion often takes place. I have mentioned Hardy's "The Return of the Native". Everybody will think at once, too, of Stevenson's "Kidnapped" and "The Merry Men". It occurs in the work of Hawthorne, of Mark Twain, of Howells, of Sarah Orne Jewett and Mary E. Wilkins, to mention but a few American novelists or story-writers who have chosen a setting for their fiction not because it promised picturesqueness or "local color", but because they were genuinely desirous of interpreting it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—the place, the *genus loci*—no less than the characters of their story.

But, after all, it is the literature of place written for its own sake alone that finds the warmest spot in the hearts of those who possess what we might call the "local sense". A good many of us, I fancy, would not exchange Horace Kephart's wonderful book about the Southern mountaineers and their mountains, the fruit of three years spent in a North Carolina rough-boarded cabin, for all the fiction John Fox has ever written or will write. This is in no sense a criticism of Mr. Fox's fiction, either. But it is facts we folks with the local sense are after, simple facts, homely facts, transmuted by affection into the stuff of poetry. I recall after many years a "Vignette of Manhattan", written by Brander Matthews, and called "Spring in a Side Street". It may, to be sure, have been cast in a kind of fiction mold. But it was not fiction. It was the drab side-street of New York made significant, interesting, even beautiful, by Professor Matthews's love for his city. It did what certain sketches of Coppée's have done for Paris—Paris which is so rich in the literature of place! New York, curiously enough, has always been more fortunate than other American cities in such literature, more fortunate even than Boston or Philadelphia. It may be that the Bostonian's affection needs must be discreetly concealed from the vulgar eye of the mob; but even in the old days it was the streets of New York that Whitman and Willis tramped and sang. You remember, surely, Willis's poem beginning, "The shadows lay along Broadway—". It remains a masterpiece after more than half a century. But I cannot recall that anybody has immortalized the shadows along Tremont Street or Rittenhouse Square. Even in Mr. G. M. Cohan's crude songs about Broadway there is a kind of rough literature of place. The affection, at least, is real. Rudolph Ruzicka's superb woodcuts of Manhattan, published by the Grolier Club, and unfortunately in a private and limited edition, are only another symptom of the appeal that is inherent in our great cosmopolitan city, the appeal to all artists to interpret it, to record its moods, not by indirection, but by direct means. When F. P. A. comes back from the wars, I yet have hope that some day he may be Manhattan's Calverley, that he may do, as I am sure he can, for Broadway and the Avenue, what the poet of "Fly Leaves" did for Rotten Row and Hyde Park. Naturally, nobody would take such liberties with Beacon Street.

To make a leap of several thousand miles, I have certain books on my desk which I value highly and read often. They were written by a man named Enos Mills, who is, or was, a dweller on the slopes of Long's Peak in Colorado, and lived the active life of a guide to mountain climbers, a government snow-observer in winter, and a quasi-naturalist and explorer. So far as I know, he has never written a poem or a story or a novel in his life. To call him a "literary man" would probably give him intense amusement. Yet he has written so clearly, so simply, so vividly, because out of intimate knowledge and deep affection, of the snow slides, the timber-line trees, the chipmunks at his cabin door, the wild life and the wilder scenery of the high Rockies, that his work has a perpetual fascination many a "literary man" would give all his possessions to achieve. He has helped, in his honest way, to interpret the Rockies for us, and there is no one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who has sensed at all the infinite allure of that wonderland which lies up the slopes of Great Divide, but feels himself a debtor to Enos Mills.

Yet the literature of place does not need a fourteen-thousand-foot summit for inspiration. Dallas Lore Sharp is finding his in the fields around Hingham, just as Thoreau needed only to take a walk out toward Sudbury. Not long ago I picked up one of those large, elaborate books written and illustrated by William Hamilton Gibson, which Harpers used to bring out a generation ago. I had thought of Gibson pre-eminently as an artist, and an artist of flowers, mushrooms, insects and the like. But in this book I picked up, "Pastoral Days", I found him, also, not only an artist of landscape worthy of high rank, but in his text an interpreter of place, intimate, friendly, enthusiastic. The place was that section of Western Connecticut around Newtown and Washington, where he was born, and where he lived and worked. Much of it has changed singularly little since the '80's. The faithfulness of his descriptions can easily be verified, and their enthusiasm appraised. His book has added, for me, a new overtone to the Connecticut hills. Hereafter his warm, glowing spirit will walk there by my side, his hearty voice cry out in admiration of each new vista and splendid roadside tree.

I wonder how many readers of this magazine know a book by a friend of Gibson's, John Coleman Adams, called "Nature Studies in Berkshire"? It is pure interpretation of place, a series of reactions to the local scene, to the flood of summer sunlight up the valley, the oncoming of the thunder storm, the tender tapestries of Spring, the flaming tapestries of Autumn, the peculiar landscape conformation and subtle local atmosphere, which conspire to give our Berkshire region its individual flavor. Not only is this book delightful for its own sake, but it may well be studied as an example of how the "local sense", when strongly developed, finds in the simplest of surroundings all the needful materials for creation.

Indeed, the production of a literature of place goes steadily on, quite unaffected by passing fashions and quite unaffected, too, by any commercial considerations. Even more than poetry, such literature is written *con amore*, whether for the columns of the local paper or, in more fortunate cases, for the interior of a book. Much of it, of course, is ephemeral, and can have even an immediate interest only for the neighbors. But some of it reaches up to the plane of art, and out to the hearts of an alien public, and all of it is slowly building for various communities that subtle wealth of association and background which makes a spot dear to its lovers, and gives it charm to those from afar. Such literature seldom passes in review through the pages of our critical journals, and still less often is listed as a "best seller". Often its writers are obscure, at least as authors. "Shepard Tom" Hazard was a woolen manufacturer and the squire of Peacedale. Frank Bowles was a college dean. Yet the impulse to write such literature is no less a creative art impulse than the impulse to write fiction or verse. Nor would I, who have tried all three, say it was easier. The reason the obscure writers sometimes succeed at it the most admirably is not because it is easy, but because they bring to the task intimate knowledge, deep love, and a complete singleness of purpose.

This purpose, of course, is to inter-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pret the soul of a place, the peculiar, the essential charm which resides in it alone and makes it lovely or dear, which makes it, in most cases, home. There is some pride involved, perhaps, as when William Allen White is so delightfully boastful of his Kansas town, or Meredith Nicholson of his Indiana. If I may presume to be personal, there are four places with which I am familiar in America that have always peculiarly moved me to try to put their appeal into words, to try to record with what skill I may the charm they exert over my spirit; and in each one of them I have always felt that indescribable, almost mystic, yet unmistakable sensation of homelikeness, of familiarity, of comfort and content, though but one of them is actually my home.

These four places are the exquisite upland "parks" which lie like jeweled gardens amid the naked tremendousness of the Continental Divide in northwestern Montana; the rich, wooded "coves" and rocky headlands of the Tennessee Cumberlands where the mountaineers live in little gray cabins under geyser jets of pink peach trees; the Landaff valley leading south from Franconia to the great, benignant blue dome of Moosilauke; and, finally, the sweet Berkshire country where I dwell, where the Housatonic wanders through willow-bordered meadows fair as any English stream, and the mountains lay their long, wavelike horizontals against the dreaming sky. If your love for such places is strong enough, your knowledge of their endless variety of moods and their infinite byways deep enough, no other impulse will so move you to write as the impulse to be their interpreter. You write with a fine freedom from any thought of a public, too, because the only public you expect is a public of fellow-lovers, and they, you know, will ask only for truth and devotion. So you watch the hills when the greens of April creep up their sides, or the tapestries of autumn are woven in a frosty night, or the shrapnel of the winter storms comes puffing over their summits, you wander afield for the *orchis spectabilis*, you listen for the hermit thrush at twilight in some deep ravine, and you try to tell why it is that your small corner of the world is so fair to see, so intimate, so dear, so like a human spirit ever brooding by your side.

I live now under a mountain, my pastures running up its first steep shoulder into the deep woods where the hermits sing and the deer browse. The shape of this mountain is benignant and splendid—a great dome rising serene from a long, wooded rampart which plunges down sharply for a thousand feet to the green fields and forests and lakes and winding river on the plain. In sunlight and starlight it broods above my home, ever the same, yet never the same. It has days of mistiness, when it seems remote and aloof; it has days when it wraps its summit in the privacy of cloud; it has days of crystal clarity when it invites you to walk to its peak and you are almost deceived into thinking you could do it between four o'clock and supper; it has blue days, gray days, green days; it lies serene under salmon sunsets and piles up with menacing power against a gunmetal thunder-head. And daily unto it I lift up mine eyes, and on its great, wild shoulders I find many things to fascinate, from the sweet arbutus and the fringed polygala to herds of deer and wildcat tracks. It has its legends, too, and its human history dating back almost two hundred years. I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

know that some day I shall write an entire book about it—about it, and me, and the life we mortals all live in relation to the spot we call home. Those who also have lived in sight of my benignant old mountain will read my book, and understand. I shall hope, of course, that others will, too. But that is in the lap of the gods. I shall not write it for them, but only for my neighbors and myself. Perhaps, indeed, it were better to say I shall write it only for my mountain, who compels me. There must always be this compulsion about the literature of place, this loving home-cry in it, or it is worth no more than the stuff the professional travelers write. It may be, of course, that no one will read my book, not even the publishers who refuse it! But I shall write it, just the same.

THE SECRET OF TOM JONES

BY WILBUR L. CROSS

Anyone asked to name two or three of the greatest novels ever written, would have to consider and eventually include "Tom Jones" among them. If he did not particularly like the novel, he would have to admit that it is, because of the question it raises, the "Hamlet" of English fiction. No other English novel has been so long and so persistently read; it has been reprinted several hundred times and been translated into nearly every language of Europe—into Russian, Bohemian and Polish, as well as into French, Dutch and German; it has been dramatized, and turned into musical comedy for the English, the French and the German stage. No other novel has been so highly extolled for its art, and no other has been so completely damned for its morality. It has had, too, the honor of being expurgated by a collateral descendant of its author, and it has been incinerated in the interest of the public welfare. It is not permitted, I am told, to rest in peace on the shelf of any Carnegie library in the land of Mr. Carnegie's birth.

By virtue of this one book, Scott called Fielding "the father of the English novel"; he likened its easy narrative to the flow of a beautiful river, and despaired of ever attaining in his own work its perfect art. To Gibbon "Tom Jones" was "the first of ancient and modern romances"—nothing less than "the history of human nature itself". Coleridge could discover in no literature a plot more logically and consistently developed, and after profound meditation he defended the hero on most of the debatable questions concerning that young man's conduct. Thackeray thought it marvelous that any brain could build up through six volumes so superb a structure as "Tom Jones"; and though he dealt rather severely with Tom, he wished he might himself depict a young man of his own time so completely; he made the attempt, and his genius failed him. Mrs. Craigie, the novelist, would have given, could she have had her will, a copy of "Tom Jones" to every girl on her eighteenth birthday in order that she might know by what she would be confronted during the next few years; and the late W. E. Henley exaggerated and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dwelt upon Tom's follies (perhaps they were vices), and approved of them all as an easy means of shocking British Philistinism.

On the other hand, Samuel Richardson, the author of "Clarissa Harlowe", resented Fielding's invasion of his own domain, and declared "Tom Jones" to be without invention—to be, as he had heard, "a rambling collection of waking dreams"—and so inexpressibly low that he would not contaminate his mind by reading it. Accordingly he asked the young daughters of his friend Aaron Hill—they bore the names of Astraea and Minerva—to read it for him and give him their candid impressions. When they told him that they had received pleasure and instruction from the perusal he became furious, and made the poor girls weep for having innocently enjoyed a book which the great man told them had "an evil tendency". Likewise, Dr. Johnson frightened Hannah More, a mature spinster of thirty-five, by his fierce denunciation of "a vicious book" which she casually praised in his presence, and which he himself had never read. And his biographer, Sir John Hawkins, denounced the virtues with which Fielding endowed his hero as only the virtues of a horse or a dog. Even so recently as the twentieth century we have been told that "the world has hardly derived either profit or benefit" from "Tom Jones" or any other of Fielding's works, none of which are longer much read although they may be talked about.

The denunciations are more amusing than significant, though it would be interesting to trace the motives, moral and personal, behind them. The laudations, extravagant as they often are in phrasing, are more discriminating than they appear at first sight. Probably no one would now write, if he could, a novel on the plan of "Tom Jones". He would never think of inserting within the body of his novel a story like the one told by the Old Man of the Hill. The incidents in that tale, if he wished to incorporate them, he would bring in quite differently, so as to avoid a halt in the main narrative. He would have no introductory chapters on his art, the critics, and his fame; any words he might have for critics and readers he would reserve for a magazine, and he would be uncertain about his fame. He would put less stress upon a plot involving a sober or merry secret to be explained in the last chapters. But he would have to acknowledge that Fielding did all these things supremely well. He would see that the episode of the Old Man of the Hill prepares Tom for his entrance into the world of London; that those introductory chapters, fine in themselves, have a direct bearing on the moral and literary principles underlying a new species of fiction; and that the plot, based even in its mystery on very common incidents in life, is developed and brought to a close with perfect ease. Whatever in "Tom Jones" a novelist to-day might avoid for himself, he must wish nothing removed from the first master in his art.

It is an old question whether a novelist should draw upon his own life for his narrative, or whether he should project himself into a different *milieu*. There is no invariable rule. George Eliot succeeded in both endeavors. "Mr. Gilfils's Love Story", with its Italian heroine, is as true to the primal emotions as is "Amos Barton", which is reminiscent of what the author saw and heard in her own girlhood. The fact, however, remains that in her very greatest successes George Eliot shunned legend, history, and tradition, and kept close to English life as she

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

knew it. "Middlemarch" (not "Romola") is her masterpiece. Fielding never swerved from the one principle which became his guide when he first entered upon his literary career. In his innumerable plays and essays, as well as in his four novels, he never let his imagination play with a world he did not know. Many times he said in varying phrase that he took his incidents as well as his characters from observations and experience. However much he might alter the details, he wrote with men and things as they came to him in memory, or as he saw them directly before his eyes. This, as I have said, is not the only way to compose a great novel, but it was Fielding's way. This is his distinction and his glory.

A direct descendant of an Earl of Denbigh, Fielding grew up in the households of a Somerset judge and of an army officer who turned country squire. He was educated at Eton and at Leyden; and soon after reaching his majority he went up to London to win money and fame by writing for the stage. Success was immediate. For seven years he clung to the drama, and then an end was put to this career by the Licensing Act of 1737, which was aimed at the political satire with which he was then entertaining the town. Thereupon, at the age of thirty, he began the study of the law, and was duly admitted to the bar. He wrote his first novels and conducted in the course of a few years three newspapers in the interest of those Whigs who disapproved of the policies of Sir Robert Walpole.

The career of this young man, convivial though not dissipated in temper and habit, brought him into touch with all classes. First of all, he knew his own Somersetshire, where he associated with country squires and their families and with the motley companies which gather at village inns and alehouses by the roadside. The London where Fielding afterward lived and did his work was really Westminster, stretching from Covent Garden to the West, through Leicester Square and the Haymarket to the Mall and St. James's Park. Here was the center of all the fashionable amusements, follies and vices. Here were the theatres, the masquerades, the coffee houses and the brothels. It was a city without shame. Wonderfully observant, the boy fresh from the country worked into comedy and farce what he was seeing every day. He took life as he found it, and depicted it with perfect frankness and candor, but always with humor. Later he lived with the lawyers, of whom hundreds subscribed for his books. His aid was sought by politicians and statesmen, whose measures he explained to the public. His birth gave him access to men of the very highest rank, and he liked to stop and talk with the tradespeople along the Strand. In short, no phase of the life of his time was unknown to Fielding. A man with these antecedents could not have written, had he tried, a romance, for his imagination was filled with real incidents and with the men and women of actual experience.

Friends who had watched Fielding's career were so impressed by the extraordinary talents displayed in "Joseph Andrews" that they often urged him to write a novel which should be, as nearly as he could make it, a summary of the age. This was likewise his own personal ambition; but his profession and ill health—he suffered from the gout—and the necessity of doing literary hack work in order to support his family, interfered with and delayed his plans for several years.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At length came a period of comparative leisure, though he was still editing a newspaper and writing political pamphlets. "Tom Jones" was begun in the summer of 1746 and completed by the end of 1748. On this book the author expended, in his own words, "some thousands of hours", and put into it all the wit and humor of which he was master. From his allusions to contemporary events one may follow him rather closely in the composition, month by month, until advance copies of the first volumes were in the hands of his friends.

Most of the novel was written while Fielding dwelt among lawyers in Old Boswell Court, near the Strand. Certain parts of it may have been composed in a house on the Avon, below Bath, where Fielding seems to have gone for one or more summers, in order to be near Ralph Allen of Prior Park, who is immortalized in the novel as Squire Allworthy. It was completed in a little house at Twickenham, not far from the villa where Pope had lived on the Thames. Old Boswell Court is no more. The house at Twickenham has been displaced by another; but "Fielding's Lodge" by the Avon is still standing. In its "little parlour" by an ancient fireplace Fielding probably wrote that eloquent chapter, at the opening of the thirteenth book of his novel, in which he invokes experience and learning and genius to come to his aid. And when the manuscript was finished, he took it down to Radway Grange, the seat of Sanderson Miller, in Warwickshire, to read it to the young squire and other intimate friends. It was a notable company. The host, an Oxford man, skilled in Gothic architecture, was famous for his generous hospitality. In addition to Fielding he had as guests on this memorable occasion, William Pitt, afterwards the Earl of Chatham, and Lord Lyttelton, and perhaps the Earl of Denbigh. "The great novelist", it is said, read his manuscript day after day for a fortnight to "the distinguished audience" seated about him in the dining-room, and invited their comment. Pitt, we know, approved and everywhere recommended the forthcoming novel to his friends. Lyttelton accepted the dedication and said that Fielding surpassed in wit and humor all other men of the age—even Pope and Swift. No book, they saw, much like "Tom Jones" had ever been written. At one stroke Fielding had created the novel of contemporary manners.

His procedure was clearly quite different from that which many later novelists have professed to follow. Being a dramatist, Fielding must have a clever plot, which should be in itself a source of delight for the reader. But he did not lay out his novel by compass and rule. Apparently he drew no outline of his plot in advance, nor is it probable that he made any notes on his scenes and characters before sitting down to actual composition. He knew, of course, how his novel was to begin and how it was to end; but he carried everything in his head. Through all the intermediate stages he let his story develop as it might under his hand. This is what Thackeray, who divined so much of the secret, meant when he expressed wonder that Fielding could have kept under control all the incidents of his long novel without ever falling into mistakes or inconsistencies. (If Thackeray overlooked a few slips in the narrative, they are as nothing when compared with the main result.) But the great Victorian, whose art, despite certain resemblances, was in detail not much like Fielding's, did not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

divine the whole secret of his predecessor. As soon as Fielding had his plot, many salient incidents which had been a part of his life, and many men and women whom he had known, naturally fell, by the selective process of his imagination, into his scheme without conscious effort. He had but to remember, and his novel wrote itself; or in the figurative language of Scott, the narrative flowed on leisurely like a broad stream to the sea.

It is not to be inferred that "Tom Jones" is autobiography in the sense that "David Copperfield" is autobiography. Under the guise of fiction Dickens related the incidents of his own youth and depicted his own character in a manner designed to evoke interest, sympathy, and tears. Tom Jones is not Harry Fielding. Certain incidents in his own life Fielding may have transferred here and there to Tom, but they are of minor importance. Nor do Fielding and his young gentleman in any large way resemble each other in personal appearance or in character. Tom was but of medium height; Fielding rose above six feet. Tom was of weak will; while Fielding possessed the driving power necessary to carry him through disappointments, illnesses, and bereavements to a triumphant issue.

Fielding, however, almost always began character-drawing with some definite model in his mind, but he veiled his model so completely that in the end there could rarely be seen the distinct portrait of anyone whom he had ever actually known. The frankness of his own temper and the impetuous passion of his own youth went into "Tom Jones"; and much more of his first wife went into Sophia Western —her constancy and devotion, her good sense and her beauty, even the style in which she wore her hair, curling in the neck. And yet Sophia Western is not Charlotte Fielding. Again the idea for Thwackum, Fielding took from a schoolmaster at Salisbury, whose zeal for learning involved a free use of the birch on the boys, and whose zeal for the established church led him to declare in all religious disputes: "When I mention religion, I mean the Christian religion; and not only the Christian religion, but the Protestant religion; and not only the Protestant religion, but the Church of England". Likewise was derived from a deist living at Salisbury the moral formula of Square, who judged of all conduct by "the unalterable rule of right and the eternal fitness of things". Nevertheless, the theologian and the philosopher cannot be identified with Fielding's characters in the essentials which make them men with human infirmities quite outside of speculative thought.

Fielding came the nearest to a real portrait in Squire Allworthy, whose original was Ralph Allen, the author's friend living at Prior Park, on the hills which overlook Bath. Fielding put enough of him into the novel to make him recognizable, but stopped there, and proceeded to endow Allworthy with qualities which the Bath gentleman did not possess. On the other hand, no original at all can be discovered for Squire Western, who appears to be the composite portrait of several Jacobite squires with whom Fielding had associated in Somersetshire. And this man who went to bed drunk and got up before light to follow the hounds, so that he never saw his wife during the hunting-season, is Fielding's supreme creation. Nor have the stormy scenes between Squire Western and his sister Diana ever been equaled for humor in this language of ours. For these quarrels

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fielding doubtless took hints from what he had often seen down in the West; but he could never have witnessed a quarrel just like any one of the glorious encounters described in his novel.

Likewise the background of the novel, always reminiscent, is rarely definite enough for complete identification. The estates of Allworthy and Western are somewhere in Somersetshire. The journey of Tom up to London is a loop from the West through Warwickshire. Only such places are mentioned as are necessary to give the reader the general course. The result is that, despite the occasional real name of a hamlet or inn or town, Tom cannot be followed in the same way as one follows the members of the Pickwick Club in their excursions into the country. Still, Fielding always laid his background with his eye upon real scenes, which he generalized in varying degrees. The roads traversed by Tom he himself had traversed in his own journeys, though not all of them at any one time. If he remembered the name of a village or an inn, he sometimes mentioned it; if it had slipped from his memory, he gave it a fictitious name or left it nameless. So with landladies, chambermaids, ostlers, and all minor characters, for whom Betty or Susan or Robin or no name at all was deemed sufficient. It has often been repeated that the seat of Squire Allworthy was drawn from Prior Park. The statement, however, is only partially true. Allen's mansion was Corinthian in style, whereas Allworthy's is Gothic; the view from Prior Park is cut off by hills to the west of Bath, whereas the view from Allworthy's terrace commands a river winding its way to the sea. The fact is that Fielding made up a composite picture of Prior Park and Radway Grange (which was Gothic), and then placed the mansion on the slope of Tor Hill by Glastonbury, where as a boy he had often enjoyed the extensive prospect westward towards the Bristol Channel.

It is precisely the same when Fielding brings Tom up to London. Most of the scenes lie near Covent Garden and to the west as far as Hyde Park. Tom's lodgings, whence he set out with Mrs. Miller and Partridge to see Garrick's Hamlet, were in Old Bond Street. The site of Lady Bellaston's house, where Sophia lay concealed, was somewhere in that fashionable quarter. The masquerade was in the Haymarket, and the private rooms where Lady Bellaston unmasked for Jones that night were in a street near Hanover Square. Squire Western put up his horses at the Hercules Pillars at Hyde Park corner, and afterwards migrated to an inn in Piccadilly; while his sister took more genteel lodgings not far away. Squire Allworthy, following them with Master Blifil, went directly to rooms in the neighborhood always kept ready for him by Mrs. Miller. The gatehouse in which Tom was confined after his duel with Fitzpatrick must have been the one to which Justice Fielding was committing young gentlemen at the very time his novel appeared. The marriage of Tom and Sophia, which was private like both of Fielding's own marriages, took place in the chapel at Doctors' Commons. Though this part of the novel is not completely localized, it is everywhere pervaded with the atmosphere of the town.

Thus always, when we can penetrate to the secret of Fielding's art, we arrive at real scenes and real men and women, but we can discover little or nothing crudely taken over into fiction after the fashion of numberless novel-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ists now flourishing. What Fielding saw, heard, and experienced was transformed by his imagination into something new, which nevertheless remains perfectly real. There is not, remarked the late Samuel Butler, a village of five hundred inhabitants in England, but has its Tom Jones. Fielding saw him, and made him stand forth and show himself with all his follies. This power to see what others do not see and to recombine the elements of observation into a living personality, is the prime characteristic of Fielding's art.

All our fiction aiming at a faithful portrayal of life as it is, derives either directly or indirectly from Fielding, and there have been several very great novels since "Tom Jones" startled the world. Yet in the one quality which renders the realistic novel of lasting interest, English literature is strewn with failures. Consider, for example, our American novel. Every few months some novel is proclaimed *the* American novel. If we read it, what do we find? It is likely to be a very entertaining story (for our novelists write well) of some phase of the varied life in these many United States. It may be a mere strip of autobiography, in which persons still living are disguised under fictitious names. It is often the real thing; but we read it only once, and ten years hence it is dead. This has been the history of the general run of *the* American novels. There are but few exceptions. Mark Twain's sketches are kept alive by their humor, which is thoroughly American, though certainly of a period which is now passing. Mr. Howells approached *the* American novel two or three times—most nearly in "The Rise of Silas Lapham". Silas Lapham was an American type of a period which lingers with us yet. He is not, however, so conspicuous as he was twenty-five or thirty years ago, and it is not probable that he will survive beyond another generation. The one American novel—the author called it a romance—which has stood the test of time is "The Scarlet Letter". In that masterpiece Hawthorne not only gave us Puritan New England as it was, but its motivation is sound and true to human nature of all times.

In England the Fielding tradition has been more potent. But even there few or no novelists have been able to match Fielding. Mr. Wells, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Galsworthy, all intensely modern, can interest us in the things of the present year; they can, however, do no more. Mr. Hardy's art, admirable as it is in many respects, is bound up with scientific determinism, and must eventually accept the fate that awaits the modern doctrine. George Eliot's novels rest upon a broader and more human philosophy such as has always been recognized as essentially sound and true. Nevertheless, her novels have suffered, and will suffer more and more as time goes on, from their formal and over philosophical framework always visible through the thin narrative. Meredith's novels, like Ibsen's plays, have already become little more than historical documents in the progress of women towards freedom. Thackeray is the only British novelist for whom a seat may be claimed by the side of Fielding. When the Victorian sought to depict a new Tom Jones, it is generally agreed that Arthur Pendennis did not step into the shoes of Tom Jones. If "The Newcomes" is pervaded with the spirit of the age, it does not get beyond the age. The case is different with "Vanity Fair". There is a novel, which, though thoroughly of the age, is yet of the twentieth century also; it is of all centuries.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I do not wish to appear unappreciative of the fiction which has been produced since Fielding's time. I am not unappreciative of it. I have read many novels. I would not lose Jane Austen and Scott and Dickens and Trollope and numerous others, including those who are now writing in England and the United States. I am here only trying to show why "Tom Jones" still stands at the head of the list after nearly two centuries of effort. There are other considerations besides those which I have brought forward. There can be no great novel without style; and Fielding had style. Though there may be a great novel without humor, the achievement without humor is difficult; Fielding had humor and every other quality necessary to his art. But the prime secret lies where I have placed it—in the manner in which he trained his imagination to work, in his own phrase, from the individual to the species, always keeping his mind upon things as they are and yet generalizing them all to the proper extent. His characters never become abstractions like some of George Eliot's; nor do they quite become types like the characters in Molière's comedies, which he closely studied. So we say, when we have read "Tom Jones": "There is the age of George the Second fully displayed as it was in town and country. Every man and every woman in that novel is a human being and yet every one of them is representative of a class."

And we say more. Everywhere the coloring belongs to a past century. We may smile when we see Tom Jones tumbling upon his knees before Sophia or Allworthy; and we may be shocked by the behavior of Squire Western. But manners are only the exteriors of conduct. Fielding got at the heart of life. His motivation never rests upon the transient; or if in any case it appears to rest upon the transient, he treats the particular character with humor or irony, unmasking the affectation in the end. When the novel is finished, the reader understands Thwackum and Square and Allworthy and Western and all the rest, though these men did not understand themselves and gave all sorts of wrong reasons for what they did.

To illustrate further, there are four lewd women in "Tom Jones". Each one can satisfy her conscience for the life she lives. A novelist of to-day, in depicting one of these women, would be tempted to explain her on the score of an insufficient wage, and to take the occasion to hammer the employer who pays her but ten dollars a week for labor worth two or three times that amount. In the popular literature of the eighteenth century, she was usually a girl who disobeyed her parents or would not go to church. Now, a scant wage or a refusal to listen to the vicar's sermons may have disastrous consequences; but it never occurred to Fielding to bring in either reason to account for his queans. Of his four lewd women Molly Seagrim is in rags, Jenny Jones possesses some learning, Mrs. Fitzpatrick has lived in the world, and Lady Bellaston belongs to the highest rank. All these women know what they are about. Fielding relates the circumstances of their lives, and lets it go at that, leaving the reader with the inference, undoubtedly the correct one, that in all four instances it was a matter of temperament. By this procedure he probably did not satisfy the formalists of his own day any more than he can satisfy the reformers of the twentieth century. But he kept his art free from sentimentalism.

And so it was always. "Tom Jones"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has become, as Fielding willed it, an epic of human nature. The passions of mankind do not change; it is only the modes of their manifestation that change. Fielding knew this and addressed his shrewd and humorous comment on life to all time.

Because it deals fearlessly with human nature as it is, "Tom Jones" will always be the crux of English fiction. No one cares much what men and women may do in French or Russian novels, for these novels describe peoples who belong to races which are somehow, we believe, far removed from our own in their predominant characteristics. But the case is quite different when a novelist of our own race, in undertaking to tell us what men and women really are, derives his knowledge from the men and women whom he meets, converses with, does business with, and lives with. Unlike Richardson, Fielding rarely discovered perfections; he discovered imperfections in every walk of life. Even Allworthy has his weak or blind side. Nor did Fielding find unadulterated villainy anywhere. Even Blifil has his good points. Almost always Fielding's characters are "mixed characters". In "Tom Jones" are compounded most of the ingredients that go to the composition of a young man of easy temper. This and many other portraits in the famous novel are naturally resented by readers who do not know themselves, or who do not like to have their follies (and perhaps vices) exposed to view and ridiculed along with a sober presentation of their many admirable qualities. Fielding can never hope to gain the favor of these readers. They may praise his art, but they are certain to denounce the novel, in Richardson's phrase, as "inexpressibly low", and to add that Fielding himself lived the kind of life which he usually described.

These charges Fielding often heard all through his career, and he many times protested with scathing irony against the unfair treatment. One incident he must have particularly enjoyed. It is still a good story worth retelling. The year following the publication of "Tom Jones", London and Westminster were visited by two rather severe earthquakes just a month apart. The earthquakes, which rocked houses and knocked down chimneys, were preceded and followed by terrific storms of wind and rain and hail, while at night the heavens were illumined with the Aurora Borealis, and meteors exploded with terrific detonations. In these strange occurrences many people saw the direct hand of the Almighty, who would take vengeance upon the sinful cities for their infidelity and debauchery. One of the newspapers hostile to Fielding, declared that what, more than all else, had reduced London to a sink of abominations, was the reading of a lewd book called "Tom Jones", which had been greedily devoured by everybody; and the editor appealed to Parliament for an act prohibiting its further sale. Then a mad astrologer came out with the prediction of a third and worse earthquake on a certain day. The Thames was to wash away London bridge; Westminster Abbey was to be leveled with the ground; and numberless houses and people were to be swallowed up in gigantic openings of the earth. As the day for the earthquake was approaching and the inhabitants were leaving their homes and wandering in the fields, Fielding, as the principal justice of the peace for Middlesex, summoned the astrologer into court and committed him to Newgate, with strict orders that he be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chained down in one of the cells. This, I think, is the only instance in literary history where an author has got complete control over the body of a hostile critic, and at the same time forestalled an earthquake threatening his readers with destruction.

Why "Tom Jones" has survived earthquakes and meteors to these latter times, I have tried to explain.

IN THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY: SEWARD PARK

BY ALTER BRODY

Outside,
It is hot and arid,
And the sun glares down upon the tall tenements;
And the tall tenements glare back into the park;
And the little park lies gasping between them,
Thrusting its parched trees pitifully to the sky.
Inside,
In the oak armchairs by the windows,
It is almost cool;
And the drawn green blinds beat back the insistent sunlight
Like long shields;
And the rotating fans sting the air into motion
Like gigantic bees;
And the stacked books stand loosely on their shelves,
Leaning lazily against each other.
It is almost cool here in the library,
Cool and absorbingly quiet—
With the intense quiet of a thousand dreams
That oozes out of the books.

A red-haired librarian with starched white cuffs
Sits at a table marking colored cards,
Red and white and green,
With a purple pencil.
I follow her fingers as she writes
Until I am half hypnotized into sleep.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Strange, strange,
How familiar all this is, and yet how strange—
The walls and the pictures and the books and the self-absorbed faces about me—
Strange, strange!

There is a boy sitting beside me at the window;
His back bent, his head lowered,
Peering at the book in his hands
Through rusty, iron-rimmed spectacles.
His ears are outspread and huge,
His little eyes sparkle feverishly behind his thick lenses,
And his brow is knitted intently.

There is a girl standing near by,
With black curly hair and thick drooping lips,
Leaning heavily against the tall shelf as she reads;
Her eyes are gray and restless
And her lips are passionately a-quiver.

There is a young man standing beside her,
Tall and lanky, and long-haired,
Casually scanning the book in his hand,
Looking up from it from time to time
As if waiting for someone.

What a flood of memories—
My brain is dizzy with them!
A dark girl,
Ill-featured and pimply,
Sits at the table opposite the red-haired librarian.
Her long nose strains upward out of her face,
Her shell-rimmed spectacles rest back against her cheeks like cart-wheels,
But her eyes shine from under them,
Kindly and sweet,
Like sun-warmed pools.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Strange, strange!
How familiar all this is, and yet how
strange!

There are a boy and girl talking there
together,
Beside that window,
By the gray, dormant radiator.
Half-drawn to her, half-afraid of her,
He fidgets nervously with his books,
Looking aside as he speaks to her
In long jerky sentences;
And her eyes are dark and soft;
And her lips are pale and sweet;
And her chin so prettily pointed. . . .

Ghosts, ghosts!
Ghosts of my old selves and my old
loves and my old dreams—
How I know you all . . .

Boy, there,
With the Slavic face and the Jewish
soul;
With the stubborn nose and the sen-
sitive mouth—
What are you reading?
Keats or Shelley or Swinburne or
Browning—
Which is it now?
Girl,
With the passionate lips and the rest-
less eyes,
Are you reading "The Diary of Marie
Bashkirtseff"?
And does your heart ache and does
your soul smart
With pride, ambition and love—
Are you building here another Lesbos,
For another Sappho?
And you,
With the homely face and the strong
sweet smile,
What are you reading—
George Eliot or Emily Brontë;
Or are you dreaming of Georges Sand?
And your heart is secretly pleased
At the thought of the genius and fame

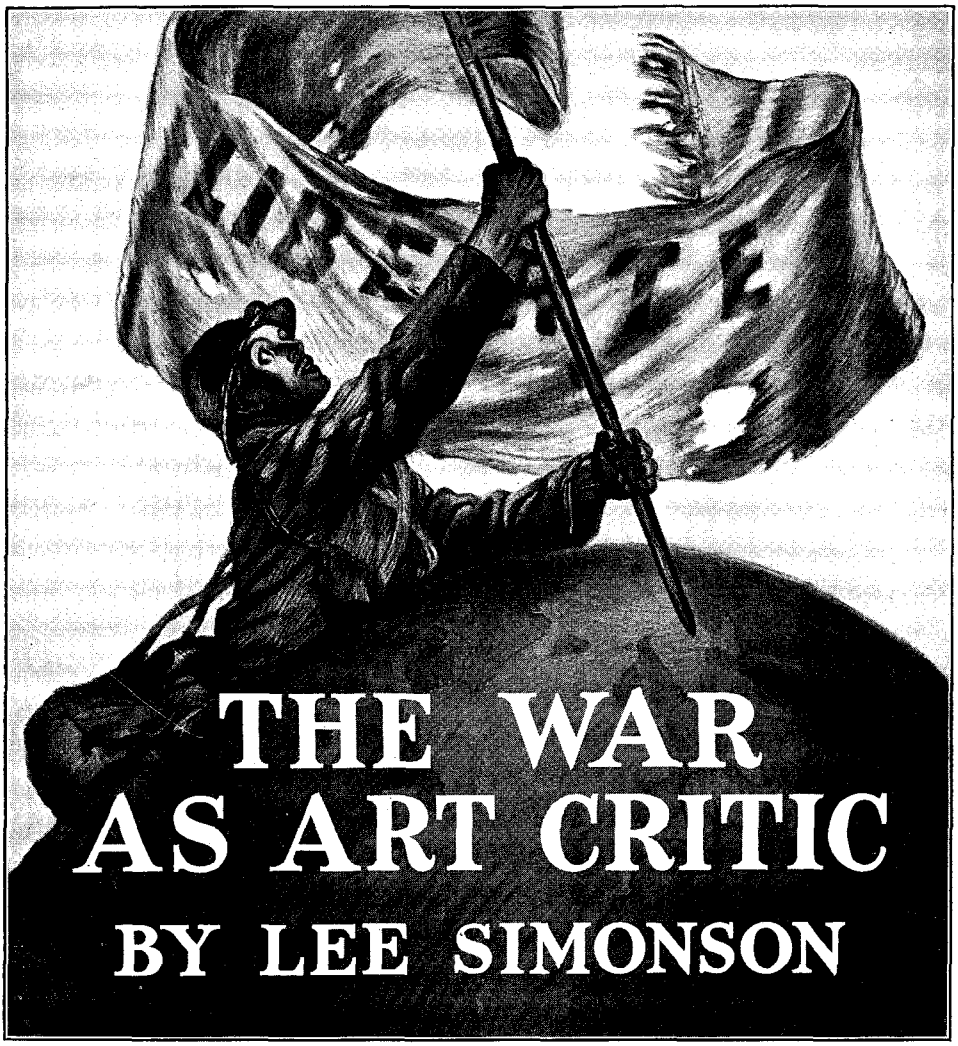
PEORIA
PUBLIC LIBRARY
AUG 15 1919
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That will bring great men to your feet!
And you, poor youth,
Searching the room with those patient eyes,
I know for whom you are here.
She isn't here . . . it is late . . .
Someone who never will come . . .
Perhaps it is best!

Boy lover there by the window,
Are you afraid to look at her face,
Lest your eyes be tempted to speak?
And yet—
Is it not sweet to be near her;
To talk to her; to look at her sidewise;
To blush; to stammer unconcernedly,
Art, Economics, Philosophy,
While your lips are a-quiver with love!

Ghosts! ghosts!
Ghosts of my old selves, my old loves and my old dreams,
Crowding in through my eyes and my ears,
Until my mind is a haunted house,
Running over with ghosts—
Until I feel myself like a ghost,
Haunting this home of my thoughts.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



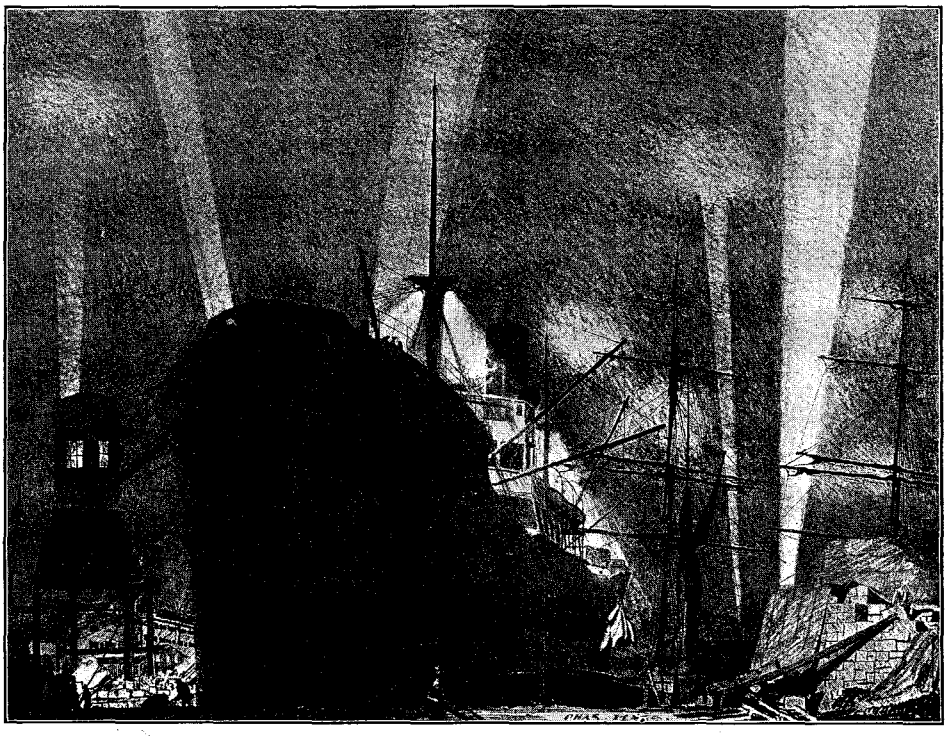
THE WAR AS ART CRITIC

BY LEE SIMONSON

I

Among the startling ironies of this war is the rôle it assigned to the artist. He had remained an image-maker, primarily interested in recording fields in sunlight, women disrobing, bowls of fruit, and sprays of flowers. To his amazement, he found himself necessary to assure the efficiency of a fifty-millimeter gun, the safety of a cargo of herring, or the sale of a million bonds. The technique of his purely pictorial experiments, impressionism which had bewildered the juries of fifty years ago, and cubism which outraged the juries of yesterday, became part of the technique of war. For camouflage began with the discovery by the manager of the largest emporium at Lyons that if a sentry's cape were dabbed with color in much the same manner as Monet had painted a haystack, the sentry became a less obvious target. And the development of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

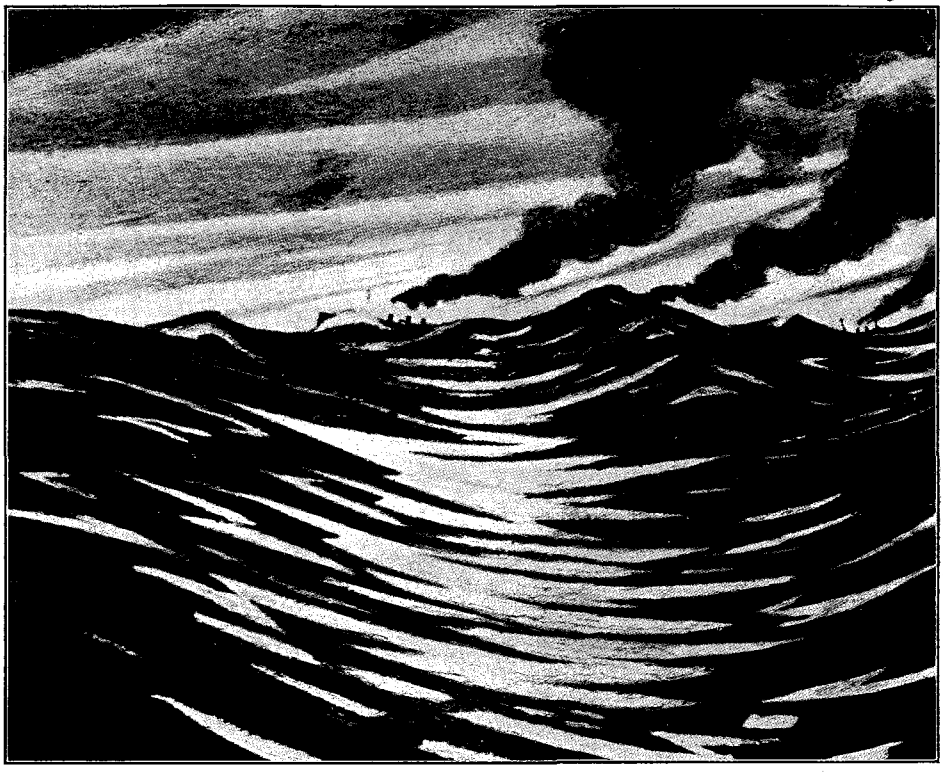


MAINTAINING OVERSEAS FORCES: BY CHARLES PEARS

camouflage has paralleled in its logic the development of modern art. As one passes the camouflaged steamers in our harbors it is apparent that the particular system of color planes which disguise them would never have been so readily devised if the clue to it had not already existed in cubist and futurist canvases. The atmospheric unity binding figure and landscape in a picture has been transferred to the soldier in the field, and the identity of a freighter becomes as unrecognizable as the features of Mr. X in a portrait by Picasso. We have found that naked weapons are ineffective, and called on the artist to decorate them. Every belligerent in turn has experienced the necessity of illuminating the naked word, and relied on its designer of advertisements to illustrate the text of each crisis, eloquently enough to arouse a nation to lend its savings or change its diet. But the mere fact that the artist may also help to win the war in unexpected fashion does not satisfy us. We demand a profounder interpretation of war than he can give by advertising it, piecemeal, to the man in the street. We crave any purgation he can find for our pity and terror before the amazing proportions of modern carnage. We appeal to him to resume his historic rôle as the interpreter of human events in recording the permanent significance of our memories, in dignifying our common experience.

Our impatience expresses itself in an insatiable appetite for pictures. We want pictures, pictures of every ruined church, every trench in winter,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

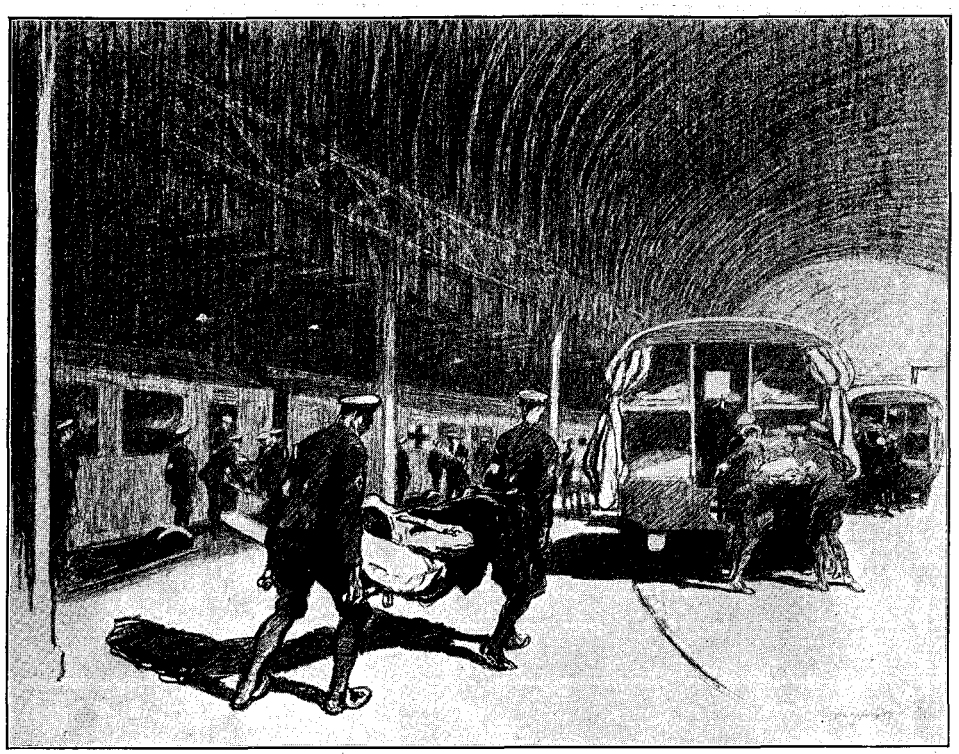


PATROLS: BY C. R. W. NEVINSON

in the mud of spring, bombardments, aeroplanes, Hill 203, Hill 304, field hospitals, base hospitals, ships at sea, every process of building them. The innumerable photographs on newspapers and magazines do not satiate us. We need the artist to dramatize the significance of every moment typical of the career of a soldier, a ship, or a cannon. Nothing must escape us. And the necessity of satisfying this craving has in turn become part of the conduct of war. Each French army has its official painter, and there are others incessantly touring every front. American painters have been attached to our expeditionary forces. The British government commissions a series of thirty-six lithographs. This is perhaps the first war in which the artist is a necessary adjunct to the general staff and has a combatant's standing.

Possibly because we recognize the supreme importance of this war, as contrasted with all other wars, and its significance in the destiny of mankind such as no other war has had or may ever have again, the features of every hill and every trench, as well as the features of every general and the type of every soldier, seem eternally memorable. But we are like a lover who feels that the scene of his tryst is a shrine, and carves initials on trees, with the sense of turning them into monuments. We are like the mourner who exaggerates the importance of a tomb in perpetuating the memory of a hero. A few hills and valleys of this war will become per-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BACK TO BLIGHTY: BY CLAUDE SHEPPERSON

manent memories. But we shall feel no particular need of visualizing them slashed with trenches and pitted with shell holes in order to intensify our realization of their importance. In most of our furious picturing of this war we have done nothing more than encourage reporting on an elaborate scale, and we are certain to report most eagerly the very facts which will not vitally interest us five years after the conclusion of peace. We are editing a history of the war more fully illustrated than the history of any other war, a fact chiefly of interest to future historians. Our official documents will be more vivid than others have been, and perhaps a more precious source of material for the novelist. And the fact that we dispatch our most distinguished etchers, lithographers and draughtsmen to the front cannot alter the futility of our enterprise. Constable might have been sent to sketch the sunken road at Waterloo, or Inness commissioned to paint the stone wall at Gettysburg. What significance would they have for us now, as distinct from any road in Kent or any other stone wall in Vermont?

For the problem of illustrating the war is simply the problem that confronts any artist in recording any object: he must find some way of depicting it which can permanently revive our sense of its original significance. Because we conceive this war as a struggle of spiritual forces, we conceive every ship, every forge, and every garden-plot as their protagonist, as well as every soldier. And by constant process of transference of emo-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

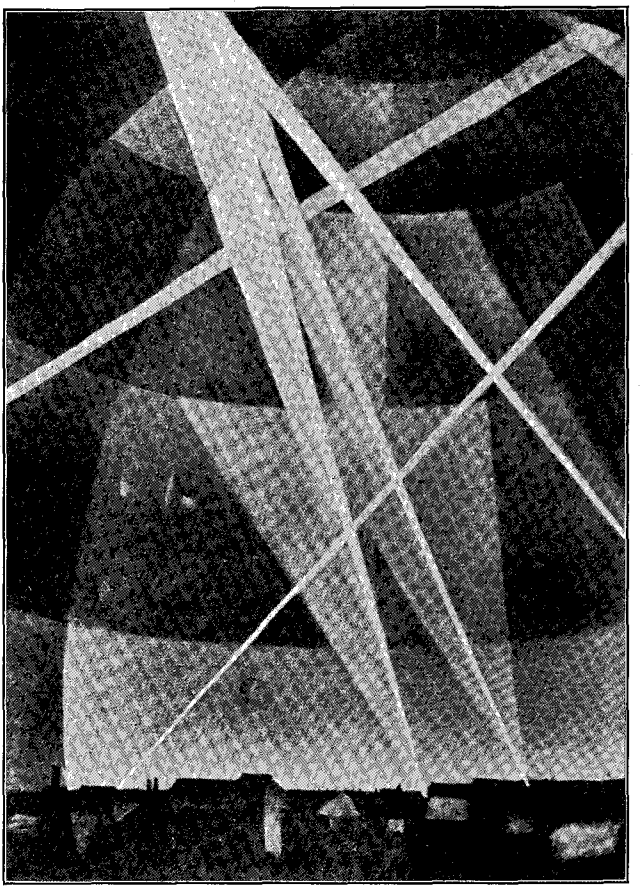
LA PATRIE: BY C. R. W. NEVINSON

tional values every object has become surcharged with an emotional significance which may never again be plausible. But for any painter to succeed in conveying even their vicarious significance, two talents are essential: imagination enough to seize what aspect it is which makes any scene, any figure, inherently memorable; and intensity of conviction powerful enough to find a pictorial method of expressing it. For it is only the intensity of an artist's conviction which compels us to remain interested in whatever he depicts—whether it be a war, a beggar, or a ballet-dancer.

II

Of the Englishmen who have attempted to portray the war, C. R. W. Nevinson alone seems to possess this necessary quality of imagination, which becomes apparent if one compares his work with that of the other English lithographers. Compare Nevinson's "Patrols" with Pears's study of a freighter loading at night, and sententiously entitled "Maintaining Overseas Forces". Whatever meaning this latter lithograph may have is given to it because, I am informed, this is a ship supplying an army. What the picture illustrates is the trick, known to any draughtsman, that by standing near the water-line and gazing at the bow, any tramp steamer of 3000 tons can be made to have the bulk of a Leviathan. Mr. Pears, to get his momentary climax and achieve his immediate effect, has made the ship seem big, a powerful thing, protected by its searchlights as by an arch of swords. Now, this notion of a steamer may be pictorially effective, but it is merely part of our arrogant confidence in the bulk of a merchant marine which the submarine destroyed forever, by proving the larg-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

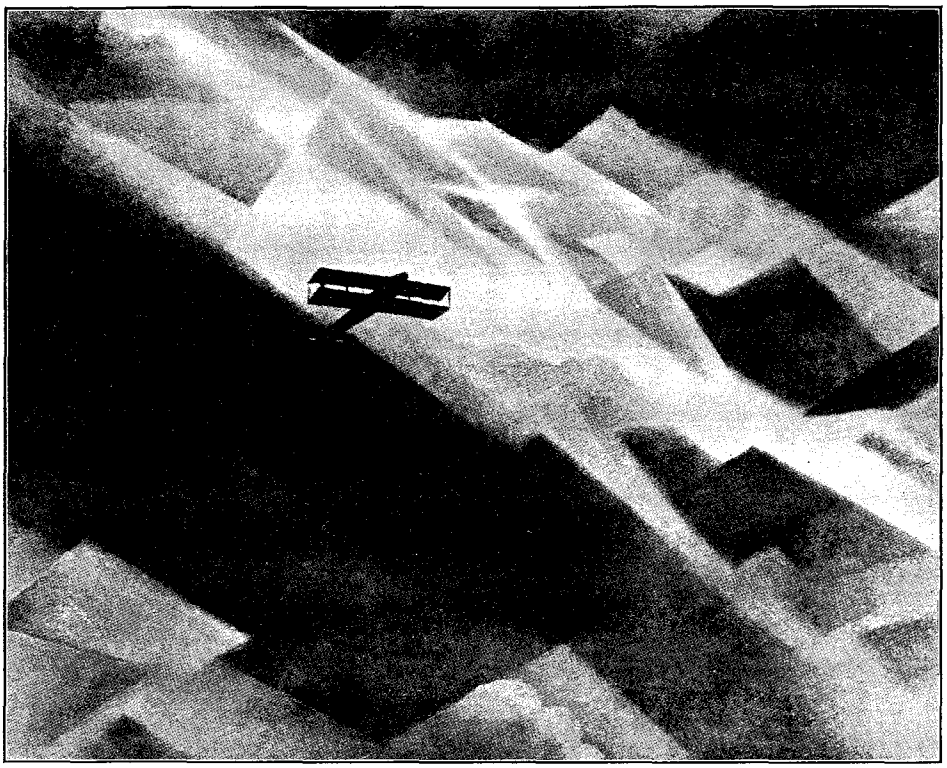


SEARCHLIGHTS: BY C. R. W. NEVINSON

est ship an extremely vulnerable shell. Maintaining an army overseas, if it means anything, means an almost defenseless journey over a waste of menacing waters. Note how unerringly Mr. Nevinson has made his ship seem small, how in its relation to the mountainous swell of black waves it is almost obliterated, a fragile thing before the eternal menace of the sea, whether it be submarines or reefs or floating mines. "Patrols" might even more fittingly be entitled "Maintaining Overseas Forces", for in the relation of its forms, the lines of its movement, the suggestion of menace and danger in the blacks and grays, it expresses precisely what we have felt time and again: that the safety of the largest armies in the world hung by a single thread—a thread of little black ships threading their way over black waters. What Mr. Nevinson has expressed is our vision of ships in this war, of the eternal rôle of ships asserting their precarious mastery of the sea. Mr. Pears, however cleverly, has achieved nothing more than the portrait of any steamer.

Or again, compare Nevinson's "La

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BEFORE THE STORM: BY C. R. W. NEVINSON

Patrie" with Mr. Shepperson's lithograph of wounded arriving at a London railway station. Mr. Shepperson has seen an interesting pattern of black and white in the gloomy tunnel of the train shed and the lights that filter through it. Had he intensified we might have felt the desolation of helpless men in a black vault as though visibly in the shadow of death, or escaping as from a tomb. But Mr. Shepperson obviously had experienced no reaction intense enough to prompt him to intensify his pattern. Perhaps because he feared to be too gloomy, more probably because the scene aroused no profound emotion, whether gloomy or gay, he leaves his lithograph a sketch, vigorous and picturesque enough, which asserts that wounded soldiers are unloaded at a railway station, just as his other lithographs indubitably demonstrate that these same wounded are originally carried to a field dressing-station and ultimately recuperate on the lawn of a country estate. Mr. Nevinson's hospital scene "La Patrie" is black, also, but the artist has something to convey by the mere quality of blackness. He is not afraid to make it as gloomy or as unpleasant as may be necessary to express the reality before him. And here he is not concerned with the record of hospital routine, but with the gaunt fact of human agony. The gloom of this barn is its pall; the sharp lights accentuate the stiffened contours of men rigid in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SWOOPING ON A TAUBE: BY C. R. W. NEVINSON

pain, the ponderous and monotonous rhythms of helpless bodies. There is pain here, death, the patient gesture of suffering. In 1930 you might label Mr. Shepperson's lithograph "Arrival at Charing Cross of Victims of a Railway Accident", and no one but a collector of first editions of English lithographs would be any the wiser. But the fact of war is inherent in every line of Mr. Nevinson's field hospital. To any spectator it will always proclaim: "In a great war this was our agony."

But the modern battle itself baffles the artist because its point of impact may be beyond the horizon or in the air. Not even at its climax does its action focus itself. Its essential action is the colossal impulse of mechanical forces crashing from horizon to horizon, the particular machine trivial in comparison, so that our conception of battle is an almost abstract thing—a concept of conflict we cannot wholly visualize.

The Futurists with whom Nevinson experimented insisted on the importance of conceiving the life of a city street as abstractly, the buildings vibrating to the concussions of careening motor-busses, and the tremors of subways roaring invisibly through their foundations. But the "lines of force" which they invented to express the dynamics of modern life and their bewildering kaleidoscopes, were inexpressive because our emotion at the sight of a skyscraper does not depend on our learning that, to stand, it must be built to sway so many inches to and fro. But our emotions at the sight of an aeroplane force us to conceive space as a mass that is thrust against, cleaved. If the aeroplane dives we feel the volume of air resisting the pilot as water a diver, and we imagine air currents as having surfaces on which his

MUNITIONS: BY C. R. W. NEVINSON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STRAY DOGS: BY STEINLEN

plane can rest, as an outstretched swimmer rests on the surface of the water. Otherwise an aeroplane is nothing more than a smudge against the sky. The expressive power of Nevinson's "lines of force" in his pictures of scouting and fighting planes, creates the same sense of space that the sight of aeroplanes in flight arouses, conveys the same sense of power emanating from a minute silhouette. In "Searchlights" the sky is a dome against which the lines of light thrust, as cannon might "feel out" unseen positions. And Nevinson can relate the diffuse illumination of a star-shell to the jagged masses of trench and barbed-wire, its light slashes out of the blackness as with a knife. He has found graphic means to express the dynamic linking of earth and sky by the forces that plunge through them, the most impersonal and yet the most dramatic aspect of modern warfare, probably the only aspect which has a purely pictorial beauty.

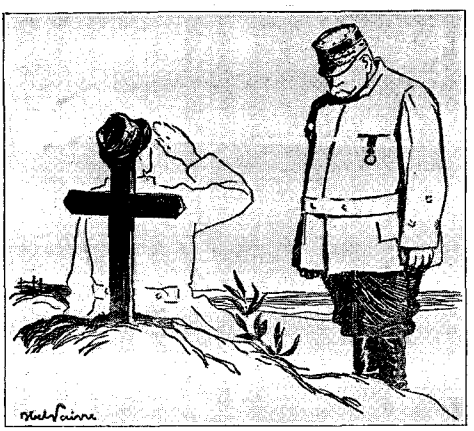
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE POILU: BY STEINLEN

III

But whatever the sublimity of the panorama which obliterates the soldier, we wait for him to emerge when he can again become articulate as a human being, and achieves expression in his moments of reflection and comment. For this is the first war in which the value of war has been so universally questioned, and in which the morale of any infantryman depended less on his faith in victory than on his philosophy of victory and his political creed however crude. He is a brother in arms to the race of peasants who plough their fields under fire, and to the machinist who may be turning shells on his lathe while dreaming of industrial revolution. M. Jonas, Lieutenant Fabre, and Mr. Flameng tour the front and produce their official paintings which contain merely collections of animated uniforms, for they cannot distinguish the soldier from the conscript of any other epoch except for the details of his equipment. But the most summary drawings of Steinlen or Forain stamp his personality. Of Steinlen Anatole France wrote: "He has suffered and laughed with the passer-by. The soul of the crowd has passed into him. He has felt its terrible simplicity and its grandeur." Steinlen never forgets

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SOLDIERS OF FRANCE: BY ABEL FAIVRE

that the *poilu* was yesterday the passer-by with whom he laughed and suffered—the beggar huddled asleep in doorways, the lovers in mean streets, the street-singer of Montmartre, the factory-hand of Montrouge, the gamin of the streets. The advent of war can add nothing to Steinlen's hatred of militarism for he has pictured workmen facing armed police during a strike. He has portrayed a line of locked-out workmen trudging heavily, aimlessly through the snow. He understands as instinctively a column, a line of them as soldiers trudging through the mud of Flanders—men again suffering in a struggle which to them is inevitable—though he portrays the soldier as an individual in that line. Because he could feel compassion for the loneliness of trampings through country villages at dawn, he can portray the loneliness of soldiers on leave in an empty street and call them "Stray Dogs".

Forain's line is the product of his wit as Steinlen's is the product of his compassion. Beneath a summary sketch of two soldiers chatting in a trench he wrote:

"If they only hold out."

"Who?"

"The civilians",

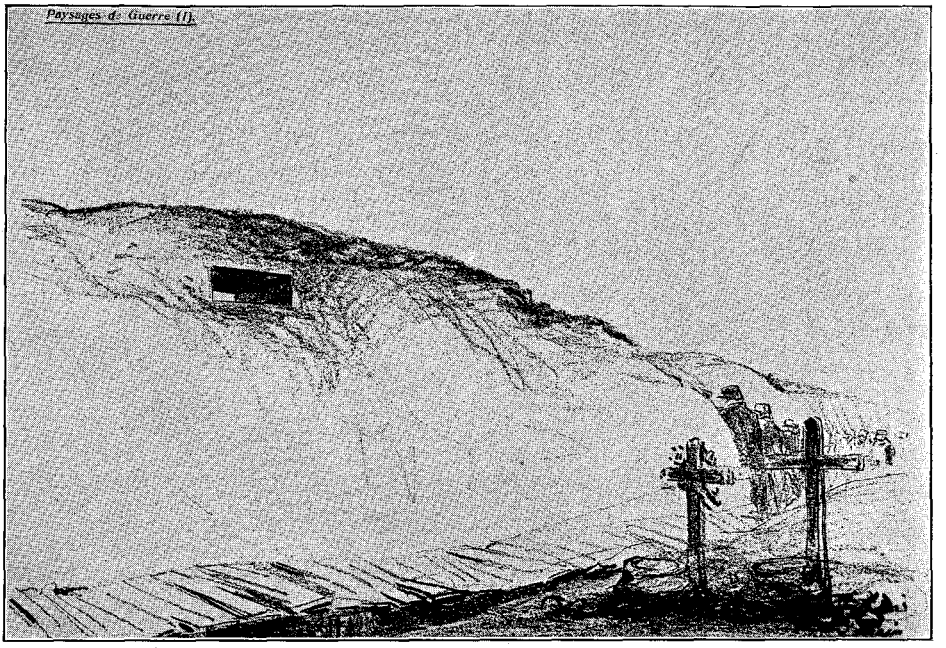
and rallied Paris more effectively than any battle-cry. France roared for a year to the echoes of *"Pourvu qu' ils tiennent—les civils"* until the watchword of Verdun silenced them. And this same power underlines another newspaper sketch of two *poilus* kneeling beside the grave.

"What do you expect, old fellow? This is life."

Is any more final expression of the soldier's attitude toward death possible? Or of the life of the trenches than in "War Landscape:1" in which the lines of the trench almost hide a few distant sentries at their listening post, their backs to two graves near a plank walk? All our outcry against atrocities and the brutalities of invasion are epitomized in drawings which show nothing more than the gesture of a dead peasant's body sprawling in a field, or a helmet on a table and a child staring at a closed door. Forain's propaganda in war is powerful because he has always been a propagandist, intensifying his line until he could use it as a weapon. All his etchings and lithographs as well as his political cartoons, have attempted to express a criticism of life, whether he drew a criminal or a parvenu, judges or actors, deputies or stock-brokers. The penetrating power of his irony which made him the satirist of his contemporaries and perhaps the wittiest commentator on French life, has enabled him to make an army articulate.

For American painters who depart officially or unofficially to picture the war, the lesson of Steinlen's and Forain's lithographs, or Nevinson's paintings is the same. The opportunity of seeing the war at first-hand will not prove the essential stimulus. The mere impact of their experiences will

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



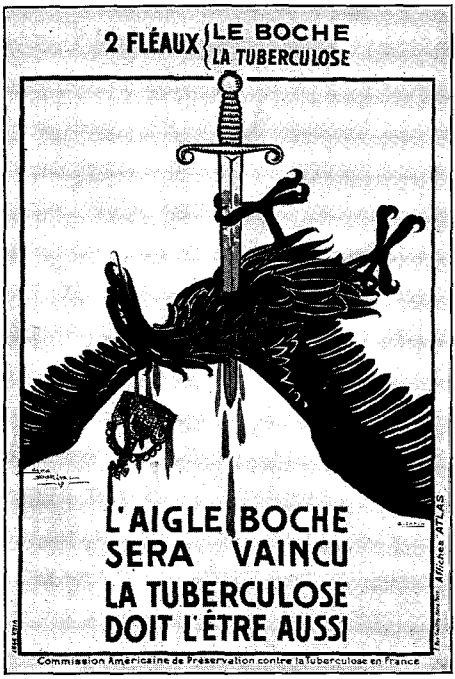
WAR LANDSCAPE: BY FORAIN

not breed the power to record them. The quality of their imagination will determine what they see of war. They will understand the life of the trenches no better than they have understood the life of their own time.

IV

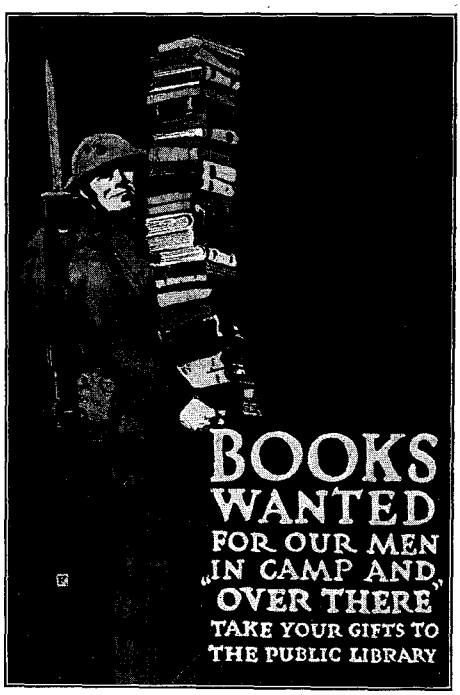
What influence a world war may have on the development of contemporary painting is a problem for conjecture. We may be led to argue that such war pictures as we have today are, after all, only the work of onlookers, that so stupendous an event as a world war cannot fail to inspire masterpieces, that the trenches must breed geniuses as well as destroy them. But the masterpieces of this war will probably be such as other wars have inspired—in the main dramas, poems, novels, rarely pictures. In almost every epoch, war as a theme has been almost totally ignored by painters creative enough to produce canvases of any permanent value. War has never changed the center of their particular interest, even when they were its participants. Invariably they re-returned to their subject. Michelangelo reconstructed the fortifications of Florence in defense of the new republic of 1529, defended the hill of San Miniato under bombardment and saved the campanile by covering it with bags of wool and mattresses hung on ropes. When he returned after the surrender of Florence to the Medici he returned to his subject, the nude: "Leda", the first studies for "The Last Judgment", "Day" and "Night" for the tombs of the same princes he had fought as General and Inspector of Fortifications. His one study of battle twenty-five years previous was the cartoon for the "Battle of the Cascine" in competition with Leonardo da Vinci, who designed engines of war

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A DRAMATIC POSTER-PLEA BY CAPON FOR THE VANQUISHING OF THE TWO PLAGUES: THE BOCHE AND TUBERCULOSIS. DISTRIBUTED BY THE AMERICAN ANTI-TUBERCULOSIS COMMISSION IN FRANCE

but whose only battle picture seems to have been "The Battle Anghieri", for the same competition. Courbet, to turn to more modern instances, took a violent part in the Commune of 1871 and was one of the mob which destroyed the Vendome column. But there is not a sketch to record the violence of his experience of a war which had made him a revolutionist. He returned to his subject. The immediate consequence was a series of still-lifes and landscapes—"Apples and Pheasants", "The Giant Chestnut Trees". The war of 1871 left no profound trace of itself in the history of French art, except in the cases of such painters as Detaille and De Neuville who could contribute nothing to its development. The American Civil War, which can also be considered not only a military conflict but a struggle for essential human rights, was followed by the development of landscape and genre painting as the typical forms of American expression. And such genius as American painters possessed was far more influenced by the romanticism of a group of French painters who had depicted the forest of Fontainebleau in 1840 than by the fact that they were living in a new political era marked by the year 1861. As a French critic, M. de Sizeranne, remarks, after reviewing the inevitable banality of the war pictures at the recent Paris *salon*, "It is easier for a megalomaniac to set fire to a whole planet than to introduce an unexpected line or a new tone in the painting of a period". For an artist is interested only in his particular pic-



THE WIDELY-KNOWN MARINE POSTER BY C. B. FALLS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN EXAMPLE OF FRENCH BAZAAR ANNOUNCEMENT

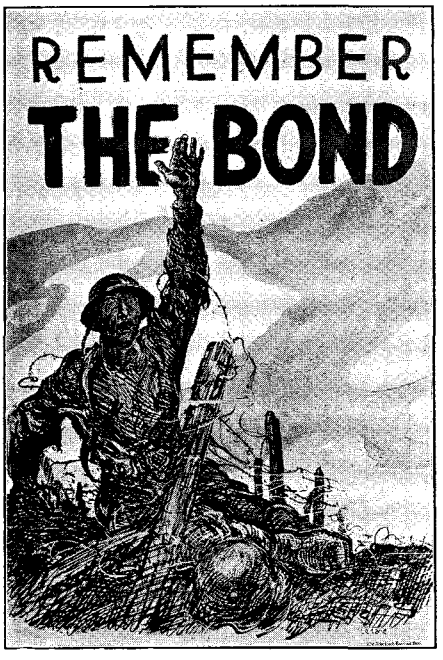
FRENCH POSTER BY CAPON DEALING WITH WOMEN'S WAR WORK

torial problems. And unless war can touch the particular facts which stimulate his capacity for æsthetic experiment, he will ignore even a world cataclysm.

In the most martial works of Michelangelo, Rubens or Velasquez, war is used less as a theme than as just such a pretext. The Renaissance rediscovered the human body and the range of its movements, and grew progressively more and more interested in the rhythmic linking of figures in action, creating the type of painting still called a composition. Experiments in composition enlisted the inventive energy of the greatest minds. Both Rubens and Michelangelo welcomed such a subject as battle, because like "The Last Judgment" it provided them with a reason for combining more nude bodies in action, in every conceivable posture in poise, than any theme they themselves could have invented. If we may believe contemporary accounts of the "Battle of the Cascine", the dominating figure of the composition was a naked soldier, surprised while bathing but reclining on the bank of a stream in the pose of a languorous god utterly oblivious of the fracas within a few feet of him—probably an early study for the gesture of the recumbent figures, realized more than thirty years later, on the Medici tombs. Rubens was a little concerned with verisimilitude in "The Battle of Tunis" or the "Battle of Ivry". In his sketch for "Henry IV Entering Paris", the dominating group is again the nude—prisoners stripped naked by pillaging soldiery and hurled

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN EXAMPLE OF A WESTERN LIBERTY BOND POSTER



CESARE'S VIGOROUS TREATMENT OF THE LIBERTY BOND CAMPAIGN

from a bridge headlong into the Seine.

The greater realism of Velasquez's "Surrender of Breda" is the consequence of no changed interest in war but of the fact that the central problem of painting had become the nature of light enveloping the human figure, and the painter capable of research preferred to study light on figures less violently in motion than in the more classic types of composition. Composition became the problem of relating and lighting groups of portraits—Velasquez found in the "Surrender of Breda" the pretext for a portrait group and as such it still interests us. But the problem of light has continued to obsess the painter, its creation of color, the new means it gave him to express form. And because an olive tree is as effective a vehicle for chromatic overtones as a human being, the original importance of the human figure as a theme has successfully declined until even the mildly dramatic quality of a group of portraits by Velasquez or Hals disappears in the canvases of Manet and Renoir.

Hence the bulk of modern painting is done by academics to satisfy the greater public which has always craved dramatic element in every form of artistic expression. The academic painter remains popular on condition that he allow no aesthetic experiments to interfere with his ability to supply pictures in which the human theme is dominant and the dramatic element retained. Academicians of course avoid the difficulty of achieving this by attempting the problems of relating figures in motion which challenged

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A POSTER BY STEINLEN FOR BLINDED FRENCH SOLDIERS

the energy of Rubens and Raphael. They prate of the lessons of the great masters, and supply the element of human drama with enough gesture and detail of facial expression to explain the theme of any anecdote. Not one in ten is able to control on a single canvas the number of figures involved in a riot or a coronation. And at the very moment that the public has discovered the elaborate drama of a world war, packed with every type of engrossing anecdote, there is not an academy capable of producing a picture of a skirmish masterful enough to interest its own patrons even as a story ten years after it is painted.

The only new type of art this war can produce is foreshadowed in Nevinson's canvases of searchlights and aeroplanes. For Nevinson has expressed the war precisely because it supplied him with his own subject, rather than tempted him to find a new one. His aesthetic problem had been the problem of finding some pattern which could express the impersonal character of the mechanical forces dominating modern life, and which the largest crowd, seen as a group of individuals, no longer reveals. Such a pattern modern war supplied him. If Steinlen and Forain find the individual still expressive of war it is because their subject derived from Daumier, is the art of portraying an individual so that he reveals the social forces of his time and becomes the most immortal comment upon them. But paintings such as Nevinson's will tend more and more, as their inherent structure is developed, to become highly decorative patterns. Their dramatic element, their power of suggesting dynamic forces,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will remain impersonal. And not the most dramatic drawing of a *poilu* by Daumier himself could satisfy the present popular craving to hear the story of war which the greatest of modern wars has awakened.

The public will turn to the agencies which supply the pictorial drama. War pictures will again become a profitable and frequent subject particularly at the Royal Academy and the French *salons*. Because for a generation the majority of every population will be the wives or widows, the mothers or offspring of soldiers, these war pictures will have a more genuine popularity and a wider public than Detaille's or Messonier's. More painters will be impelled to paint them, because more painters will return from this war than from any other with no capital save their medals and their memories, and faced with the necessity of retrieving interrupted careers at the first opportunity. Their war pictures by reviving immediate memories of heroism and death, will move their spectators, perhaps profoundly, and create the illusion of being great works of art. They will, inevitably, receive medals, be commissioned by the state, presented to the state. If America cannot produce them, we will import them and present them to our museums, where it will probably be as difficult to dislodge them as their present counterparts, "The Defense of Champigny" or "Washington Crossing the Delaware".

Ultimately they will descend to the lumber-room. And if the generation which sees them disappear from its galleries still reads "Under Fire" or "Men in War", it will find the type of its heroes in the print-room—under "School of Daumier—see Steinlen and Forain". Possibly by then the full-length sisters of the goddesses on our postage stamps and silver dollars, holding in one hand the Cathedral of Rheims instead of the scales of Justice or a cornucopia, will also have disappeared from the walls of state capitols and public libraries, replaced by the more decorative patterns of searchlights and winging planes. And these will tell the ultimate story of this war: that in making war we filled the earth with horror, but filled the heavens with wonder and kept them beautiful.

Acknowledgments are due to Brentano's for permission to reproduce French and American war posters from their admirable collection; to Robert M. McBride and Company for the use of drawings by Nevinson printed in "Modern War"; to the British Pictorial Service for drawings by Pears, Shepperson, and Nevinson.—THE EDITORS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SAGE OF "BR'ER RABBIT"

Once upon a time, just after he had been particularly outraged by some biographical and doting wife, a certain anonymous man came to the conclusion that that would be a highly desirable rule which, on the death of a famous personage, should bar each and all of his immediate relatives from the writing of his biography. A biography, so he considered with Boswell, should, above all, be a true portrait, should give us the shadows as well as the lights; and relatives, so he considered on his own account, and in spite of the example of Lockhart, are entirely too close to their subject to get the proper perspective. They make one incredulous by their praise and suspicious by their silences.

The difficulty with a generalization of this sort is that just when one has it all set up and ready for habitation, along comes a particular instance and brings it crashing to the ground. And so in the present case. The biographer here, Julia Harris, is the daughter-in-law of the man whose story she has to tell, and yet she tells that story modestly, discreetly, with fine literary skill, and there is no hint in her work of either of the faults of which complaint has been made. And at the end the reader feels that he knows Joel Chandler Harris, the man, as well as if he had for years been a neighbor of his in West End, and taken many a trip with him behind the mules on the old street-car running between his home and the "Constitution" office.

Of course, it will be no surprise to the innumerable admirers of "Uncle Remus" to learn that his creator was a greatly lovable man; and yet we cannot but reflect that many an author whose work has drawn readers to admire, and perhaps even to love him, was in real life far from being either admirable or lovable. Such, happily, was not the case with Joel Chandler Harris, and a significant note of the present work, a note which tells more than pages of direct laudation, is that throughout the book the biographer speaks of him simply as "father".

As was remarked above, this biography errs in neither of the two ways in which such books commonly err. To begin with, the author deals at once and straightforwardly with a matter which she might easily have glossed over—the facts of her subject's parentage.

"The Harris family was a prominent one in middle Georgia, and had well-known connections in that part of the State; so it can readily be imagined that consternation overtook the relatives of 'Lady Sensible' when she conceived a fancy for a man inferior in station and education. The common mistake of vociferous opposition was made in this instance; the spark of preference was fanned into the flame of love, and Mary Harris separated herself from her family, left her home in Newton County, and accompanied the man of her choice to Putnam. The details of the days that followed are meager and confused, and Mary Harris's story, from this point until after

Excerpts from "The Life and Letters of Joel Chandler Harris", by Julia Collier Harris. Illustrated, with frontispiece in color. $5.00. Printed in advance of publication through the courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the birth of her child and her desertion by its father, partakes of the nature of legend."

Of those details, one who knew the family has this to say:

"'Uncle Remus's' father was an Irishman, and from him the boy inherited his bright blue eyes and his sense of humor. The young Irishman worked near 'Miss Mary's' home as a day-laborer, and it seems certain that his humble calling and his lack of ambition were the causes of the family's objection. The boy's father knew, of course, of the bitter opposition of 'Miss Mary's' family, and that he would never be received or recognized by them; and old friends say he was not strong enough to stand up under such conditions. At any rate, he left Putnam within a short time of his child's birth and was never again seen there.

"'Miss Mary' was a woman of rare mental qualities. My father used to say she was the smartest woman he ever knew. Her strength of character equaled her strength of intellect, and when she awakened to her mistake in casting in her lot with a man so lacking in courage and loyalty she put aside all romantic notions, took up her burden, and staked all on her boy. She discarded his father's name and gave her family name to Joel, and no one ever heard her mention his father again."

Harris early began his apprenticeship to journalism. While still less than fourteen years of age he became connected as printer's boy with "The Countryman", a newspaper published on a near-by plantation, and it was here, "when the work and play of the day were ended, and the glow of the lightwood knot could be seen in the negro cabins, Joel and the Turner children would steal away from the house and visit their friends in the slave quarters. Old Harbert and Uncle George Terrell were Joel's favorite companions, and from a nook in their chimney corners he listened to the legends handed down from their African ancestors—the lore of animals and birds so dear to every plantation negro. And sometimes, while the yellow yam baked in the ashes, or the hoecake browned in the shovel, the negroes would croon a camp-meeting hymn or a corn-shucking melody. The boy unconsciously absorbed their fables and their ballads, and the soft elisions of their dialect and the picturesque images of their speech left an indelible imprint upon the plastic tablets of his memory."

Several years later, as an aftermath of the Civil War, "The Countryman" suspended publication, and young Harris was obliged to seek his fortunes elsewhere. And so the story runs on, tracing his journalistic progress from paper to paper and town to town, till in 1876 he joined the staff of the Atlanta "Constitution", where he remained as editorial writer for twenty-four years. There followed several years of comparative leisure, and then in 1906 came the foundation of the "Uncle Remus's Magazine", of which he was the editor till his death, in his sixtieth year, on July 3, 1908.

In character, Harris manifested throughout life two traits, both sufficiently rare in themselves, and yet often found together: he was very modest as to his own worth and achievements, and, like another Georgian who later on made his mark in literature, O. Henry, he was extremely shy. Many amusing stories are told of his diffidence in meeting strangers, of the methods he took to avoid functions and formal gatherings; and he could never be induced to make a speech of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

any kind or to read from his own books, even to children. At various times he received liberal offers to go on the platform—with Mark Twain, James Whitcomb Riley, G. W. Cable—but what Twain called his "immortal shyness" always stood in the way, and the following incident is typical:

"Early in 1905, father received a notification from the University of Pennsylvania of the desire of that institution to honor him with a degree; but while he was appreciative of the distinction offered him, he could not bring himself to appear in person and claim it."

Harris's attitude toward his work was equally unusual.

"The great popular success of the legends was a matter of strange surprise to their author. It was 'just an accident', he said, and added: 'All I did was to write out and put into print the stories I had heard all my life'.

"When asked by an interviewer if any particular negro suggested 'the quaint and philosophic character which he had built up into one of the monuments of modern literature', he replied:

" 'He was not an invention of my own, but a human syndicate, I might say, of three or four old darkies whom I had known. I just walloped them together into one person and called him 'Uncle Remus'. You must remember that sometimes the negro is a genuine and an original philosopher.'

"On being asked how the legends happened to be put into book form, their author continued:

" 'The representative of a New York publisher came to see me, and suggested an 'Uncle Remus' book. I was astonished, but he seemed to be in earnest, and so we picked out of the files of the 'Constitution' enough matter for a little volume, and it was printed. To my surprise, it was successful'."

If Harris looked askance at the literary estimate placed upon his work—he always spoke of himself as being merely "a cornfield journalist"—he was equally averse to its scientific implications.

"The book was favorably noticed in every paper of any importance in the country, and scientific publications devoted columns to its value as a contribution to folk-lore.

"The stress laid upon this aspect of the stories always amused father. He once had occasion to write a review of some folk tales of the Southwest, and in this connection he said:

" 'First let us have the folk-tales told as they were intended to be told, for the sake of amusement—as a part of the art of literary entertainment. Then, if the folklorists find in them anything of value to their pretensions

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

let it be picked out and preserved, with as little cackling as possible.'

"Certainly 'Uncle Remus' was capable of following his own advice, for the quality most conspicuously absent from the tales is pedantry.

" 'It is but fair to say that ethnological considerations formed no part of the undertaking which has resulted in the publication of this volume,' wrote the author in the introduction to the 'Songs and Sayings'. Nevertheless, he had most carefully investigated the genuineness of all the tales, and in every case had sifted out the variants and had taken pains to retain the version which seemed to him most characteristic, after which he proceeded to give it 'without embellishment and without exaggeration'."

Concerning the "Uncle Remus" Tales, the biographer sets forth much interesting information, and among other things gives us the following characteristic item:

"I have been asked many times if my husband, the eldest son of the family, was 'the little boy' of the stories. He was not; and, strangely enough, father never told these stories to his own or any other children. His rôle was to record, not to recount."

As for the chorus of praise that poured in from all sides on the man who was later to become known as "the most modest author in America", "such appreciations as this and others from his colleagues were, of course, gratifying to father, who, nevertheless, in his almost incredible humility, was skeptical of all praise. But the tributes that pleased him most were those that came from children or from men and women who found their childhood memories revived by these legends of the old plantation".

Despite Harris's diffidence he had in him a vein of practical joking, as this incident, told by a friend of his youthful days in Savannah, will show:

"Another night, when we were returning from our work, just as we met near the entrance to the house, we saw another boarder approaching from the opposite direction. Harris's quick suggestion was: 'Let's have some fun. Take hold of Berryman's arms.' I took hold of one arm and Harris took hold of the other, and together we 'assisted' our friend upstairs. There was no limit to our noise, but our friend Berryman protested in vain. Harris kept up a succession of loud orders to the supposedly intoxicated boarder: 'Berryman, keep quiet; you will wake up all the boarders!' 'Berryman, put down that umbrella, it's not raining in the house!' So up to the fourth floor continued the disorderly procession, and from all indications there might have been half a dozen persons 'assisting' poor sober Mr. Berryman up the stairs. From the start, the martyr saw that expostulations were vain, so quietly contented himself with accepting the situation until he was released."

Throughout the book a great many of Harris's letters are reproduced—letters simple, kindly, sane, humorous, like the man who wrote them. These range from the love-letters he wrote the young lady who afterward became his wife (which are equally charming and sensible) to those to famous men and women, his admirers. But it is in his correspondence with children, both his own and others, that his nature is most fully revealed, and these particular letters contain a great deal of profound, if gentle, wisdom.

In a letter to one of his sons he says:

"By being as nice and as clever as you know how to be you can always

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

make a good impression anywhere you go. You know how your own folks (except me) misunderstand you when you give way to your foolish little temper; strangers will misunderstand you even worse. My plan has always been to *conceal my feelings* about *small* and *unimportant* matters, and be genial and funny even when I didn't feel like it. A little practice goes a long way. I have got so now I feel genial all the time."

To a daughter he writes:

"Now, how do you suppose I can find any news to write while all this is going on? More than that, how do you suppose I survive the infliction? Well, I'll tell you, Billy-Ann—I laugh at it. I'm just as happy, almost, when things are going wrong, as I am when they are going right; and for a very good reason. It doesn't amount to a row of pins. There's nothing funnier than to see small troubles disappear when you laugh at them. They seem to get ashamed of themselves and run away."

Harris had a great horror of "preachings", however, and whenever he had to give advice he always rendered it palatable by some pleasantry or other. The concluding paragraph of the following letter to his daughter is typical in this respect:

"You must remember that very few girls have been raised as you have—on perfectly familiar and confidential terms with their fathers and mothers, and fewer still have been taught to discriminate between the romance of fiction and the realities of life. You have read pretty much everything you have desired to read; yet I have been particular that the *most* you have read is sound and sweet at the core, and therefore wholesome. This has been done so quietly that you have never known that the process was going on. This great plot has been going on and you never suspected it. You remember that there was something of a fuss made three or four years ago about your reading the newspapers. As you know, I didn't make any fuss about it, for I knew, and still know, that even the sensations in the newspapers carry their moral with them. Up and down the columns of the newspapers it is writ large: 'Be good! Men, women and children, be good!'

"Whoa! Wait! Let me get my foot out of the stirrup. Now! My goodness! I was on my high horse."

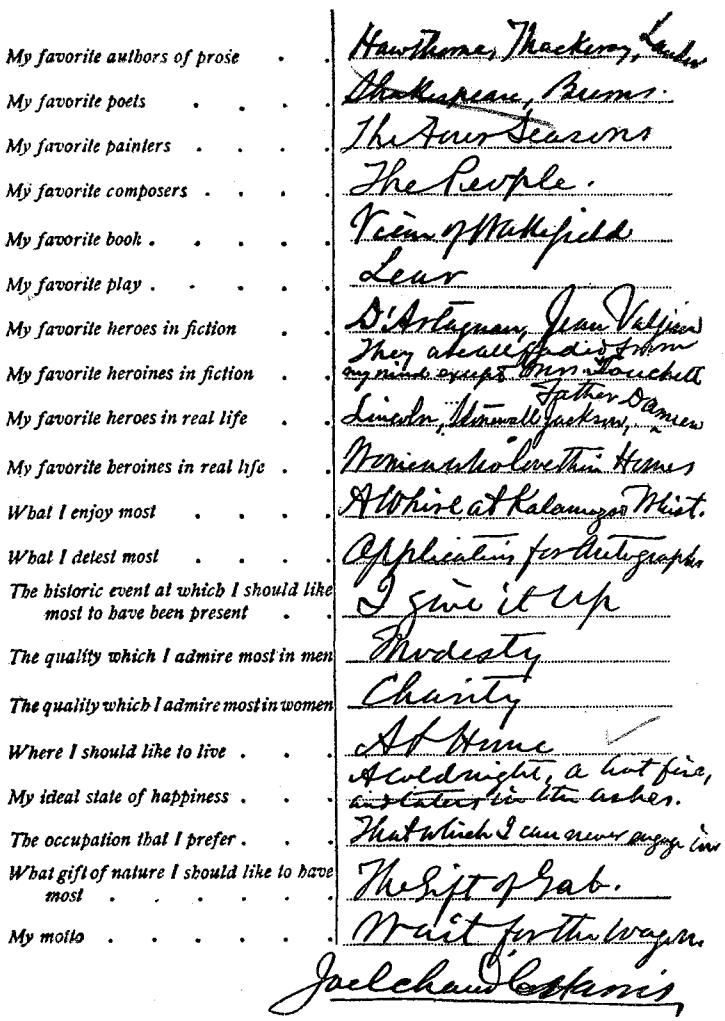
"The only thing in the routine of the home that annoyed him was 'housecleaning'. He had a theory that sweeping merely sent the dust from floor to ceiling, and that the vicious circle was complete when the dust settled back again and the sweeping had to be done all over."

On this subject he writes amusingly:

"Mamma continues to have general spring housecleaning twice a week, and I heard her say today that she was only waiting for good weather to have a *genuine* spring cleaning. I don't know where I'll go nor what I'll do. If I were a housekeeper I wouldn't live in a house that had to be turned upside down every day to get the dirt out of it. A *genuine* spring cleaning means that Chloe and Johnson and John and Lizzie and Rufus and Banks and Ca'line are to come in, to the tune of one of Sousa's marches, played on the piano by Essie, tear up the carpets, knock down the plastering, break the clocks, and drop a stove on the back porch. Mamma has made no attempt, as yet, to sun the bathtub, but I'm expecting it every day. When it happens I'm going to have the chimneys taken down and dusted. When this is done I'll have the wood-pile cleaned

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Joel Chandler Harris.



and polished with that perfumed stuff they use on the stoves. And then I'm going to have all the dirt swept out of the garden. I think a clean garden —a garden with no dirt at all in it— is one of the loveliest sights on earth."

The home life of the Harris family was singularly happy and unreserved, and the biographer gives us many pleasant glimpses of it.

"Every phase of life about the home was of interest to father, and in the midst of his work he would often get up from his writing-table and stroll into the sitting-room to listen to the chatter of the children or the gossip of neighbors. If mother had a new dress or hat, he was as interested in it as she; if a church 'bazar' was to be held at the house, none of the details

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A CARTOONIST'S IMPRESSION OF A VISIT BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

bored him; the annual Catholic festival that took place on the lawn surrounding the house was a matter of lively interest to him, and when the church members and friends and neighbors gathered on these occasions he mingled freely with them, his soft hat on the back of his head and his hands in his pockets. He once said: 'I like people who are what they are, and are not all the time trying to be somebody else.' Consequently, he was at home in the company of unaffected people; but let a pretentious person, a 'high-brow' or a lion hunter, appear on the scene, and not even Br'er Fox could 'lay' as 'low' as his creator.

"He liked to sit on the porch late in the afternoons and watch the birds, or stroll about in the vegetable garden, or take the hose and water the roses, those aristocrats of the flower-plot which especially appealed to him."

That youth is drawn to youth is true in Atlanta as elsewhere, and that the youth of that city knew attractive metal when they found it is evidenced by the following:

"The young people of the neighborhood were on the friendliest terms with father and mother, and flocked with 'Uncle Remus' to see the ball games between the Sluggers and the Hustlers; or sat on the front steps of the Wren's Nest on summer evenings, chatting with its master and mistress; or singing the old songs together; or discussing a scheme for buying a community telescope, or plans for a minstrel show. None of their affairs was too trivial or too foolish to gain father's interest. In fact, as he grew older he gravitated more and more toward young people."

Every now and then, though rarely, since it is a matter men do not frequently speak about, one hears of affection between men. In this respect Harris seemed to be particularly winning and responsive. As showing the attractiveness of the man, and as a fitting close to this account of a delightful book, is transcribed the following incident:

"One of his West-End friends, the brother of Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston, dropped by the house one evening when the family was seated on the porch, and asked father to take a little walk with him, as he had 'something to tell him'. When mother later asked if Mr. Johnston had told him any bad news, father stammered a while, and finally replied, blushing vividly: 'Why, no. He—he just wanted to tell me how much he loved me'."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GARDEN BY MOONLIGHT

BY AMY LOWELL

A black cat among roses,
Phlox, lilac-misted under a first-quarter moon,
The sweet smells of heliotrope and night-scented stock.
The garden is very still,
It is dazed with moonlight,
Contented with perfume,
Dreaming the opium dreams of its folded poppies.
Firefly lights open and vanish
High as the tip buds of the golden glow,
Low as the sweet alyssum flowers at my feet.
Moon shimmer on leaves and trellises,
Moon spikes shafting through the snowball bush.
Only the little faces of the ladies' delight are alert and staring,
Only the cat, padding between the roses,
Shakes a branch, and breaks the checkered pattern,
As water is broken by the falling of a leaf.
Then you come,
And you are quiet like the garden
And white like the alyssum flowers
And beautiful as the silent sparks of the fireflies.
Ah, Beloved, do you see those orange lilies?
They knew my mother,
But who belonging to me will they know
When I am gone?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JEREMY

BY HUGH WALPOLE

"It is due to him to say that he was an obedient boy, and a boy whose word could be depended on . . ."
JACKANAPES.

CHAPTER I.
The Birthday.
§1

About thirty years ago there was at the top of the right-hand side of Orange Street in Polchester a large stone house. I say "was"—the shell of it is still there and the people who now live in it are quite unaware, I suppose, that anything has happened to the inside of it except that they are certainly assured that their furniture is vastly superior to the furniture of their predecessors. They have a gramophone, a pianola, and a lift to bring the plates from the kitchen into the dining-room, and a small motor-garage at the back where the old pump used to be, and a very modern rock-garden where once was the pond with the fountain that never worked. Let them cherish their satisfaction. No one grudges it to them. The Coles were, by modern standards, old-fashioned people and the Stone House was an old-fashioned house.

Young Jeremy Cole was born there in the year 1884, very early in the morning of December 8th. He was still there, very early in the morning of December 8th, 1892.

He was sitting up in bed; the Cuckoo clock had just struck five and he was aware that he was, at this very moment, for the first time in his life eight years old. He had gone to bed at eight o'clock on the preceding evening with the choking consciousness that he would awake in the morning a different creature. Although he had slept, there had permeated the texture of his dreams that same choking excitement; and now wide awake as though he had asked the Cuckoo to call him in order that he might not be late for the great occasion, he stared into the black distance of his bedroom and reflected with a beating heart upon the great event. He was eight years old and he had as much right now to the nursery armchair with a hole in it as Helen had.

That was his first definite realization of approaching triumph. Throughout the whole of his seventh year he had fought with Helen, who was most unjustly a year older than he and persistently proud of that injustice, as to his right to use the wicker armchair whensoever it pleased him. So distinctive of the general peace of the house had these incessant battles been, so unavailing the suggestions of elderly relations that gentlemen always yielded to ladies, that a compromise had been arrived at. When Jeremy was eight, he should have equal rights with Helen . . . Well and good. Jeremy had yielded to that. It was the only decent chair in the nursery. Into the place where the wicker, yielding to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rude and impulsive pressure, had fallen away, one's body might be most happily fitted. It was of exactly the right height; it made the handsomest creaking noises when one rocked in it—and in any case, Helen was only a girl.

But the sense of his triumph had not yet fully descended upon him. As he sat up in bed, yawning, with a tickle in the middle of his back and his throat very dry, he was disappointedly aware that he was still the same Jeremy of yesterday. He did not know what it was exactly that he had expected, but he did not feel at present that confident proud glory for which he had been prepared. Perhaps it was too early.

He turned round, curled his head into his arm, and with a half-muttered, half-dreamt statement about the wicker chair, he was once again asleep.

§2

He awoke to the customary sound of the bath-water running into the bath. His room was flooded with sunshine and old Jampot, the Nurse (her name was Mrs. Preston and her shape was Jampot) was saying as usual: "Now, Master Jeremy, eight o'clock, no lying in bed—out-you-get, bath ready."

He stared at her, blinking.

"You should say, 'Many happy returns of the day, Master Jeremy' ", he remarked. Then suddenly with a leap he was out of bed, had crossed the floor, pushed back the nursery-door, and was sitting in the wicker armchair, his naked feet kicking a triumphant dance.

"Helen, Helen," he called, "I'm in the chair."

No sound.

"I'm eight," he shouted, "and I'm in the chair." Mrs. Preston breathless and exclaiming, hurried across to him.

"Oh, you naughty boy . . . death of cold . . . in your nightdress."

"I'm eight," he said, looking at her scornfully, "and I can sit here as long as I please." Helen, her pig-tails flapping on either shoulder, her nose red as it always was early in the morning, appeared at the opposite end of the nursery.

"Nurse, he mustn't, must he? Tell him not to . . . I don't care how old you are. It's my chair. Mother said . . ."

"No, she didn't. Mother said . . ."

"Yes, she did. Mother said . . ."

"Mother said that when . . ."

"Oh, you story . . . You know that Mother said . . ."

Then suddenly a new stiffening, trusting dignity filled him as though he had with a turn of the head discovered himself clad in golden armor.

He was above this vulgar wrangling now. That was for girls. He was superior to them all. He got down from the chair and stood his head up on the old Turkey rug (red with yellow Cockatoos), in front of the roaring fire. "You may have your old chair," he said to Helen, "I'm eight now and I don't want it any more . . . although if I *do* want it, I shall have it," he added.

He was a small, square boy with a pug-nosed face; his hair was light brown, thin and stiff so that it was difficult to brush and although you watered it, stood up in unexpected places and stared at you. His eyes were good, dark brown and large, but he was in no way handsome, his neck, his nose ridiculous. His mouth was too large and his chin stuck out like a hammer.

He was plainly obstinate and pos-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sibly sulky, although when he smiled his whole face was lighted with humor. Helen was the only beautiful Cole child and she was abundantly aware of that fact. The Coles had never been a good-looking family . . .

He stood in front of the fireplace now as he had seen his father do, his short legs apart, his head up and his hands behind his back.

"Now, Master Jeremy," the Jampot continued, "you may be eight years old, but it isn't a reason for disobedience the very first minute, and of course your bath is ready and you catching your death with naked feet which you've always been told to put your slippers on; and not to keep the bath waiting when there's Miss Helen and Miss Mary, as you very well know, and breakfast coming in five minutes which there's sausages this morning, because it's your birthday and them all getting cold . . ."

"Sausages."

He was across the floor in a moment, had thrown off his nightshirt and was in his bath. Sausages! He was translated into a world of excitement and splendor. They had sausages so seldom, not always even on birthdays and today, on a cold morning with a crackling fire and marmalade perhaps!—and, then, all the presents.

Oh, he was happy. As he rubbed his back with the towel, a wonderful glowing, Christian charity spread from his head to his toes and tingled through every inch of him. Helen should sit in the chair when she pleased, Mary should be allowed to dress and undress the large woolen dog, known as "Sulks", his own especial and beloved property, so often as she wished, Jampot should poke the twisted end of the towel in his ears and brush his hair with hard brushes and he would not say a word. Aunt Mary should kiss him (as of course she would want to do) and he would not shiver; he would (bravest deed of all) allow Mary to read "Alice in Wonderland" in her singsong voice so long as ever she wanted . . . Sausages. Sausages.

In his shirt and short blue trousers, his hair on end, tugging at his braces, he stood in the doorway and shouted:

"Helen, there are sausages—because it's my birthday. Aren't you glad?"

And even when the only response to his joyous invitation was Helen's voice crossly admonishing the Jampot: "Oh, you do pull so—you're hurting", his charity was not checked.

Then when he stood clothed and of a cheerful mind once more in front of the fire, a shyness stole over him. He knew that the moment for presents was approaching; he knew that very shortly he would have to kiss and be kissed by a multitude of persons, that he would have to say again and again, "Oh, thank you, thank you so much"; that he would have his usual consciousness of his inability to thank anybody at all in the way that they expected to be thanked. Helen and Mary never worried about such things. They delighted in kissing and hugging and multitudes of words. If only he might have had his presents by himself and then stolen out and said "thank you" to the lot of them and have done with it——

He watched the breakfast table with increasing satisfaction: the large teapot with the red roses, the dark blue porridge-plates, the glass jar with the marmalade a rich yel-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

low inside it, the huge loaf with the soft pieces bursting out between the crusty pieces, the solid square of butter, so beautiful a color and marked with a large cow and a tree on top (he had seen once in the kitchen the wooden shape with which the cook made this handsome thing). There was also his own silver mug given him at his christening by Canan Trenchard, his godfather, and his silver spoon given him on the same occasion by Uncle Samuel. All these things glittered and glowed in the firelight and a kettle was singing on the hob, and Martha, the canary, was singing in her cage in the window. (No one really knew whether the canary were a lady or a gentleman, but the name had been Martha after a beloved housemaid now married to the gardener, and the sex had followed the name.)

There were also all the other familiar nursery things. The hole in the Turkey carpet near the bookcase, the rocking-horse very shiny where you sit and very Christmas-tree-like as to his tail, the dolls' house now deserted because Helen was too old and Mary too clever, the pictures of "Church on Christmas Morning" (every one with his mouth very wide open singing a Christmas hymn with holly), "Dignity and Impudence" after Landseer, "The Shepherds and the Angels" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade". So packed was the nursery with history for Jeremy that it would have taken quite a week to relate it all. There was the spot where he had bitten the Jampot's fingers—for which deed he had afterwards been slippered by his father, there the corner where they stood for punishment (he knew exactly how many ships with sails, how many ridges of waves and how many setting suns there were on that especial piece of corner wall-paper—three ships, twelve ridges, two and a half suns)—there was the place where he had broken the ink-bottle over his shoes and the carpet, there the window where Mary had read to him once when he had toothache, and he had not known whether her reading or the toothache agonized him the more—and so on, an endless sequence of sensational history. His reminiscences were cut short by the appearance of Gladys with the porridge. Gladys who was only the kitchen-maid, but was, nevertheless, stout, breathless from her climb and the sentiment of the occasion, produced from her deep pocket a dirty envelope which she laid upon the table.

"Many 'appy returns, Master Jeremy"—giggle, giggle. "Lord save us if I 'aven't gone and forgotten they spunes," and she vanished. The present-giving had begun.

He had an instant's struggle as to whether it were better to wait until all the presents had accumulated or whether he would take them separately as they arrived. The dirty envelope lured him. He advanced towards it and seized it. He could not read very easily the sprawling writing on the cover, but he guessed that it said, "From Gladys to Master Jeremy". Within was a marvelous card, tied together with glistening cord and shining with all the colors of the rainbow. It was apparently a survival from Christmas as there was "A Church in Snow and a Peal of Bells"; he was, nevertheless, very happy to have it.

After this introduction events moved swiftly. First Helen and Mary appeared, their faces shining and solemn and mysterious, Helen

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

self-conscious and Mary staring through her spectacles like a profound owl.

Because Jeremy had known Mary ever since he could remember, he was unaware that there was anything very peculiar about her. But in truth she was a strange-looking child. Very thin, she had a large head with big outstanding ears, spectacles and thin yellow hair pulled back and "stringy". Her large hands were always red and her forehead was freckled. She was as plain a child as you were ever likely to see, but there was character in her mouth and eyes, and although she was only seven years old, she could read quite difficult books (she was engaged at this particular time upon "Ivanhoe") and she was a genius at sums.

The passion of her life, as the family were all aware, was Jeremy, but it was an unfortunate and uncomfortable passion. She bothered and worried him, she was insanely jealous; she would sulk for days did he ever seem to prefer Helen to herself; no one understood her, she was considered a "difficult child, quite unlike any other Cole except possibly Samuel, Mr. Cole's brother, who was an unsuccessful painter and therefore 'odd'."

As Mary was at present only seven years of age, it would be too much to say that the family was afraid of her. Aunt Amy's attitude was: "Well, after all, she's sure to be clever when she grows up, poor child"; and, although the parishioners of Mary's father always alluded to her as "the ludicrous Cole child", they told awed little stories about the infant's mental capacities and concluded comfortably, "I'm glad Alice (or Jane or Matilda or Anabel) isn't clever like that. They overwork when they are young and then when they grow up . . ."

Meanwhile Mary led her private life. She attached herself to no one but Jeremy, she was delicate and suffered from perpetual colds; she, therefore, spent much of her time in the nursery, reading, her huge spectacles close to the page, her thin legs like black stocks stuck up on the fender in front of the fire or curled up under her on the window-seat.

Very different was Helen. Helen had a mass of black hair, big black eyes with thick eyelashes, a thin white neck, little feet and already an eye to "effects" in dress. She was charming to strangers, to the queer curates who haunted the family hall, to poor people and rich people, to old and young people. She was warm-hearted but not impulsive, intelligent but not clever, sympathetic, but not sentimental, impatient but never uncontrolled. She liked almost everyone and almost everything, but no one and nothing mattered to her very deeply; she liked going to church, always learnt her Collect first on Sunday and gave half her pocket money to the morning collection. She was generous but never extravagant, enjoyed food but was not greedy. She was quite aware that she was pretty, and might one day be beautiful, and she was glad of that, but she was never silly about her looks.

When Aunt Amy, who was always silly about everything, said in her presence to visitors, "Isn't Helen the loveliest thing you ever saw?" she managed by her shy self-confidence to suggest that she *was* pretty, that Aunt Amy *was* a fool, and life was altogether very agreeable, but that none of these things were of any great importance. She was very good friends with Jeremy, but she

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

played no part in his life at all. At the same time she often fought with him, simply from her real deep consciousness of her superiority to him. She valued her authority and asserted it incessantly. That authority had until last year been unchallenged, but Jeremy now was growing. She had, although she did not as yet realize it, a difficult time before her.

Helen and Mary advanced with their presents, laid them on the breakfast table and then retreated to watch the effect of it all.

"Shall I now?" asked Jeremy.

"Yes, now," said Helen and Mary.

There were three parcels, one large and "shoppy", two small, and bound with family paper, tied by family hands with family string. He grasped immediately the situation; the "shoppy" parcel was bought with mother's money, and only "pretended" to be from his sisters; the two small parcels were the very handiwork of the ladies themselves, the same having been seen by all eyes at work for the last six months, sometimes, indeed, under the cloak of attempted secrecy, but more often because weariness or ill-temper made them careless in the full light of day.

His interest was centered almost entirely in the "shoppy" parcel, which by its shape might be "soldiers", but he knew the rules of the game, and, disregarding the large, ostentatious brown-papered thing, he went magnificently for the two small, incoherent bundles.

He opened them: a flat, green table center with a red pattern of roses, a thick table napkin-ring worked in yellow worsted—these were revealed.

"Oh," he cried, "just what I wanted!" (Father always said that on *his* birthday.)

"Is it?" said Mary and Helen.

"Mine's the ring," said Mary. "It's dirty, rather, but it would have got dirty anyway afterward." She watched anxiously to see whether he preferred Helen's.

He watched them nervously, lest he should be expected to kiss them. He wiped his mouth with his hand instead, and began rapidly to talk: "Jampot will know now which mine is. She's always giving me the wrong one. I'll have it always, and the green thing, too."

"It's for the middle of a table," Helen interrupted.

"Yes, I know," said Jeremy hurriedly. "I'll always have it, too—like Mary's—when I'm grown up and all—— I say, shall I open the other now?"

"Yes, you can," said Helen and Mary, ceasing to take the central place in the ceremony—spectators now, and eagerly excited.

But Mary had a last word.

"You do like mine, don't you?"

"Of course, like anything!" She wanted to say "better than Helen's?" but restrained herself.

"I was ever so long doing it; I thought I wouldn't finish it in time."

He saw with terror that she meditated a descent upon him; a kiss was in the air. She moved forward, then, to his extreme relief, the door opened and the elders, arriving, saved him.

There were father and mother, Uncle Samuel and Aunt Amy, all with presents, faces of birthday tolerance and "do-as-you-please-today-dear" expressions.

The Reverend Herbert Cole was forty years of age, rector of St. James's, Polchester, during the last ten years, and marked out for greater preferment in the near future. To be a rector at thirty is unusual, but he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had great religious gifts, preached an admirable "as man to man" sermon, and did not believe in thinking about more than he could see. He was an excellent father in the abstract sense, but the parish absorbed too much of his time to allow of intimacies with any one.

Mrs. Cole was the most placid lady of Europe. She had a comfortable figure, but was not stout—here a dimple and there a dimple. Nothing could disturb her: children, servants, her husband's sermons, district visiting, her Tuesday "at homes", the butcher, the dean's wife, the wives of canons, the Polchester climate, bills, clothes, other women's clothes—over all these rocks of peril in the sea of daily life her bark happily floated. Some ill-natured people thought her stupid, but she liked Trollope's novels in the "Cornhill", disapproved placidly of "Jane Eyre", and admired Tennyson, so that she could not be considered unliterary.

She was economical, warm-hearted, loved her children, talked only the gentlest scandal, and was a completely happy woman—all this in the placidest way in the world.

Miss Amy Trefusis, her sister, was very different, being thin both in her figure and her emotions. She skirted tempestuously over the surface of things, was the most sentimental of human beings, was often in tears over reminiscences of books or the weather, was deeply religious in a superficial way, and really, although she would have been entirely astonished had you told her so, cared for no one in the world but herself. She was dressed always in dark colors, with the high shoulders of the day, elegant bonnets, and little chains that jingled as she moved. In her soul she feared and distrusted children, but she did not know this. She did know, however, that she feared and distrusted her brother Samuel.

Her brother Samuel was all that the Trefusis family, as a conservative body who believed in tradition, had least reason for understanding. He had been a failure from the first moment of his entry into Duckett's Grammar School in Polchester, thirty-five years before this story. He had continued a failure at Winchester and at Christ Church, Oxford. He had desired to be a painter, he had broken from the family and gone to study art in Paris; he had starved and starved, was at death's door, was dragged home, and there suddenly had relapsed into Polchester, lived first on his father, then on his brother-in-law, painted about the town, painted, made cynical remarks about the Polchestrians, painted, made blasphemous remarks about the bishop, the dean, and all the canons, painted, and refused to leave his brother-in-law's house. He was a scandal, of course; he was fat, untidy, wore a blue tam-o'-shanter when he was "out", and sometimes went down Orange Street in carpet-slippers.

He was a scandal, but what are you to do if a relative is obstinate and refuses to go? At least make him shave, say the wives of the canons. But no one has as yet made Samuel Trefusis do anything that he did not want to do. He was sometimes not shaved for three whole days and nights. At any rate there he is; it is of no use saying that he does not exist, as many of the close ladies try to do. And at least he does not paint strange women; he prefers flowers and cows and the Polchester woods, although anything less like cows, flowers and woods Mrs. Bartholomew, wife of the precentor, who once had a water-color in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Academy, says she has never seen. Samuel Cole is a failure, and, what is truly awful, he does not mind; nobody buys his pictures, and he does not care; and, worst taste of all, he laughs at his relatives although he lives on them. Nothing further need be said.

To Helen, Mary and Jeremy he had always been a fascinating object, although they realized, with that sharp worldly wisdom to be found in all infants of tender years, that he was a failure, a dirty man, and disliked children. He very rarely spoke to them, was once quite wildly enraged when Mary was discovered licking his paints (it was the paints he seemed anxious about, not in the least the poor little thing's health, as his sister said), and had publicly been heard to say that his brother-in-law had only got the children he deserved.

Nevertheless, Jeremy had always been interested in him. He liked his fat, round shape, his rough, untidy gray hair, his scarlet slippers, his blue tam-o'-shanter, the smudges of paint sometimes to be discovered on his cheeks, and the jingling noises he made in his pocket with his money. He was certainly more fun than Aunt Amy. . . .

There, then, they all were, with their presents and their birthday faces.

"Shall I undo them for you, darling?" of course said Aunt Amy. Jeremy shook his head (he did not say what he thought of her) and continued to tug at the string. He was given a large pair of scissors. He received (from father) a silver watch, (from mother) a paint-box, a dark blue and gold prayer-book with a thick, squashy leather cover (from Aunt Amy).

He was in an ecstasy. How he had longed for a watch, just such a turnip-shaped one, and a paint-box—what colors he could make! Even Aunt Amy's prayer-book was something, with its squashy cover and silk marker (only why did Aunt Amy never give him anything sensible?)

He stood there, his face flushed, his eyes sparkling, the watch in one hand and the paint-box in the other.

Remarks were heard like: "You mustn't poke it with your finger, Jerry, darling, or you'll break the hands off," and "I thought he'd better have the square sort, and not the tubes, they're *so* squashy," and "You'll be able to learn your Collect so easily with that big print, Jerry dear. Very kind of you, Amy."

Meanwhile he was aware that Uncle Samuel had given him nothing. There was a little thick catch of disappointment in his throat, not because he wanted a present, but because he liked Uncle Samuel. Suddenly, from somewhere behind him, his Uncle said: "Shut your eyes, Jerry. Don't open them until I tell you." Then, rather crossly: "No, Amy! Leave me alone! I know what I am about, thank you."

He shut his eyes tight. He closed them so that the eyelids seemed to turn right inward and red lights flashed. He stood there for at least a century, all in darkness, no one saying anything, save that once Mary cried "Oh!" and clapped her hands, which same cry excited him to such a pitch that he would have dug his nails into his hands had he not so consistently in the past bitten them that there were no nails with which to dig. He waited. He waited. He waited. He was not eight, he was eighty when at last Uncle Samuel said, "Now you may look."

He opened his eyes and turned. For a moment the nursery, too, rocked in the unfamiliar light. Then he saw. On the middle of the nursery carpet was a village, a real village, six houses with red roofs, green windows and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

white porches, a church with a tower and a tiny bell, an orchard with flowers on the fruit trees, a green lawn, a street with a butcher's shop, a post-office and a grocer's, villagers—Noah, Mrs. Noah and the little Noahs—a field of cows, horses, dogs, a farm with chickens and even two pigs.

He stood, he stared, he drew a deep breath.

"It comes all the way from Germany," said Aunt Amy, who always made things uninteresting if she possibly could.

There was much delighted talk. Jeremy said nothing, but Uncle Samuel understood.

"Glad you like it," he said, and left the room.

"Aren't you glad?" said Helen.

Jeremy still said nothing.

"Sausages, sausages!" cried Mary, as Gladys, grinning, entered with a dish of a lovely and pleasant smell.

But Jeremy did not turn. He simply stood there staring.

(To be continued)

KULTUR AS PATRON OF DANISH LETTERS

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

Lately American Minister to Denmark

The American and English writer, with his royalties from a dozen sources and the whole English-speaking world including Australia and New Zealand at his command, finds it hard to imagine the position of a Dutch, Finnish, or Scandinavian author, whose market is limited by his language. It is true Maarten Maartens wrote in English, but the Scandinavian or Dutch author, who is simply important enough to be interesting, must count on a very limited circulation, while his English-speaking brother or sister of similar position may safely expect, at least, a fairly paying number of readers.

Georg Brandès: Born in Copenhagen, February 4, 1842. He took the Gold Medal of the University of Copenhagen in 1863. His works range from "Dualism in Our Latest Philosophy" to "William Shakespeare"; "Goethe" and "Voltaire" are his latest works. His brother is Edward Brandès, the Danish Minister of Finance, likewise a very distinguished author of great originality.

Similarly, the Scandinavian author can count only on his own countrymen, unless he finds a translator. The Danish and Norwegian languages are so much alike that Georg Brandès, for example, may be read by the Norwegians with a certain amount of ease. Selma Lagerlöf's "Gesta Berling", being in Swedish, might be vaguely understood by a Dane—it is as difficult, under any circumstances, to be understood by anybody who is not a Swede, as Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" is by folk who are not Norwegians. The Scandinavian scientific "research worker", the intense and meticulous student, has even a more limited audience; and this audience would be more limited if the attitude of Germany had been less encouraging to writers of his type. Before the war no Scandinavian man of science had much chance of a hearing, unless he first received the German stamp of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

approval; and so wise was Germany, from the scientific and political point of view, that it was seldom given, except in worthy cases. The Swedish writer on very serious subjects requiring interior or minute investigation looked entirely towards Germany, and hence the power Germany obtained over the scientific mind. When the war opened, this German professor, the servant of the state and the debtor of a benevolent state, was a power, and the Government promptly used him. Who has not received letters from once-friendly German professors, setting forth the wise, prudent, self-sacrificing "cultural side" of the German invasion?

To be known scientifically in Germany was to be approved scientifically by the world; to be translated into German meant for Brandès, for Harold Hoffding, for Johannes Jorgensen, Wilhelm Johannsen, for Johannes V. Jensen—scientists and men of letters—not only success, but the monetary rewards of success. German agents for scientific and literary publication firms were constantly in Scandinavia, and every author or scientific man of the three countries was sure of a welcome in Berlin. Men like Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler and some others early saw the need of offsetting this propaganda, which was as logical as it was effective; and soon after my arrival in Copenhagen I saw how badly needed was an interchange of professors, lecturers and authors between our country and the countries of the North. To Dr. Butler we owe the visit of Professor Otto Jespersen, of the University of Copenhagen, one of the first of English philologers. But the German author or man of science visiting other countries had his government behind him. The Frenchman who came to Scandinavia had the Alliance Française to look to. The English or American professor or literary man came, as a rule, at his own expense, or through the courtesy of kind friends: Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Dr. Schofield of Harvard, and Dr. Gore, formerly of the George Washington University, came at their own expense.

Of all Scandinavian writers on literature, Georg Brandès is the best known. In spite of his French tendencies, his warm friendship with Clémenceau, his acknowledged reputation in England and the United States, the sale of his books was probably greater in Germany than in any other country. His English and American sales were never very large, and, in France, there was a party that held that he was famous for his knowledge of the literatures of all countries, except in the countries of these literatures; but the German critics made no hasty generalizations. It would have been a great temptation for an author to be pro-German, under these circumstances, particularly if he had just printed a great *opus* on Goethe, as Brandès had, at the opening of the war. Remember that he was sure of a large sale for his work among the 60,000 Germans with whom Goethe is a name to conjure with, that

---

Johannes Jorgensen: Born in Svendborg, Denmark, November 6, 1866; poet and journalist; in 1913 appointed "Maître de Conférences" in Æsthetics at the University of Louvain; since 1888 no year has passed without a book from him. His translation of Hugo von Hofmannsthal's "Old Play of Everyman" was most successful at the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen; translated Poe and Mgr. Benson, as well as De Goncourts, Loti, Bourget.

Johannes V. Jensen: Born in Farso, Denmark, June 20, 1873; author of "Intermezzo", "The New World", "The Ship", etc. Like Jorgensen, he has interested himself in English literature; his "Rudyard Kipling" was well received; he has a serious purpose, great imagination, and a realistic style.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

German approval of a work on a German author meant success in other countries; but at the outbreak of the war he wrote, speaking of the Prussian methods in Schleswig-Holstein, conquered like Belgium:

"Very strong reasons, then, keep the feeling of Denmark from becoming pro-German. Nevertheless the admiration for German capability is exceedingly great. And, on the other hand, intellectual Danes cannot be called pro-Allies either, because the Allies must, somehow, be considered a unity, though the *inner* differences be ever so marked; and it is absolutely impossible for any one who knows more than the newspapers contain, absolutely impossible for any one who has lived, learned, traveled, and who knows European circumstances, to sympathize at the same time with England and France and with Russia."

If one reads between the lines, one will see that if Brandès was, in 1914, an opponent of Prussian methods in Schleswig, he preferred the autocracy of Germany to the autocracy of Russia; this attitude towards Russia was very evident, especially among the Swedish authors and scientific men, many of whom were under great obligations to Germany. A man of scientific or literary eminence who had received a decoration from the Kaiser—and the Kaiser knew well where to place his decorations—could not show himself openly ungrateful by attacking the policy of the imperial patron; the case of Sven Hedin, the explorer, is in point.

The Russian alliance was not looked on as ideal by the "intellectuals" in Denmark, but very few of them went as far as Brandès. The "whitewashing" of the Russian government, as they called it, by the English and the French, did not seriously affect their sympathy with the Allies, especially with France. "The Danes love France," said a very distinguished official to me, "and the French minister must behave very stupidly, indeed, if he is not popular."

As a rule, every Danish author of importance has a subsidy from the state; but, although the Danes, with all their civilization, mix politics too much with literature, merit generally counts first in the granting of their pensions. Hans Christian Andersen could not have lived, if it had not been for the small grants he received from the Royal Treasury; and it is uplifting to see a little nation, struggling with obstacles that would have disheartened a less energetic people, remembering that art, literature and music are as much part of their natural life as the material interests.

The Danish author, like the Danish university professor, knows what the simple life means, and yet this simplicity of life does not imply sordidness. If the Danish artists love to paint home interiors, it is because their home interiors, the perfection of comfort, are worthy of being painted. But there is no concealing the fact that his books, although the Scandinavians are a "reading people", will not make the native author rich, or even moderately well to do unless he is translated.

Johannes Jorgensen, who was when young one of Georg Brandès group of rather hedonistic philosophers, and afterwards his fiery opponent, is without doubt the most finished of modern Danish poets. But it was by his prose works he lived; his spiritual writings —notably his life of St. Francis of Assisi—were translated into English, French and German. He loved France, he loved Italy, and, when the horrible

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

outrage on Belgium was perpetrated, he burst forth in "The Clock of Roland". It is no wonder that the Allies are grateful to him, and in all the recent attacks of the propagandists on Denmark nobody has seen fit to assist in their rebuttal by quoting the fact that Jorgensen's heart-cry, expressed in Danish, was allowed by a neutral government to be circulated widely in a neutral country. The Belgian government, out of its poverty, was glad to order many thousands of copies for distribution. Although Kiel is only two hours from Danish territory, Germany did not dare to protest against this damning document. That other outcry against Prussian tyranny, necessarily anonymous, "A Schleswig Conscript in the German Army", was another book by a Danish author which brought recognition from the allied countries, and was of great value in showing the Scandinavians the attitude of Germany towards a conquered people; but probably the most effective piece of writing for our cause was Johannes Jorgensen's "Clock of Roland."

The Schleswiger showed what it was to be forced to sacrifice all for a country that he detested, to have no recourse but to bear arms against England and France, and, above all, to defend the enslavement of his own people. He spoke in unison with Poland, forced to recruit the armies of her oppressors; but Jorgensen, who had been made a professor at Louvain, had seen things with his own eyes that made his blood run cold. He knew how to paint in words; the pent-up patriotic fury of years he let loose; his soul took fire; he was the son of a little nation avenging the wrongs of a little nation; there is scarcely a man, woman or child in Denmark who has not read "The Clock of Roland".

After this the German writers found it difficult to make a case for themselves. Georg Brandès, whom they counted on to defend them, after his quarrel with Clémenceau, would not protest against the rape of Belgium, but he would not help the Germans. "I know," he wrote, "that the Germans are civilized, the Russians good natured, the Austrians elegant; the war brutalizes all. When you once make murder and devastation of the so-called enemy's villages a laudable, nay, even a sacred deed, you have given free course to brutality." He would go no further than this, but his critics remarked that he had a son-in-law, an officer in the German army; he was afraid that the Germans would cease to buy his books—"Goethe" was on the way, and "Voltaire" in preparation and that meant a French audience, but he catered to neither.

"The masses believe, as a rule," he wrote, "any lie that is given them in an agreeable form. The common sense of the masses and their sharp eye for right and wrong have never been anything but a democratic legend." But Georg Brandès has grown bitter in his old age; he is still a radical, and he would be the last one to submit to the tyranny of an autocracy.

There are hundreds of minor authors in Denmark, as there are hundreds of minor musicians and artists. One can hear more bad music and more good music in Copenhagen than in any other place in the world. Art is a serious thing in Denmark, and often it is taken too seriously by people with no talent. During the winter concerts crowd one another; an artist like Max Friedmann or Cornelius or Mischa Elman or Spalding will play or sing one night in the Concert Palace, and the next, Miss Elsa Hansen, the pet of amiable teachers,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or M. Hansen Jensen, the admired of a small circle in Norrebro, will sing or play. The author, with a handful of poems, manages to have them printed, goes from the provinces to Copenhagen, and writes himself "forfatter", which is "author". He becomes one of an acknowledged profession. These minor authors were mostly killed off by the war. The price of white paper soared high, and the printer's ink became almost as precious as attar of roses. Nevertheless, the Glydendalsks Book Concern, the most important publication house in Scandinavia, continues to print books worth while, and books worth while continue to sell. The newspapers, however, have a hard time. It was bad enough before we went into the war. After that it was a tremendous effort for even the most prosperous papers to keep their heads above water. One journal tried without success to send out an edition printed with coal tar.

As a rule, the German propaganda had little effect on the Danish mind, although I remember at one of Jacob Hegel's famous dinners for literary people, seeing one or two writers, not of the first-class, pointed out as instruments of the Prussian propaganda; but so proverbial in Denmark is the jealousy of writers and so satirical their attitude to one another, that I always take their assertions concerning one another with more than a grain of salt.

The English had every reason to regret that they had made no attempt at propaganda before the war. Henceforth, it will, I presume, come in the instructions of Foreign Officers to representatives that propaganda must be as carefully considered as the protocol of procedure.

One of the most active translators of English and American books is Mrs. Aslang Moller, sister of the Arctic explorer, Captain Mikkelsen, author of "Conquering the Arctic Ice", and two writers who deserve well of the Allies and ourselves are Mr. and Mrs. Georg Brochner. Mr. Brochner has lost no opportunity of presenting well the case of the Allies, and his wife, the author of "Swedish Life in Town and Country", is the translator of Professor G. P. Bang's "Glory and Hallelujah!" a compilation of the expressions of theological hatred made in Germany by the preachers of the State Church. It has been very effective in the original and in translations. Sophus Michaëlis, author of "A Revolutionary Marriage" — formerly the husband of Karin Michaëlis, now Mrs. Stangeland, writer of "The Dangerous Age"—is much read.

The way of the Danish author, unless—like Jorgensen, Johannes V. Jensen, Martin Andersen Nexo—he is sure of translations, is a difficult one during the war. It was hard enough before, though the smallness of the money returns from his work is compensated by the pleasure he has in it and the consideration he enoys. The temptation to be the instruments of pro-Germanism in which a rich and intelligent nation could offer might be irresistible to men less in love with freedom than the Danes, but the Iron

---

G. P. Bang, Theological Professor at the University of Copenhagen: Born at Ronne, in Denmark, January 13, 1865; distinguished writer on religious subjects; author of "Glory and Hallelujah", a most effective document showing the theological propaganda in Germany.

Martin Andersen Nexo: Born on the Island of Bornholm, in the Baltic. His "Pelle the Conqueror", a novel almost as long as "Christophe" and on a similar plan, is at present very much in vogue. Like Knut Hansun, the Norwegian, whose "New Soil" has excited much attention, he is a realist; there is a certain resemblance in the point of view of life; but Nexo is the stronger of the two.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cross or a decoration for literary merit from the Prussian court could hardly go well together with the Danish order of the Dannebrog.

It must be admitted that the war has stopped nearly all serious research work in Europe, except that which deals with the discovery of substitutes for food or the perfection of instruments of destruction, and some of the foremost of Danish scientific men found their occupation gone. "If the war keeps on for five years," said a great Scandinavian philologer, "Europe will be like England after the Wars of the Roses." This is an exaggeration; but it reflects the fear in the heart of many of these men—a fear accompanied by the smoldering rage of the intellectual against a power which, having done much for the things of the mind, has made the great refusal and has apostatized through a lust for the dominion of the world. When Tolstoi was a young officer and had written "Tales from Sebastopol", the reigning Tsar, Nicholas, ordered his removal from a post of danger. Now in the turmoil of world strife the preservation of the essentials of civilization has no place; and this adds to the bitterness with which the intellectuals in Denmark view the present war. They are not pacifists; they are certainly not in love with autocracy. They have learned little about the value of democracy from us; in spite of the emigration from Denmark to the United States, the principles that underlie our government are unknown to them. The traditional Yankee, with his toothpick and his elevated feet, still exists among them.

Oluf Christian Molbech: Born at Kiel, December 2, 1860. Kiel was then Danish. He has written, among many other books, "Pocahontas", "Indian Life", "Prairie Pioneers", "The Wild Woods"; he delights in early American history.

Until recently, the only American books well-known in Denmark were the poems of Longfellow, Cooper's romances and Jack London's and Frank Norris's novels. "The Octopus" runs a winning race with Rider Haggard's "She" and "King Solomon's Mines". Mrs. Moller is doing her best to remedy this, and publishers, like the Hegels and Hagerups, are assisting her. Wells's prophetical books are read, and a favorite seems to be Benson's "Lord of the World"; but Jack London of Americans and Rudyard Kipling among Englishmen head the list. Viggo Holstein-Rathlou, poet and librarian at Odense, has translated Herrick, and has in contemplation translations from the poems of young Lodge, Moody and other Americans.

I discovered more during my lecture tours in the provinces as to the attitude of the Danish mind than I found out at the hundreds of formal dinners I gave and received. In Sweden the ignorance of American literature is rather haughtily emphasized. "Who reads an American book? Or who ever hears an American opera? Whereas the Germans produce both, and we know them."

"But the Germans have done nothing great in literature or opera since Spielhagen and Heyse and Auerbach and Wagner," I said.

"Nevertheless," he answered, "they are sure to keep the world—our world—informed as to what they do. They have created a German atmosphere of culture which all nations must breathe in order to progress mentally."

And this atmosphere they have tried to create in the Scandinavian nations. The Danes and the Norwegians are in love with democracy, and the Swedes are turning toward freedom; we have a mission to give

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them reasons for it. Our position in the world of democracy, in these northern nations, has been affected by the constant representations on the part of our enemies that we are a people of usurers and materialists. This has gone on for years. There are translators, like Oluf Molbech, who make known to Danish boys the adventures of early Indian fighters; but the meaning of American culture, imparted through our modern literature and art, is as yet not well-known in these three very civilized lands. In the future we can, and should, find a remedy for this. There is a great opportunity. Just before the war I had been asked for a list of books that might help in this way by the famous publishing house, the Gyldendalsks. The works of Colonel Roosevelt and the collection of President Wilson's Speeches and Essays have been translated and widely circulated. When I saw His Majesty King Christian X for a long and interesting conversation, he was reading "My Four Years in Germany" by Ambassador Gerard. As he is most intelligent and acute, his comments were very interesting. This book made a sensation in Denmark; I was asked to find a translator. It will be seen from this paper that a minister to a foreign country has more duties than supposed by the illiterate—of wearing "purple pants" and handing tea to princesses!

VIA POOK'S HILL

The following letter is printed through the courtesy of Mr. Charles M. Stearns of the English Department at Dartmouth. It was written to him by one of his students, who later entered Harvard, and enlisted with the Canadian forces early in the war. Arthur A. Stanley, whose real name was Wainwright Merrill, was the son of Mr. Samuel Merrill of the Boston Globe. He was killed at Ypres on active duty with the British artillery. This letter, written during a visit to the Kipling country, is one of the most poignant and touching tributes of American youth to the spell of England which has come to the attention of the editors of THE BOOKMAN.

"Rose and Crown"
Burwash Village, Sussex
29 *July*, 1917

I am writing this in the chimney-settle of a nine-feet-broad brick chimney. The chimney has a tall crane that cooked my dinner, mine host's good Sussex beef-pudding, and a fire-screen of Burwash-forged iron, with a date 1761.

I have been on a wonderful pilgrimage, which I will write further on shortly. (One can hear the "Boom-bitty, boom-bitty!" of "Hal o' the Draft" on the inch-iron plate. At Glazier's Forge it was made, perhaps —the forge now kept by Hobden in the life, one of the numerous family about here.)

The "Rose and Crown" is an old coaching inn. Over the bar hangs a short brass "blunderbush" with the word LONDON stamped on the barrel. (The publican relates that once a Gipsy came in, paid, and, *en buvant*,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spied the round mouth, and after a long puzzle said: "I have seen plenty queer things, but I'm blowed if ever I saw a gramophone like this 'un.") The rooms are low, timbered, in heavy plaster, with massive door-jambs, and stairs out o' line, bricked uneven floors, brass warming-pans galore; and in the back parlor I spied the host's gun, a 16-bore, and shells, so occasionally he "looks along a barrel".

My bedroom (it had a big square rosewood four-poster, and a mattress —after barrack paillasses!), and most of the other rooms were so low that I had to stoop slightly—true Sussex style. With farmers like John Ridd of Oare, they built the rooms in their own way—as I shall have occasion often to point out—"seely Sussex, for everlastin' ". I could talk on endlessly of this model tavern, but I have other things to speak of. Yet ——the publican had one leg and a wooden pin, on which he was very spry. To complete the story he should have lost it at Sevastopol, or Tel-el-Kebir, or Northwest Frontier '83—but it was an ordinary accident.

I entered Burwash from Heathfield, where I landed from the evening train to The Wells. You leave Burwash Common at the "Oakdown Arms", and make a winding descent into Burwash Weald. That was the first view of *the* valley, green and sleepy-looking in the setting sun. On my right the woods rose up to the bare summit of Brightling, and the obelisk standing out against the skyline: past the "wheel" inn and up a rise, down again and up a long hill into Burwash village. There is a winding plaster and brick street, the "Bear" on the right, a row of shops, the butcher's, draper's, carrier's, baker's, grocer's, and post-office. Elms line the road on either side. The "Rose and Crown, S. Hemsley" stands on its pole, the inn being back from the road in a little lane. Beyond, on the right, is the square, painted granite Congregational Chapel, "1857," and two substantial newish brick houses, one occupied by a retired Colonel Fielding, a great friend of R. K.'s. The hilltop drops to the left, the houses continuing, and Brightling Road turns down into the valley on the right, with St. Bartholomew's above the finger-post. This is a square hewn-stone little building, with a fine and beautiful tower and chime of bells, in Perpendicular and Late Norman style. The God's-acre surrounds it, with grey old stones in the green, cut by sloping gravel paths. Burwash ends a little beyond, with a new inn, the "Admiral Vernon", on the left, and the Rectory on the right.

I turned into the "Rose and Crown," and a mellow Sussex pint was welcome indeed. I was shown my room, and then went out. The sun had set, and it was darkening over the valley and the faintly-lit top of Brightling. Nearly every one in Sussex greets you on the street, and I soon found the turning, half a mile back on my road, to Bateman's. It winds down the hillside, with green hedges at the sides, till you see a large grey house with many chimneys at the foot. There is a high yew hedge around it, a rough garden wall, outbuildings, and flowers in long plots, between which the path leads to the main entrance. Above there is a long window with leaded panes that looks out on the river meadows and widening valley eastward. Smaller windows extend to the right on all three stories, and a jutting wing stands at the right of the central part. The same is duplicated on the left, with a splendid broad study window. His

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

own study is not here, however. Six chimney-pots, tall brick, top the huge central stone chimney. The roof is well pitched, of slate.

It was nearly dark when I reached Bateman's, and the big lower window was brightly lighted, and uncurtained. At the risk of rudeness I stopped and looked in. The room was lit by electrics in the ceiling. A high dark wainscoting, with buff plaster above, ran around the room; a broad fireplace was let into the left-hand wall, and small pictures stood on the chimney-piece, and hung irregularly on the walls. A big table was in the middle, at which a middle-aged woman sat, sewing or reading, her back to me. Presently a man in evening clothes came into the light, rather short in stature, his large dark head bald on the top. He was speaking. He turned, showing heavy eyebrows, a prominent nose, with heavy glasses at his eyes, and a thick brown moustache. He came toward the window, and then went out of view to the right. I went on shortly after. The man and woman were Mr. and Mrs. Kipling.

Back in the tap-room at the "Rose and Crown" (I went by the lower road, and up past the Church), the innkeeper and I sat down to two pewter tankards and a talk. He was Sussex born and bred, but with an Essex mother: his father in the "public" line, Lewes way. He came to his inn in the same year that the Kiplings came from Rothingdean, whence they were driven by the Brighton promenade trotters to Burne-Jones's villa there. He was glad to tell me about R. K. and the family.

"Many's the time that Mas' Kipling addressed the Conservative meetin' for Burrish up in the Big Room. I was mostly here in the bar, but I mind 'un well. He'd seem to outdo himself to be pleasant, an' 'twan't five minutes when he'd have 'em all laughin'. I mind he said once: 'I don't want to go to Hell next week, nor yet to the Devil the week after that.' [? — I'd like to have heard it! A.A.S.] He could hold 'em easy enough, once he got talkin', and give you 'Good mornin'' on the street as pleasant as you please. And Jack was a fine straight lad. He and Elsie used to go up to the village, and to the shops, the two always together, and courteous little gentlefolk they were; an' Elsie's grown to be a fine homely English girl, scarce turned nineteen, I think, taking after her father; but her nose is her mother's. All we Burrishers like her, trapesin' about in her little motor, and Jack on his motor-bike; like to break his neck, he was, an' always going it an' fearless. . . .

"Burrish always had the name o' bein' the roughest town in Sussex. Forty year gone they'd crack your head in a week hereabouts, if you were a stranger and they had suspicions. But Sussex folk have Sussex ways, and if they know you they like you, and every one has open house to every one else."

He talked of the Hobdens.

"I've seen the four brothers, big strappin' men they are, sit there on the settle by you an' tellin' stories. David was the old 'un, that lives at Glazier's Forge by Willingford.

"The old folk be precious queer people—like old Jim ——. He's eighty now, an' time o' Heffle Fair, 'Cuckoo Fair', we call it hereabouts, he always used to come by on the road, walkin' the seven mile over to Heffle. He always walked, till two year ago he says to me, 'Ems'ey, I've walked to Heffle Cuckoo Fair for six-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ty-two year runnin', but now age she must stop it—can I ride in the cart wi' you?' When fair was over, April 13 it is, he says, 'I'll be comin' nex' year along wi' you, 'Ems'ey'. 'Right,' I said, but come next year I was waitin' with the cart an' the brown cob pony half an hour; an' I saw old Jim hobblin' down the road. 'Ems'ey,' he says, 'I've walked to Cuckoo Fair three an' sixty year, an'—an' I've come to think only trampers and good-for-nowts go to fairs, so I'll stop at home', an' stop he did!"

And so we talked till after midnight: how young Lord Dacre "fetched up at Tyburn" for taking Lord Pelham's deer on Brightling yonder; how Pelham gave the chime to St. Bartholomew's; how the farmers got poor, and well-to-do families became farm-hands and basket-makers through the custom of dividing the little property equally among the several sons, thus impoverishing all —no Second Son pittance is found here. He had read the Barrack Room Ballads, and appreciated them—the songs of the public house, which he knew for true things. Kipling's fanciful books were regarded as "no-sense stuff" in the neighborhood—but he wanted to see Mas' Hobden, whom he recognized for old David! David did not work for Mr. Kipling, though. It was another, or else a different man under that name. I saw the Hobdens and Cruttendens and Follens in the bar that evening—for all the world like the pictures in "Puck." "Saxon and Norman and Dane are they." He spoke of tracing the Norman blood, as he could by the nose and broad face and eyes, among the country folk. I could see it too. These generations intermarried, and, in the more remote parts, have kept distinct indications of the older days. I retired to my four-poster at one.

The next morning I ate my host's ham and eggs with them in their dining room. Then to St. Bartholomew's, with the tower and corner which I associate now with a certain evening, nearly two years ago, when, at Professor Zug's, you read "A Priest in Spite of Himself". I've always remembered it, my friend—"Yess, Yess!"—and the song of Eddi at the end. St. Wilfrid came to St. Stephen's, Lympne, by Portus Lemanis, too—where also I have been.

It was overcast and raining quite hard as I biked, under a light overcoat, to Burwash Weald. Down into the valley the road winds again, and a young thunder-shower was in action as I reached the foot at Willingford Bridge, a little stone structure among the meadow alders. On the other side are two farms. Weland forged the Sword here, and here Puck helped him. A trout jumped in the pool below, where Hugh hunted them before Hastings. Up the hill, with Bog Wood and Pook's Hill (as it is called) on the left. "A shocking bad road it was," but it's rather better now, as I walked my wheel up. The people in the farmhouse gave me a glass of milk, and would take nothing for it, quite in the old Old Country style. Halfway up you have a fine view over the meadows and alders, with Hobden's Forge of the book half the distance to Bateman's. The River Dudwell is the brook of the tales, and in these meadows Dan and Una acted "Midsummer Night's Dream," and met Puck, Sir Richard and others.

I footed it up to Brightling obelisk. It had cleared, but it was still misty —and some Imperials were making observations. You could see to Battle, Dallington and the near side of the levels by "'Urstmonsoo", as my

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

publican called it. Beyond the obelisk is Brightling village and church, Lord Pelham's demesne, and the site of the monastery. I walked back to my bicycle and off into Far Wood for Bateman's. There was a track that forked and wound along, and soon I was in the wonderfully beautiful wood on Pook's Hill. I took the wrong turn twice, and finally got on the downhill path. From here was "where they hauled the keels." Volaterræ is the edge of the woods near this point. So out of the dear ferny oak wood I went, down the bare hillside of Pook's Hill to the meadow road by the brook. There is a farm, and beyond it—

". . . . our little mill that clacks
So busy by the brook,"

where the children met Hal o' the Draft. The road (now) runs to the lower gate by the bridge. Immediately at the left the children's garden begins. On past the house I went, and up the hill to the village again.

I had a delightful time everywhere: it all so came up to expectations. A place where two children of this English race, with such a father, who could write and tell these stories for them, might well be in their own Arcady. But they grew up, and another order of things came to their England: and Dan and Una, almost man and woman now, answered. So John ("Jack," as the villagers always called him) and Elsie met it well, and stood for their country, as their father had told only too well.

"Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be;—
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice."

And Dan—Second-Lieutenant John Kipling—is "missing" since Loos.

I am sending in this letter what I hope you will keep steadfastly, not for the sake of him who sends them, but in some tribute to this boy and girl, their beautiful childhood, and the sacrifice of one of them: an oak, an ash and a thorn leaf, which I gathered on Pook's Hill, here in this England. And may they magic you, my friend, into never forgetting Dan, whom we both in a measure loved, who has now gone on. Ah, God, the pity of it—his father and mother and sister here—and he is not. And yet will Flanders earth lie lightly on him, for in his case it was so true that *dulce et decorum est, pro Patria mori!*

I returned to Hastings by way of Etchingham, Robertsbridge, John's Cross, Battle and Hollington. I went into Battle Abbey (it was raining quite hard from Mountfield and Battle Wood Hill), across the green in front of the Library, to the stone wall that overlooks the narrow oak-wooded valley and brook. This was the Saxon line—the Duke was over yonder, charging down on the British bowmen. It was very still and quiet in the falling rain.

"See you our stilly woods of oak,
And the dread ditch beside?
O that was where the Saxons broke
On the day that Harold died!"

I reached Hastings at 5:30, missed my train, and returned to Horsham this morning—happier by far, yet sadder indeed. Write on!

Yours,

ARTHUR A. STANLEY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FEAR OF KNOWLEDGE

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

Not long since I had a talk with the librarian of the Free Library of a Midland town of some forty thousand inhabitants. He was a conscientious man. With eagle glance he swept the whole field of current literature once a week, and nothing escaped him that might suit his clients. He recognized that his clients had a right to their own taste, and that what would please the master of Baliol need not necessarily delight the first ratepayer that came along. Nevertheless, he always tried to give his clients the very best that they could be persuaded to accept. I carried away from that interview one vivid impression. It was not that quite half the books in the library were never taken from the shelves, though that fact impressed me. It was not that about a third of the books were grossly overworked and their pages grimed with the ceaseless caressing of far too many thousand thumbs, though that fact also impressed me. It certainly was not that the librarian would as soon have thought of recommending his committee to buy a Chinese Encyclopædia as a volume of new poetry. Nor was it that the library was divided summarily into fiction and non-fiction, no other classification being apparently of the slightest use.

It was that, though the librarian, aided by a smart young woman, gave at least two-thirds of his considerable energy, conscientiousness and skill to the task of satisfying those clients who wanted fiction, he could not fully discharge that task. Not all the classical favorites, reinforced by all the living popular writers, could enable him to discharge it. As he said: "They're very particular!" He said it with a sigh. "They" meant the mass of his clients. Only a very few authors really pleased them. "Ah!" he murmured longingly, holding up a volume by a modern favorite, "if I could only get more like that!" But he could not get more "like that." And in the result the majority of his clients spent the majority of their reading time in reading stuff which could only be described as a mitigated bore to them, while waiting their turn for the handful of books that genuinely pleased them.

And then I remembered having frequently noticed that the habitual reader of fiction is indeed generally dissatisfied with what he is reading, so much so that one wonders why he puts himself to the trouble of reading it. His general attitude toward fiction may be said to consist of 60 per cent of tired tolerance, 30 per cent of carping, and 10 per cent of approval.

Why does he read? There can be but one answer: it is the easiest way of traveling from the first to the sixtieth minute of a leisure hour. The habitual reader of fiction has no moral notions about improving his mind, acquiring knowledge, and so on. His aim is immediate diversion, and nothing but immediate diversion. As a rule, he only half achieves his aim. This is proved by the captious phrase which is usually unspoken at the end of his tongue: "As I've begun it, I suppose I may as well finish it!" Will

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

any habitual reader of fiction deny this?

Then why does he persist in reading only fiction? Why does he not try that other half of the library which is never taken from its shelves? How comes it that he chooses unpleasing or half-pleasing fiction in preference to an adventure among the literature of knowledge? Is he a fool? Is he deficient in brain power? Does he partake of the stupidity of the he ass? No; the truth is that he has ample brains to cope with the literature of knowledge; but the truth is also that he is afraid of the literature of knowledge. Idiotic methods of education have inspired him with a religious fear of knowledge. In his memory, knowledge is associated with tedium, compared with which the tedium of a tedious novel is wild exhilaration. Give him a book of knowledge and he is inclined to treat it as he is inclined to treat an income-tax paper, namely, to hide it away and forget that it exists. Tell him that the pursuit of knowledge is the most fascinating of all pursuits, and he simply will not believe you.

The great truth remains, however, that the pursuit of knowledge is, after all, the most fascinating of all pursuits. The whole history of mankind proves it. Its fascination, when once it has got hold of you, is even terrible. The annals of human progress are full of the victims and the criminals of the pursuit of knowledge. Men have sacrificed everything to it, even honor. They have stolen for it, they have murdered for it. They have disgracefully neglected for it their wives and their children and all social obligations. And they are still doing so. The strict fact is, that as a hobby the pursuit of knowledge is positively dangerous; without doubt, more dangerous than gambling or flying. I meant to recommend it for a change to the habitual fiction reader, but upon my soul I hesitate! For, once fairly embarked, he might abandon his shop or his office or his factory, and court starvation in the pursuit of knowledge. Talk about the fascination of fiction! Did you ever hear of anybody abandoning all that life holds dear in order to read novels? (Well, to be candid, one has heard of such cases, but they are excessively rare.)

The habitual fiction reader, yawning over the five hundredth description of a girl's charm that he has read in his life, naturally and sceptically inquires: "Well, how is it that the pursuit of knowledge doesn't fascinate *me?* I may tell you privately that I've tried it once or twice since I was grown up and it didn't fascinate me a bit." The answer to which protest is that he never gave the pursuit of knowledge a fair chance to fascinate him.

You can't form a fascinating habit in twenty minutes. Only tedious habits are formed easily. Is the first taste of beer agreeable? It is notorious that even the first taste of love is often not agreeable. Offer Scott's "Waverley" to a man who has never read anything but Bradshaw, and he will most probably drop it. Yet the habitual fiction reader knows that "Waverley" has fascinated millions.

I want to recommend the pursuit of knowledge to the jaded fiction reader. I have, on this occasion, no moral axe to grind. I do not present the pursuit of knowledge as a duty to one's self or to the world. I do not, on this occasion, care twopence about the higher welfare of the jaded fiction reader. I approach him on the plane of pleasure, of diversion. I inform him that he is missing the real fun. I inform him that his fears about knowledge would be unworthy of a puling infant; and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

if he says to me: "This is all very well, but how can it be proved?" I reply:

"Very simply. Boldly pursue knowledge for half an hour a day steadily for a fortnight, or—if you have the courage of a lion—for an hour a day for a month, and then see whether fear has not given place to a deadly fascination."

(The BOOKMAN, *in its next issue, will print another paper by Mr. Bennett on reading, entitled "Try Geography, for Example.")*

FORESHADOWINGS OF THE NEW NOVEL

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

I

The art of prose fiction arose from mankind's belated effort to understand itself and the true nature of its mortal lot. Whenever, even in an earlier age, an imaginative narrative approaches the excellence proper to the novel, it is found to be the work of the reflective mind. The finest story of antiquity is not among the Greek romances, it is not represented by the twilit mythology of Apuleius's "Golden Ass", but by the radiant realism of Plato's "Banquet". It is the product of a period of criticism, of intellectual curiosity, of moral freedom. Nothing of novelistic quality meets us again in literature until, this time in verse, Horace in the "Epistles" and "Satires", once more illustrates, though in a far humbler way, the mood of criticism and of observation. There are no novels in an age of fabled heroism; there are no novels in an age of faith.

The novel, then, in its true kind and nature is the youngest of the great art forms. It is born of the spirit of realism, of disillusion and scepticism, if one prefer or, more properly, of intellectual honor and veracity. It came into being when Cervantes laughed at the vain gestures of chivalric idealism, when Scarron deliberately chose the ragged player folk as his heroes, when Grimmelshausen described with such large sobriety the misery of a great war. And it sprang into richest and most varied life during that first half of the eighteenth century in England which it has become a foolish and ignorant fashion to disdain. "Gulliver's Travels", "Robinson Crusoe", "Moll Flanders", "Clarissa Harlowe", "Tom Jones", "Perigrine Pickle", "Tristram Shandy"—what breadth and solidity, what vigor and raciness in the chronicling of life do not these names recall! In them almost for the first time—granting such inevitable limitations as Richardson's priggishness—the creative mind set itself the task of observing and recording the facts of human life, of trying to do, in the excellent phrase of Samuel Butler, "for morals what Bacon has obtained the credit of having done for science".

I recall these details of literary history to make it clear that the true novel is realistic in origin, in inten-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, and expresses the observant and critical mood of modern literature. No masterpiece of prose fiction was produced by the Romantic movement. "Werther" and "René" are lyrical, "Vathek" and "Caleb Williams" fantastic and false despite their power; Scott's work seems most enduring where it is earnestly faithful to his own country and immediate past. But the romantic submergence of the novel was brief. "Sense and Sensibility" appeared in 1811, Balzac inaugurated the "Comédie Humaine" in 1829, Stendhal published "Rouge et Noir" in 1831. Soon the great mid-century period of the novel was at hand in the works of Thackeray and Flaubert.

I may illustrate my point for a moment from the history of our native literature. American fiction arose during the Romantic period. Thus we have the romance of terror in Charles Brockden Brown and the romance of adventure in Cooper, Simms and Melville. Hawthorne is still hag-ridden by the moral gloom of the Romantics, and Poe's stories are but the vivid pictures of his many-colored moods. But five years after Hawthorne's death there appeared the first work of the most seeing eye, the most incorruptible mind in American letters. We still, as a nation, lag far behind Mark Twain; smug people in dry towns think him an easy jester and have not yet risen to even that troubled cry of Mr. Howells: "You have always rather bewildered me by your veracity!" But Mr. Howells with his fine instinct for language had found the inevitable word. Veracity—the vision of things in their reality and the loyalty to that vision, the refusal to be put off with a formula or to submit to moral bullying—that is the great and sanative virtue of the novelist's temper. Mr. Howells himself possesses that virtue in but a limited degree; Henry James, a first-rate man of letters, was haunted all his life by the uneasy sense of falling just short of it. The sectionalists, from Mr. Cable to Mrs. Mary Wilkins Freeman, are novelists in method rather than by temperament. It is the generation of but yesterday that cultivated the veracity which made Mark Twain great as it had done Fielding and Flaubert. I do not overestimate the early work, now half forgotten, of Stephen Crane and Henry Harland, nor the large, jagged, novelistic fragments of Frank Norris, nor the crude attempts of David Graham Phillips. None of these men saw life steadily and saw it whole. But they were, at least, eager to use their eyes. And it is they who after all made possible the American novel of today by training a small audience to understand that the false and moralistic romance is to the veracious novel what lemonade and sweetmeats are to wine and bread.

Thus from the history of the novel we gather its true character and meaning. It is the expression in literature of the largest and most fruitful effort of the modern mind—the effort to establish a closer contact with reality. That effort, often so halting yet so tentative, so lightly shattered before the Idols of the Market-place and of the Tribe, is nevertheless our deepest experience and our securest hope. By its vitality and strength one can measure the civilization of an individual and of a social group; the extent to which it inspires a novel is the measure of that novel's power and worth. The great novelist has always been a man profoundly fascinated by life for its own sake, compassionate of his fellowmen not with an easy emotion but from the depth of his austerer self, sweeping aside the moral nomi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nalism of his time and tribe in the service of his vision of what men really do and feel, infinitely tolerant through an ever riper insight into the ache and toil, the travail and confusion of our lives. For only so has he been able to achieve the aim of his art-form, which is, as Mr. W. L. George well puts it, "to show character, to stimulate observation, to make life vivid". And life is not vivid to most people at all, but only their little prejudices about it, their pitiful formulas, their group delusions. To make it vivid to them, to clarify their minds, to establish a contact with its realities for them—such has been, and is now, the function of the art of fiction and of its soundest practitioners.

II

I have tried to make clear not what the novel ought to be but what, in its best and most lasting exemplars, it has always been. What now is the condition of our contemporary fiction in England and America, not of the romance in prose or the partisan tract in disguise, or the frankly false and cheap, but of the art of fiction? The answer must be that though there may be no masterpieces of the first order, we have a group of writers who are cultivating that deep veracity, that honor in observation, that wide tolerance, which make the study of sound novels a liberal education.

The foundations for the notable achievements of our contemporaries were laid in the eighteen hundred and nineties. During that remarkable decade appeared Gissing's "The New Grub Street", Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles", and "Jude the Obscure", George Moore's "Esther Waters" and "Evelyn Innes". And three years after the close of the decade there was at last given to the world a book of higher intellectual importance than any of these—Samuel Butler's "The Way of All Flesh". For Butler is not content, as George Moore is, to show the feelings and behavior of men within the tribal or moral conventions. He goes deeper; he goes to the ultimate character of human experience, which has very little to do with these conventions at all, but remains quite external to them, which in one generation uses them as pawns in a worldly game and in another simply casts them aside. Consciously or not, all our eminent novelists have profited by Butler's profound discovery that the civilized modern individual has ceased to identify himself emotionally with the external moralities of his social group. Do you remember that dim vigil which the protagonist of Galsworthy's restrained and beautiful story, "The Dark Flower", holds at the bedside of his delicate little wife? He is on the verge of middle age; the chance has come to him to relive his youth through an impassioned experience of the fulness of life. He renounces that experience—not because he desires to remain technically good, or to have the girl who loves him remain so; he is in a region of the moral life that lies far beyond these easy and rigid distinctions. He renounces through compassion for that frail and faded form beside him, who has no spiritual selfhood, no refuge on earth except the haven of his love. . . .

Butler's method of not merely delineating human character and conduct, but of making an active inquiry into the real nature of both, reaches its fullest contemporary expression, of course, in the work of Mr. H. G. Wells. It is not for nothing that Wells started life as a biologist. He is never content with chronicling the appearances of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

life; his incisive and agile—I had almost said too agile—mind is constantly inquiring into the origin of our moral and social gestures. This accounts for the autobiographical form of several of his very characteristic books. In "The Passionate Friends", "The New Machiavelli", and, with a slight technical difference, in "Mr. Britling Sees It Through", a highly organized modern mind strives after an intense intellectual awareness of human experience, an awareness in which there shall be no sophistication, no delusion, no fear. Wells does not always keep his vision so steady. There is an unlucky sentimental breakdown in the latter half of "Marriage", and in the books that have followed "Mr. Britling". But this method at its best is wonderfully intelligent and scrupulous. He kept his grip on it even during the reckless passions of the war, and the large sales of "Mr. Britling" were an encouraging proof that an appeal to reality and reflection is already not quite hopeless. Mr. Wells makes that appeal very bravely, and therein lies the worth and memorableness of his work.

In Mr. Arnold Bennett's books the criticism of life is, of course, far more implicit, the narrative method far more objective. What he thus loses in the power to stir and awaken immediately he gains in those books of his that really count, in permanent impressiveness. It is an old experience in literature that facts had better be left to speak for themselves. Hence in "Anna of the Five Towns", "The Old Wives' Tale", and "Clayhanger", he seems to present merely a very dense texture of life. But behind these sober narratives, too, with their close visualization of emotional color and physical fact, there is a very watchful mind which has pondered the change in moral perceptions and attitudes that belongs to its generation.

I might illustrate my point that the novel seeks to establish our contact with reality, and does so increasingly as we become more civilized, by speaking of Joseph Conrad. It is surely very significant that our most eminent writer of sea stories is, above all else, an eminent psychological realist. But I prefer to dwell for a moment on a book almost unknown, a book that has had next to no sale in this country, but which I think will some day be held the best English novel of its time —"Of Human Bondage", by W. Somerset Maugham. It is a long account of the first half of a modern Englishman's life, an account that is literally incomparable for its fulness and veracity. There are no pretences in the book, no empty moral gestures, no vain suppressions; there is no false overemphasis of any aspect of life at the expense of others. And there is a larger and more epic note in it than in Bennett or Galsworthy or Wells, and also a severer beauty. The book is beautiful because it is as sad as truth, but also as noble and as fortifying.

In turning to America I am on more dangerous ground, where one is likely to meet controversial matter. We do not yet regard our literature philosophically or as literature; some of our critics care more, I am afraid, for propriety than for power, for conformity than for truth. The glamour of wealth and fashion in Mrs. Edith Wharton's books, and the method of indirect narrative taken over from Henry James, have saved her good repute despite the sardonic irony and honesty of her view of life. There are no such allurements or indirections in the work of Theodore Dreiser. The one he would despise, of the other he is incapable. His work is as plain

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and homely as the great democratic masses whose life he has absorbed into his mind. The world he has described with a sincerity so deep and constant has yet neither beauty of form nor distinction of spirit. But it is that American work-a-day world in which we live, which, even if only to transform it, we must understand. An academic critic has reproached Dreiser with describing not "human conduct" but "animal behavior". But since Dreiser's veracity is so unfaltering, so unmistakable, the reproach means only that from the ivory tower of a university mankind may seem a bad lot. A dangerous doctrine, a pharisaical one. If pressed far enough it would narrow literature to the tract, the text-book and the homily.

III

If, then, the art of fiction is in its very essence a realistic art, and if its best living practitioners are adhering very closely to that essential character, what, one may well ask, will be the future of this art among us? For even in times of peace we have heard the reproach of "disagreeable", "depressing", "immoral" and "cynical" hurled at every veracious account of human life from Thackeray and Flaubert to Galsworthy and Dreiser. Will not, therefore, the iron agony of the war bring about a reaction in favor of the easy languors of a false and soothing romance?

To ask that question—and one hears it asked on all sides—betrays a thorough misunderstanding of the psychology of modern war. War as it is to-day, waged by whole nations, by universal sacrifice, in the shadow of enormous losses, could not endure a month without a state of exaltation, partly patriotic, partly religious, that approaches at least the mystic rapture of the martyr and the saint. To relax that tension would be to break the morale both for endurance and for active conflict. A man who goes forth to die must have faith that he is paying the supreme price for a thing of inestimable, of absolute, worth. Hence it is now that we are living in an heroic age, a romantic age, an age of faith. But the great tribal moods of man sway back and forth, and peace will find us with our emotional energies largely spent. And it is well that it should be so. Of what is to come after the war we hear of a confederacy of the nations, of leagues to enforce peace. And these are admirable projects, but their efficacy must, from the very nature of things, be limited. For there is no true change except an inner change; there is no change except a change of heart. The only change that will prevent war is one in the direction of temperate and realistic thinking, a type of thinking that will be extraordinarily wary of those moral absolutes—whether of good or of evil—that demand the peace of the earth and the blood of its children. No, men and women, after the war, will be more and not less eager in pursuit of the humble truth. It will once more be the truth, not some doctrinal affirmation or emotional vision, but the eternal foundation of fact and human experience that will make us free. And to such a temper the novel will make its most powerful appeal.

Nor is this all. One often hears the demand of the emotionally unstable and the intellectually shiftless for a literature that shall treat life not as it is, but as it ought to be. Now, it is a matter of common knowledge that from an impassioned conviction of how life ought to be there is but one step for these people toward the en-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forcing of their particular sort of "ought-ness" upon their helpless fellowmen. It has, however, been said a thousand times, and truly said, that this war will have been fought in vain if it does not leave us a freer, a more democratic world—a world, I would emphasize, in which not only no people may oppress another, but no man oppress his neighbor. Democracy, as John Stuart Mill explained long ago, in his great treatise on liberty, is meaningless without tolerance, meaningless if there remain enslaved and silenced and disinherited minorities, not only among social groups but within each social group. Tolerance is the soul of democracy, the condition of liberty, the ultimate hope of the world. But men can become tolerant only by curbing and transforming their imperious wills, by resigning all claim to the possession of absolute truth and infallible judgment, by keeping their vision very humbly and constantly upon the varieties of human character and human experience, upon the multiformity of human life. And the great novels of the world, from "Tom Jones" to "Of Human Bondage", are noble teachers of tolerance and of the humility from which tolerance is born. They offer us that possibility of vicarious experience by which we are purged of the monstrous error that our feelings and practices are the measure of right feeling and of lawful practice. And in the cooler, more restrained, more tolerant world that is to be they will come into their own with the ever-increasing number of temperate and democratic minds.

TARKINGTONAPOLIS—FROM MULE-CAR TO FLIVVER

BY ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY

Author of "Booth Tarkington"

"Major Amberson had 'made a fortune' in 1873, when other people were losing fortunes, and the magnificence of the Ambersons began then." Well, there is something magnificent about that sentence, as the opening line of "The Magnificent Ambersons". It has a sweep and a roll. It presents perfectly what Fielding called the "Bill of Fare to the Feast". The author has sat down to a large canvas. The line is reminiscent of that great, rich opening sentence which begins, 'When the present century was in its 'teens——". Indeed, it is decidedly Thackerayan. It has a worldly air. This, ladies and gentlemen, is a story—of love? Quite probably. Of adventure? It may be. But, first, this is a story of the foundation of things generally—that is, of money. Major Amberson made a fortune. And this circumstance is, naturally, the basis, the real beginning, of a curious pattern, a moving play, of romance and tragedy. It is the heart of the drama.

Of what does the world most talk? What most interests a man of sense throughout all his days? What, in the last analysis, will win the war? What is it that the philosopher, old Omar, would take, and let the credit go? Of what is the laborer worthy? What is the name of the Island to

"The Magnificent Ambersons", by Booth Tarkington, will be published by Doubleday, Page and Company on October 24.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which Long John Silver and young Jim Hawkins (and every other adventurer) sailed? What is it that Dr. Johnson said nobody but a blockhead ever wrote for? What is it, as Samuel Butler tells us, that a man most fears to lose, beyond even his reputation and his health? A study should be made of the part played by money in the pages of fiction, and—beginning with, say, Shakespeare—the drama. Certainly it will be found that every serious criticism of life takes much account of money. And I think it will be revealed that those creative works which are most substantial as art are the ones most preoccupied with this theme.

At any rate, Mr. Tarkington, in "The Magnificent Ambersons", has squared his elbows as never yet before. For some time, it has been apparent to those who have taken the trouble critically to observe him, a desire has been growing upon him to write a book. I myself have an idea that he will write one, before he gets through; and (if the gods who have so greatly indulged him without, however, spoiling him for this purpose, do not consider it funny to head him off now) perhaps two or three. The earnestness of his artistic ambition is attested by his present theme. "Keep your eye," he has (I imagine) said to himself in conceiving this novel—"keep your eye sternly on this spring of human destiny, money, and you will not, as so often before, be led astray into the swashbuckle, the melodramatic, the claptrap, the sentimental, and all the rest of it. There's the theme; be worthy of it! There's the germ of a novel builded upon a rock, and not (like most of my others) on the sand. Never for an instant lose track of the idea of money, as practical men regard this idea, and you will see life steadily and see it whole. You'll pull something worth while out of this." So, as I say, I imagine him as saying.

"The Ambersons were magnificent in their day and place. Their splendor lasted throughout all the years that saw their Midland town spread and darken into a city; but reached its topmost during the period when every prosperous family with children kept a Newfoundland dog." There are several aspects of this fictional history of a "Midland town" family in which it is extraordinary. Doubtless the most striking thing about it is the extraordinary leap it presents in Mr. Tarkington's ambition.

The novel which undertakes to be a fairly adequate history of several generations of some hypothetical family has been of recent years somewhat the vogue. Butler's "The Way of All Flesh", McFee's "Casuals of the Sea", and more recently "Secret Bread", by F. Tennyson Jesse, are perhaps the examples that most readily come to mind. Mr. Tarkington, of course, indicated long ago, in his first novel, an inclination in the very best vein for the transcript of life kind of thing; but in the middle of "The Gentleman from Indiana" he got tired of the realistic impulse and switched to something else. Then throughout the long list of his gaily colored stories he has at intervals cast upon the scene the eye of the faithful observer of mankind. And he has, indeed, of late drawn some stunningly realistic figures, Cora Madison and Penrod most memorable, doubtless, among them. But "the flirt" is but a sketch, a glimpse, however penetrating, of a figure seen in passing. And Penrod, complete as he is as a living organism, represents but one of the seven ages of man. "The Turmoil" is a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fairly rounded portrait of a family, and admirable, more than admirable, as an impressionistic study of a city. Here, for the first time in his career in a work of any length, the intermittently romantic author maintained a consistent point of view, that of a critic of society. But "The Turmoil" is the story of little more than the crisis (with its necessary setting) in the life of a family; that family, symbolic as it may be taken to be of a phase of the city's development, merely an episode in the *history* of the city.

These memoirs of a "magnificent" family span three generations. They open on a "thrifty" day—the money *motif* firmly established in all its bearings at the start. The people of this Midland town "were thrifty because they were the sons or grandsons of the 'early settlers' who had opened the wilderness and had reached it from the East and the South with wagons and axes and guns, but with no money at all. The pioneers were thrifty or they would have perished: they had to store away food for the winter, or goods to trade for food, and they often feared they had not stored enough—they left traces of that fear in their sons and grandsons. In the minds of most of these, indeed, their thrift was next to their religion: to save, even for the sake of saving, was their earliest lesson and discipline. No matter how prosperous they were, they could not spend money either upon 'art', or upon mere luxury and entertainment, without a sense of sin.

"Against so homespun a background the magnificence of the Ambersons was as conspicuous as a brass band at a funeral. Major Amberson bought two hundred acres of land at the end of National Avenue; and through this tract he built broad streets and cross-streets; paved them with cedar block, and curbed them with stone. He set up fountains, here and there, where the streets intersected, and at symmetrical intervals placed cast-iron statues, painted white, with their titles clear upon the pedestals: Minerva, Mercury, Hercules, Venus, Gladiator, Emperor Augustus, Fisher Boy, Staghound, Mastiff, Greyhound, Fawn, Antelope, Wounded Doe and Wounded Lion. Most of the forest trees had been left to flourish still, and, at some distance, or by moonlight, the place was in truth beautiful; but the ardent citizen, loving to see his city grow, wanted neither distance nor moonlight. He had not seen Versailles, but, standing before the Fountain of Neptune in Amberson Addition, at bright noon, and quoting the favorite comparison of the local newspapers, he declared Versailles outdone. All this Art showed a profit from the start, for the lots sold well and there was something like a rush to build in the new Addition. Its main thoroughfare, an oblique continuation of National Avenue, was called Amberson Boulevard, and here, at the juncture of the new Boulevard and the Avenue, Major Amberson reserved four acres for himself, and built his new house—the Amberson Mansion, of course."

It may or it may not be a point having more than local interest; but there is in the Midland city of Indianapolis (as has been within my memory) an "Addition" identical with this of Major Amberson's. It is called Woodruff Place. Indeed, it seems to me that there is critical point in the fact that so much of "The Magnificent Ambersons" is a quite literal transcript of the setting that, to a mind familiar with the locality, the book, for considerable stretches, does not seem a fiction, a creative work, at all;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but reads rather like an engagingly written history of the city, from 1873 to 1916. In numerous instances, as in the case of Bucktown, the negro quarter, the author has not even cared to follow the usual practice of rechristening the place, by even some slight variation in syllables of its name. The point is, it may be, Mr. Tarkington's determination henceforth to build solidly, to anchor against the flight of airy fancy, to write the Dreadnaught kind o' thing.

The new Amberson Mansion was the pride of the town. Sixty thousand dollars for the wood-work *alone!* Yes, sir! And *all* that kind of thing. All visitors were patriotically taken for "a little drive around the city", even if the host had to hire a hack. Climax of the display—the Amberson Mansion. *Bought* their dog, the Ambersons did. Called it a Saint Bernard. Old Aleck Minafer—about the closest old codger about—wanted to know if anybody ever heard of anybody buyin' a dog before. Said he saw some sense in payin' a nigger a dime, or even a quarter, to *drown* a dog for you, but——. And yet, as one citizen put it, when you saw that dog out walking with Miss Isabel Amberson, he seemed worth the money. Miss Isabel was perhaps eighteen, and apparently somewhat difficult to describe. But, to quote again the same authority, she was just a "kind of a *delightful* lookin' young lady"!

Among the ineligible young men of the town (they were all ineligible) was a sparkling gentleman who "led germans" with Miss Isabel, and sent sonnets to her with his bouquets—"sonnets lacking neither music nor wit". Generous, poor, well-dressed, none doubted that he would be able to persuade Isabel, "but he unfortunately joined too merry a party one night, and, during a moonlight serenade upon the lawn before the Amberson Mansion, was easily identified from the windows as the person who stepped through the bass viol and had to be assisted to a waiting carriage."

"She took the persistent one, Wilbur Minafer, no breaker of bass viols or of hearts, no serenader at all."

Wilbur *Minafer!* It was the queerest thing any woman ever heard of!

The wedding was of Ambersonian magnificence. Raw oysters floating in scooped-out blocks of ice and a band from out of town—champagne, showy presents; and the Major's colossal present a set of architect's designs for a house almost as elaborate and impressive as the Mansion, the house to be built in Amberson Addition by the Major.

"At the age of nine, George Amberson Minafer, the Major's one grandchild, was a princely terror, dreaded not only in Amberson Addition but in many other quarters through which he galloped on his white pony. 'By golly, I guess you think you own this town!' an embittered laborer complained, one day, as Georgie rode the pony straight through a pile of sand the man was sieving. 'I will when I grow up', the undisturbed child replied. 'I guess my grandpa owns it now, you bet!' And the baffled workman, having no means to controvert what seemed a mere exaggeration of the facts, could only mutter 'Oh, pull down your vest!'

" 'Don't haf to! Doctor says it ain't healthy!' the boy returned promptly. 'But I tell you what I'll do: I'll pull down my vest if you'll wipe off your chin!'

"This was stock and stencil: the accustomed argot of street badinage of the period; and in such matters Georgie was an expert. He had no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vest to pull down; the incongruous fact was that a fringed sash girdled the juncture of his velvet blouse and breeches, for the Fauntleroy period had set in, and Georgie's mother had so poor an eye for appropriate things, where Georgie was concerned, that she dressed him according to the doctrine of that school in boy decoration. Not only did he wear a silk sash, and silk stockings, and a broad lace collar, with his little black velvet suit: he had long brown curls, and often came home with burrs in them."

And so Georgie grew. He became a public character, a town topic.

"Many people glanced at him with great distaste when they chanced to encounter him, which meant nothing to Georgie, because he innocently believed most grown people to be necessarily cross-looking as a normal phenomenon resulting from the adult state; and he failed to comprehend that the distasteful glances had any personal bearing upon himself. If he had perceived such a bearing, he would have been affected only so far, probably, as to mutter, 'Riffraff!' Possibly he would have shouted it; and, certainly, most people believed a story that went round the town just after Mrs. Amberson's funeral, when Georgie was eleven. Georgie was reported to have differed with the undertaker about the seating of the family; his indignant voice had become audible: 'Well, who *is* the most important person, at my own grandmother's funeral?' And later he had projected his head from the window of the foremost mourners' carriage, as the undertaker happened to pass.

"*'Riffraff!'*

"There were people—grown people they were—who expressed themselves longingly: they *did* hope to live to see the day, they said, when that boy would get his "come-upance"! (They used that honest word, so much better than 'deserts,' and not until many years later to be more clumsily rendered as 'what is coming to him'.) *Something* was bound to take him down, some day, and they only wanted to *be* there! But Georgie heard nothing of this, and the yearners for his taking down went unsatisfied, while their yearning grew the greater as the happy day of fulfilment was longer and longer postponed."

His grandeur was not diminished; the rather it increased. First, tutors at home, then private school in the town. The stuffing, it was prophesied, was to be knocked out of him at "Prep School". But no. He was deported by the authorities, to come back home the cock of the walk, and Penrod it round the old town. In his William Sylvanus Baxter period he became a youth grand, gloomy and peculiar, mingling something of the Byronic and something of the Hamletic. And it was then that his "come-upance," momentous beyond the dreams of enmity, began to hover in the offing.

Extraordinary among Mr. Tarkington's books for its length of years, "The Magnificent Ambersons" is extraordinary in American literature as a reference album. It bridges a gulf in memory between an obsolete world and to-day. Even "Dad", of "Sweet Cap" fame, has nothing whatever on Mr. Tarkington's amazing store of venerable memories. What was the fashion in trousers in the early eighties? In beards? In hats? In shoes, cravats, hair-cuts, coat-tails, household furniture, dances, sports, theatrical entertainments, dogs, literature, weddings, in (what we call to-day) interior decoration, in architecture, servants, songs and slang? Dear,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dear! how the long-dead past awakens to hear again: "You'll Remember Me", "I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls", "Silver Threads Among the Gold", "Kathleen Mavourneen", "The Soldier's Farewell", "Olivette", "The Mascot", "The Chimes of Normandy", "Giroflé-Girofla", "Fra Diavola", and "Pinafore" and "The Pirates of Penzance" and "Patience". And as for argot, if the world should lose all interest in novels it would not willingly let die this remarkable sort of American Henley and Farmer's Dictionary of Slang, 1873-1916.

The rise, the flowering and the decay of a whole epoch in American civilization is mirrored in this chronicle of the splendor of the Ambersons which lasted "throughout all the years that saw their Midland town spread and darken into a city." And a most richly interesting, an epochal epoch (so to say) it is.

"After sunrise, on pleasant mornings, the alleys behind the stables were gay; laughter and shouting went up and down their dusty lengths, with a lively accompaniment of currycombs knocking against back fences and stable walls, for the darkies loved to curry their horses in the alley. Darkies always prefer to gossip in shouts instead of whispers; and they feel that profanity, unless it be vociferous, is almost worthless.

". . . They have passed, those darky hired-men of the Midland town; and the introspective horses they curried and brushed and whacked and amiably cursed—those good old horses switch their tails at flies no more. For all their seeming permanence they might as well have been buffaloes—or the buffalo laprobes that grew bald in patches and used to slide from the careless drivers' knees and hang unconcerned, half way to the ground. The stables have been transformed into other likenesses, or swept away, like the woodsheds where were kept the stovewood and kindling that the 'girl' and the 'hired-man' always quarrelled over: who should fetch it. Horse and stable and woodshed, and the whole tribe of the 'hired-man' all are gone. They went quickly, yet so silently that we whom they served have not yet really noticed that they are vanished."

So with other vanishings. There was the leisurely little bob-tailed street-car drawn by a lone mule. If there has been a failure to preserve a specimen car of this period in any museum, that's all right now; as one can easily be remodelled from a page or so of "The Magnificent Ambersons", There was Georgie's mark of a patrician child of the time—a pony. And "surreys" and "cutters" for the later day when his heart was moved to ride not alone. Then, well, the "plot" of "The Magnificent Ambersons" is largely an effective presentation of the romance of American locomotion. There came a man to that town who rigged up an outlandish affair which he called an automobile, a term which he preferred to the nickname at first given it, "horseless carriage". Despised of Georgie, the new fad in such vehicles rapidly spread, exceedingly exceeding even the bicycle craze—and with it came the new day and the passing of the old order. "The Magnificent Ambersons" witnesses the advent of the chauffeur, a strange figure in leather at the wheel, "goggled out of all personality and seemingly part of the mechanism"— symbol of a new civilization.

It is, perhaps, a coincidence that the father of this engine which both directly and indirectly operated to overthrow the splendor of the Ambersons, was none other than that onetime gay

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

young serenader who had the ill luck to step through a bass viol in plain moonlight view of an adored window: Eugene Morgan, rejected suitor of Isabel Amberson. And it is perhaps a further coincidence—though such coincidences happen in the best regulated of novels—that he was the father also of Lucy, that "little beauty", as people speaking casually were apt to define her; that "independent, masterful, self-reliant little American" who, though slave to no lamp save that of her own conscience, had a weakness:

"She had fallen in love with George Amberson Minafer at first sight, and no matter how she disciplined herself, she had never been able to climb out. The thing had happened to her; that was all. George had looked just the way she had always wanted someone to look—the riskiest of all the moonshine ambushes wherein tricky romance snares credulous young love. But what was fatal to Lucy was that this thing having happened to her, she could not change it. No matter what she discovered in George's nature she was unable to take away what she had given him; and though she could think differently about him, she could not feel differently about him, for she was one of those too faithful victims of glamour. When she managed to keep the picture of George away from her mind's eye, she did well enough; but when she let him become visible, she could not choose but love what she disdained. She was a little angel who had fallen in love with high-handed Lucifer; quite an experience, and not apt to be soon succeeded by any falling in love with a tamer party—and the unhappy truth was that George did make better men seem tame. But though she was a victim, she was a heroic one, anything but helpless."

"The Magnificent Ambersons" is extraordinary among Mr. Tarkington's books for its mood. It is not, surprisingly enough, a particularly witty book. Throughout the years this Midland town spread and *darkened* into a city. "As it heaved and spread it befouled itself and darkened its sky." The "old stock" of its citizenry became displaced by a "new Midlander", a hybrid American. A new idealism arose, the core of which was this: "The more prosperous my beloved city the more prosperous beloved I!" And so on and so forth. Mr. Tarkington's temperamental distaste for pleasant (home) towns developing into flourishing cities was made unmistakably clear in "The Turmoil", where the matter was resented with a pounding energy of ferocious satire. The astonishing thing here is that the inevitable evolution of manners is accepted with a kind of humorous, ironic melancholy.

It is Eugene Morgan, automobile manufacturer, who builds, far out in the new millionaire's section, what is in effect the new Amberson Mansion. And a broken and gray-haired grandfather, of whom it was one time said in that town "as rich as Major Amberson", prepares to enter "the unknown country where he was not even sure of being recognized as an Amberson."

Mr. Tarkington's present sobered pondering of life's strange ways frequently finds expression in direct reflection. "The Magnificent Ambersons" presents, running through it like an orchestral thrumming to the play, a sort of Meredithian Pilgrim's Scrip. And these epigrammatic observations are often exceedingly good. Lucy had occasion to remove George's picture from her mantelpiece, where the spot it had sheltered from the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dust was revealed a lighter tone than the surrounding woodwork. "She did not have the mantelpiece repainted—and, since she did not, might as well have kept his photograph. One forgets what made the scar upon his hand but not what made the scar upon his wall."

It is a singular, at least it is an interesting, perhaps a "significant" thing, that at about the time, presumably, that Mr. Tarkington was writing "The Magnificent Ambersons" another American novelist of established reputation was at work on a fictional history of another Midland family of the old order of "quality", with its pained spiritual shudder at the increasing proximity of the coarser grain; a history of the crumbling of its highly self-conscious social bulwarks, and its difficulties in adjusting itself to the new measure of money. What to the Ambersons was "riffraff" the Boardmans called just "common". "The Boardman Family" sought to be equally veracious with "The Magnificent Ambersons" as a mirror of passing manners; and Mrs. Mary S. Watts, equally with the author of "The Magnificent Ambersons", felt that the occasion called for the guiding inspiration of the same great master. A piquant circumstance, too, this last, in view of the fact that the works of Thackeray are being retired from the shelves of public libraries as books no longer in popular demand.

Mr. Tarkington has one time said (in conversation) that in writing each of his books he has had in the back of his head, as a kind of a flywheel to his creative engine, the thought of some one classic fiction. If the rumble and lash of "The Turmoil" points (as I think) thus to "Vanity Fair", the scaffolding of "The Magnificent Ambersons", it seems clear enough, is that of "The Newcomes", that epic of the sinking of another aristocratic fortune. Whether it is frankly done, or slyly, or naïvely, the author of "The Magnificent Ambersons" even writes down, by repeated allusion, his tribute to the spirit of the noble Victorian at his elbow. The name of the Amberson family horse is "Pendennis".

The outstanding difference between "The Boardman Family" and "The Magnificent Ambersons" is that the first is, for all its realistic intention, in its "story" just about as romantic as "Little Red Riding Hood" or "Cinderella". Perhaps the prime distinction of "The Magnificent Ambersons" is that it eschews the artificial form of the popular "story" as scrupulously as Mr. James. It is, at least, exactly what it sets out to be.

There is no "villain" in the piece; Mr. Tarkington has at last got rid of that histrionic convention which so long held him in thrall. There are no "hidden papers"; there is no secret strand, no plot "device" at all. There are no glamorous deeds, no John Harkless cheers and streamers. Indeed, in "gallery plays" "The Magnificent Ambersons" is deplorably lacking. George is a hero only to Lucy and Isabel, and even Lucy quite sees through him. Though, indeed, in Lucy we still have with us that last infirmity of this author's chivalrous mind, the heroine.

All this is not, by any means, to say that "The Magnificent Ambersons" makes no emotional appeal. There are human lives flowing on, faithfully, sympathetically rendered. If there is no stage villain there is a truly villainous thing—town gossip. And from it here springs a sufficiently poignant situation between a man and a woman. There is suspense as to its termination. There is a peculiarly fascinating touch, and more, of scientific psychology in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the interpretation of a son's instinctive feelings toward his mother's lover. There is a full-length and amiably sardonic portrait of the wholesome disillusionment of a very tropical egoism. There is, in the picture of the later days of George's Aunt Fanny an admirable Shabby Genteel Story, in the most modern vein of humorous observation. The circumstances under which, for the final time, the chastened George pronounces the word "Riff-raff", is a stroke alone worth reading a whole novel to enjoy. That, flatly, is immense. And upon visualizing its creation one recalls the occasion upon which Thackeray is said to have slapped his hand upon the table (at the point where Rawdon Crawley threw Lord Steyne's jewel, torn from Becky's bosom, and cut open the noble forehead; and Becky for the first time admired her husband) and exclaimed "That is genius!"

There is, in "The Magnificent Ambersons" the customary (and characteristically home-spun) Tarkington "moral", the "lesson", which is in this case, to wit: "For all the 'ideals of life' which the world, in its rolling, inconsiderately flattens out to nothingness, the least likely to retain a profile is that ideal which depends upon inheriting money." In other words, as "The Magnificent Ambersons" illustrates, money doesn't care whom it belongs to —neither does life; and whatever isn't of the spirit is tricky stuff. The psychic note at the close is presented in a scene (the scene in which "Lopa" of the other world, speaking through the lips of the somnambulistic "medium", Mrs. Horner, communicates a message from the deceased Isabel Amberson Minafer to Eugene Morgan) which it would run Arnold Bennett pretty hard to surpass in this, his particular kind of brilliant reporting. Then, after being so determined through so many pages, Mr. Tarkington falls for a bit of the sentimental in his (more or less) "happy ending".

The total effect of "The Magnificent Ambersons" is, as a Tarkington novel, extraordinary. One begins it with lively entertainment. Along toward the middle something appears to be the matter. The abounding verve which we have come to expect from Mr. Tarkington does not seem to be present in this patient, earnest progress in the accumulation of detail in elucidating the growth of character. There are times when one is even reminded of Mr. James's remark concerning some of the passages of Turgénieffe (or perhaps it was Mr. Gosse said it of Tolstoi) that he appeared to have gone to sleep though keeping on writing. No one of the characters in the book is as sharp in outline as, say, either one of the sisters-in-law in "The Turmoil". The slow development of George appears to creak a bit now and then. And altogether one is not so comfortable as one expected to be. Then comes a third stage, when it comes over one that his queer feeling arises from the fact that this book has not the particular kind of excellence which we look for from Mr. Tarkington—but is excellent in another way. One lays down the book considerably impressed; impressed with the performance, the adequate accomplishment of a high resolve; and impressed with one's reflections as to this figure, the still new Mr. Tarkington, ever on the grow, in the service of a durable native American literature.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PARNASSUS AT HOME

An Interview with Roger Mifflin

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

If you are ever in Brooklyn, that borough of superb sunsets and of magnificent vistas of husband-propelled baby-carriages, it is to be hoped you may chance upon a quiet by-street where there is a very remarkable book-shop.

This book-shop, which does business under the unusual name "Parnassus at Home", is housed in one of the comfortable old brown-stone dwellings which have been the joy of several generations of plumbers and cockroaches. The owner of the business has been at pains to remodel the house to make it a more suitable shrine for his trade, which deals entirely in second-hand volumes. There is no second-hand book-shop in the world more worthy of respect.

It was about six o'clock of a cold January evening with gusts of rain splattering upon the pavement, when a young man proceeded uncertainly along Gissing Street, stopping now and then to look at shop windows as though doubtful of his way. At the warm and shining face of a French rôtisserie he halted to compare the number enameled on the transom with a memorandum in his hand. Then he pushed on for a few minutes, at last reaching the address he sought. Over the entrance his eye was caught by the sign:

PARNASSUS AT HOME
R. AND H. MIFFLIN
BOOKLOVERS WELCOME!
☞THIS SHOP IS HAUNTED☜

He stumbled down the three steps that led into the dwelling of the muses, lowered his overcoat collar, and looked about.

It was very different from such bookstores as he had been accustomed to patronize. Two stories of the old house had been thrown into one: the lower space was divided into little alcoves; above a gallery ran round the wall which carried books to the ceiling. The air was heavy with the delightful fragrance of mellowed paper and leather, surcharged with a strong bouquet of tobacco. In front of him he found a large placard in a frame:

THIS SHOP IS HAUNTED by the ghosts
Of all great literature, in hosts;
For trash is not admitted.
Lovers of books are welcome here,
No clerks will babble in your ear,
And smoking is permitted.

Browse as long as you like.
Prices of all books plainly marked.
If you want to ask questions, you'll find the proprietor where the tobacco-smoke is thickest.
We pay cash for books.
We have what you want, though you may not know you want it.
☞Malnutrition of the reading faculty is a serious thing. Let us prescribe for you.

By R. & H. MIFFLIN,
Proprs.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The shop had a warm and comfortable obscurity, a kind of drowsy dusk, stabbed here and there by bright cones of yellow light from green-shaded electrics. There was an all-pervasive drift of tobacco-smoke, which eddied and fumed under the glass lamp-shades. Passing down a narrow aisle between the alcoves the visitor noticed that some of the compartments were wholly in darkness; in others where lamps were glowing he could see a table and chairs. In one corner under a sign lettered ESSAYS, an elderly gentleman was reading, with a face of fanatical ecstasy illumined by the sharp glare of electricity; but there was no wreath of smoke about him so the newcomer concluded he was not the proprietor.

As the young man approached the back of the shop the general effect became more and more fantastic. On some skylight far overhead he could hear the rain drumming; but otherwise the place was completely silent, peopled only (so it seemed) by the gurgitating whorls of smoke and the bright profile of the essay reader. It seemed like a secret fane, some shrine of curious rites, and the young man's throat was caught by a feeling which was half-agitation and half-tobacco. Towering above him into the gloom were shelves and shelves of books, darkling toward the roof. He saw a table with a cylinder of brown paper and twine, evidently where purchases might be wrapped; but there was no sign of an attendant.

"This place may indeed be haunted," he thought, "perhaps by the delighted soul of Sir Walter Raleigh, patron of the weed, but seemingly not by the proprietors."

His eyes, searching the blue and vaporous vistas of the shop, were caught by a circle of brightness that shone with a curious egg-like lustre. It was round and white, gleaming in the sheen of a hanging light, a bright island in a surf of tobacco smoke. He came more close, and found it was a bald head.

This head (he then saw) surmounted a small sharp-eyed man who sat tilted back in a swivel chair, in a corner which seemed the nerve center of the establishment. The large pigeon-holed desk in front of him was piled high with volumes of all sorts, with tins of tobacco and newspaper clippings and letters. An antiquated typewriter, looking something like a harpsichord, was half-buried in sheets of manuscript. The little bald-headed man was smoking a corn-cob pipe and reading a cook-book.

"I beg your pardon," said the caller, pleasantly; "is this the proprietor?"

Mr. Roger Mifflin, the proprietor of "Parnassus at Home," looked up, and the visitor saw that he had keen blue eyes, a short red beard, and a convincing air of competent originality.

"It is," said Mr. Mifflin. "Anything I can do for you?"

"My name is Aubrey Gilbert," said the young man. "I am representing the Grey-Matter Advertising Agency. I want to discuss with you the advisability of your letting us handle your advertising account, prepare snappy copy for you, and place it in large-circulation mediums."

The bookseller's face beamed. He put down his cook-book, blew an expanding gust of smoke, and looked up brightly.

"My dear chap," he said, "I don't do any advertising."

"Impossible!" cried the other, aghast as at some gratuitous indecency.

"Not in the sense you mean. Such advertising as does me most good is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

done for me by the snappiest copy-writers in the business."

"I suppose you refer to Whitewash and Gilt?" said Mr. Gilbert wistfully.

"Not at all. The people who are doing my advertising are Stevenson, Browning, Conrad and Company."

"Dear me," said the Grey-Matter solicitor. "I don't know that agency at all. Still, I doubt if their copy has more pep than ours."

"I don't think you get me. I mean that my advertising is done by the books I sell. If I sell a man a book by Stevenson or Conrad, a book that delights or terrifies him, that man and that book become my living advertisements."

"But that word-of-mouth advertising is exploded," said Gilbert. "You can't get Distribution that way. You've got to keep your trade-mark before the public."

"By the bones of Tauchnitz!" cried Mifflin. "Look here, you wouldn't go to a doctor, a medical specialist, and tell him he ought to advertise in papers and magazines? A doctor is advertised by the bodies he cures. My business is advertised by the minds I stimulate. And let me tell you that the book business is different from other trades. People don't know they want books. I can see just by looking at you that your mind is ill for lack of books but you are blissfully unaware of it! People don't go to a bookseller until some serious mental accident or disease makes them aware of their danger. Then they come here. For me to advertise would be about as useful as telling people who feel perfectly well that they ought to go to the doctor. Do you know why people are reading more books now than ever before? Because the terrific catastrophe of the war has made them realize that their minds are ill. The world was suffering from all sorts of mental fevers and aches and disorders, and never knew it. Now our mental pangs are only too manifest. We are all reading, hungrily, hastily, trying to find out—too late, I fear—what is the matter with our minds."

The little bookseller was standing up now, and his visitor watched him with mingled amusement and alarm.

"You know," said Mifflin, "I am interested that you should have thought it worth while to come in here. It reinforces my conviction of the amazing future ahead of the book business. But I tell you that future lies not merely in systematizing it as a trade. It lies in dignifying it as a profession. It is small use to jeer at the public for craving shoddy books, quack books, untrue books. Physician, cure thyself! Let the bookseller learn to know and revere good books, he will teach the customer. The hunger for good books is more general and more insistent than you would dream. But it is still in a way subconscious. People need books, but they don't know they need them. Generally they are not aware that the books they need are in existence."

"Why wouldn't advertising be the way to let them know?" asked the young man, rather acutely.

"My dear chap, I understand the value of advertising. But in my own case it would be futile. I am not a dealer in merchandise but a specialist in adjusting the book to the human need. Between ourselves there is no such thing, abstractly, as a 'good' book. A book is 'good' only when it meets some human hunger or refutes some human error. A book that is good for me would very likely be punk for you. My pleasure is to prescribe books for such patients as drop in here and are willing to tell me their symp-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

toms. Some people have let their reading faculties decay so that all I can do is hold a *post mortem* on them. But most are still open to treatment. There is no one so grateful as the man to whom you have given just the book his soul needed and he never knew it. No advertisement on earth is as potent as a grateful customer.

"I will tell you another reason why I don't advertise," he continued. "In these days when everyone keeps his trade-mark before the public, as you call it, not to advertise is the most original and startling thing one can do to attract attention. It was the fact that I do *not* advertise that drew you here. And everyone who comes here thinks he has discovered the place himself. He goes and tells his friends about the book asylum run by a crank and a lunatic, and they come here in turn to see what it is like."

"I should like to come here again myself and browse about," said the advertising agent. "I should like to have you prescribe for me."

"The first thing needed is to acquire a sense of pity. The world has been printing books for 450 years, and yet gunpowder still has a wider circulation. Never mind! Printer's ink is the greater explosive: it will win. Yes, I have a few of the good books here. There are only about 30,000 really important books in the world. I suppose about 5,000 of them were written in the English language, and 5,000 more have been translated."

"You are open in the evenings?"

"Until ten o'clock. A great many of my best customers are those who are at work all day and can only visit bookshops at night. The real book-lovers, you know, are generally among the humbler classes. A man who is impassioned with books has little time or patience to grow rich by concocting schemes for cozening his fellows."

The little bookseller's bald pate shone in the light of the bulb hanging over the wrapping table. His eyes were bright and earnest, his short red beard bristled like wire. He wore a ragged brown Norfolk jacket from which two buttons were missing.

A bit of a fanatic himself, thought the customer, but a very entertaining one. "Well, sir," he said, "I am ever so grateful to you. I'll come again. Good night." And he started down the aisle for the door.

As he neared the front of the shop, Mr. Mifflin switched on a cluster of lights that hung high up, and the young man found himself beside a large bulletin board covered with clippings, announcements, circulars, and little notices written on cards in a small neat script. The following caught his eye:

R

If your mind needs phosphorus, try "Trivia", by Logan Pearsall Smith.

If your mind needs a whiff of strong air, blue and cleansing, from hilltops and primrose valleys, try "The Story of My Heart," by Richard Jefferies.

If your mind needs a tonic of iron and wine, and a thorough rough-and-tumbling, try Samuel Butler's "Notebooks" or "The Man Who Was Thursday", by Chesterton.

If you need "all manner of Irish", and a relapse into irresponsible freakishness, try "The Demi-Gods", by James Stephens. It is a better book than one deserves or expects.

It's a good thing to turn your mind upside down now and then, like an hour-glass, to let the particles run the other way.

One who loves the English tongue can have a lot of fun with a Latin dictionary.

ROGER MIFFLIN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Human beings pay very little attention to what is told them unless they know something about it already. The young man had heard of none of these books prescribed by the practitioner of bibliotherapy. He was snuggling his parcel underneath his overcoat before opening the door when Mifflin appeared at his side.

"Look here," he said, with a quaint touch of embarrassment. "I was very much interested by our talk. I'm all alone this evening—my wife is away on a holiday. Won't you stay and have supper with me? I was just looking up some new recipes when you came in."

The other was equally surprised and pleased by this unusual invitation.

"Why—that's very good of you," he said. "Are you sure I won't be intruding?"

"Not at all!" cried the bookseller. "I detest eating alone: I was hoping someone would drop in. I always try to have a guest for supper when my wife is away. I have to stay at home, you see, to keep an eye on the shop. We have no servant, and I do the cooking myself. It's great fun. Now you light your pipe and make yourself comfortable for a few minutes while I get things ready. Suppose you come back to my den."

On a table of books at the front of the shop Mifflin laid a large card lettered:

PROPRIETOR AT SUPPER
IF YOU WANT ANYTHING
RING THIS BELL

Beside the card he placed a large old-fashioned dinner bell, and then led the way to the rear of the shop.

Behind the little office in which this unusual merchant had been studying his cook-book, a narrow stairway rose on each side, running up to the gallery. Behind these stairs a short flight of steps led to the domestic recesses. The visitor found himself ushered into a small room on the left, where a grate of coals glowed under a dingy mantelpiece of yellowish marble. On the mantel stood a row of blackened corn-cob pipes and a cluster of tobacco. Above was a startling canvas in emphatic oils, representing a large blue wagon drawn by a stout white animal—evidently a horse. A background of lush scenery enhanced the forceful technique of the limner. The walls were stuffed with books. Two shabby comfortable chairs were drawn up to the iron fender, and a mustard-colored terrier was lying so close to the glow that a smell of singed hair was sensible.

"There," said the host; "this is my cabinet, my chapel of ease. Take off your coat and sit down."

"Really," began Gilbert, "I'm afraid this is——"

"Nonsense! Now you sit down and commend your soul to Providence and the kitchen stove. I'll bustle round and get supper."

Gilbert pulled out his pipe, and with a sense of elation prepared to enjoy an unusual evening. He was a young man of agreeable parts, amiable and sensitive. He knew his disadvantages in literary conversation, for he had gone to an excellent college where glee clubs and theatricals had left him little time for reading. But still he was a lover of good books, though he knew them chiefly by hearsay. He was twenty-five years old, employed as a copy-writer by the Grey-Matter Advertising Agency.

The little room in which he found himself was plainly the bookseller's sanctum, and contained his own private library. Gilbert browsed along

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the shelves curiously. The volumes were mostly shabby and bruised; they had evidently been picked up one by one in the humble mangers of the second-hand vender. They all showed marks of use and meditation.

Mr. Gilbert had the earnest mania for self-improvement which has blighted the lives of so many young men—a passion which (however) is commendable in those who feel themselves handicapped by a college career and a jewelled fraternity emblem. It suddenly struck him that it would be valuable to make a list of some of the titles in Mifflin's collection, as a suggestion for his own reading. He took out a memorandum book and began jotting down the books that intrigued him:

The Works of Francis Thompson (3 *vols.*)
Social History of Smoking: *Apperson.*
The Path to Rome: *Hilaire Belloc*
The Book of Tea: *Kakuzo*
Happy Thoughts: *F. C. Burnand*
Dr. Johnson's Prayers and Meditations
Margaret Ogilvy: *J. M. Barrie*
Confessions of a Thug: *Taylor*
General Catalogue of the Oxford University Press
The Morning's War: *C. E. Montague*
The Spirit of Man: *edited by Robert Bridges*
The Romany Rye: *Borrow*
Poems: *Emily Dickinson*
Poems: *George Herbert*
The House of Cobwebs: *George Gissing*

So far had he got, and was beginning to say to himself that in the interests of Advertising (who is a jealous mistress) he had best call a halt, when his host entered the room, his small face eager, his eyes blue points of light.

"Come, Mr. Aubrey Gilbert!" he cried. "The meal is set. You want to wash your hands? Make haste then, this way: the eggs are hot and waiting."

The dining-room into which the guest was conducted betrayed the feminine touch which was not visible in the smoke-dimmed quarters of shop and cabinet. At the windows were curtains of laughing chintz, and pots of pink geranium. The table, under a drop-light in a flame-colored silk screen, was brightly set with silver and blue china. In a cut-glass decanter sparkled a ruddy brown wine. The edged tool of Advertising felt his spirits undergo an unmistakable upward pressure.

"Sit down, sir," said Mifflin, lifting the roof of a platter. "These are eggs Samuel Butler, an invention of my own, the apotheosis of hen fruit."

Gilbert greeted the invention with applause. An *Egg Samuel Butler* for the notebook of housewives, may be summarized as a pyramid, based upon toast, whereof the chief masonries are a flake of bacon, an egg poached to firmness, a wreath of mushrooms, a cap-sheaf of red peppers; the whole dribbled with a warm pink sauce of which the inventor retains the secret. To this the bookseller *chef* added fried potatoes from another dish, and poured for his guest a glass of wine.

"This is California catawba," said Mifflin, "in which the grape and the sunshine very pleasantly (and cheaply) fulfil their allotted destiny. I pledge you prosperity to the black art of Advertising!"

The psychology of the art and mystery of Advertising rests upon tact, an instinctive perception of the tone and accent which will be *en rapport*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the mood of the hearer. Mr. Gilbert was aware of this, and felt that quite possibly his host was prouder of his whimsical avocation as gourmet than of his sacred profession as bookman.

"Is it possible, sir," he began, in lucid Johnsonian, "that you can concoct so delicious an entrée in so few minutes? You are not hoaxing me? There is no secret passage between Gissing Street and the laboratories of the Ritz?"

"Ah, you should taste Mrs. Mifflin's cooking!" said the bookseller. "I am only an amateur, who dabble in the craft during her absence. She is on a visit to her cousin in Boston. She becomes (quite justifiably) weary of the tobacco of this establishment, and once or twice a year it does her good to breathe the pure serene of Beacon Hill. During her absence it is my privilege to inquire into the ritual of housekeeping. I find it very sedative after the incessant excitement and speculation of the shop."

"I should have thought," said Gilbert, "that life in a book-shop would be delightfully tranquil."

"Far from it. Living in a book-shop is like living in a warehouse of explosives. Those shelves are ranked with the most furious combustibles in the world—the brains of men. I can spend a rainy afternoon reading, and my mind works itself up to such a passion and anxiety over mortal problems as almost unmans me. It is terribly nerve-racking. Surround a man with Carlyle, Emerson, Thoreau, Chesterton, Shaw, Nietzsche, and George Ade—would you wonder at his getting excited? What would happen to a cat if she had to live in a room tapestried with catnip? She would go crazy!"

"Truly, I had never thought of that phase of bookselling," said the young man. "How is it, though, that libraries are shrines of such austere calm? If books are as provocative as you suggest, one would expect every librarian to utter the shrill screams of a hierophant, to dash ecstatic castanets in his silent alcoves!"

"Ah, my boy, you forget the card-index! Librarians invented that soothing device for the febrifuge of their souls, just as I fall back upon the rites of the kitchen. Librarians would all go mad, those capable of concentrated thought, if they did not have the cool and healing card-index as medicament! Some more of the eggs?"

"Thank you," said Gilbert. "Who was the butler whose name was associated with the dish?"

"What?" cried Mifflin, in agitation —"you have not heard of Samuel Butler, the author of 'The Way of All Flesh'?" My dear young man, who ever permits himself to die before he has read that book and 'Erewhon' has deliberately forfeited his chances of paradise. For paradise in the world to come is uncertain, but there is indeed a heaven on this earth, a heaven which we inhabit when we read a good book. Pour yourself another glass of wine, and permit me——"

(Here followed an enthusiastic development of the philosophy of Samuel Butler, which, in deference to my readers, I omit. Mr. Gilbert took notes of the conversation in his pocket-book, and I am pleased to say that his heart was moved to a realization of his iniquity, for he was observed at the Public Library a few days later asking for a copy of "The Way of All Flesh". After inquiring at four libraries, and finding all copies of the book in circulation, he was compelled to buy one. He never regretted doing so.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"But I am forgetting my duties as host," said Mifflin. "Our dessert consists of apple sauce, gingerbread, and coffee." He rapidly cleared the empty dishes from the table and brought on the second course.

"I have been noticing the warning over the sideboard," said Gilbert. "I hope you will let me help you this evening?" He pointed to a card hanging near the kitchen door. It read:

ALWAYS WASH DISHES
IMMEDIATELY AFTER
MEALS
IT SAVES TROUBLE

"I'm afraid I don't always obey that precept," said the bookseller as he poured the coffee. "Mrs. Mifflin hangs it there whenever she goes away, to remind me. But, as our friend Samuel Butler says, he that is stupid in little will also be stupid in much. I have a different theory about dish-washing, and I please myself by indulging it.

"I used to regard dish-washing merely as an ignoble chore, a kind of hateful discipline which had to be undergone with knitted brow and brazen fortitude. When my wife went away the first time, I erected a reading-stand and an electric light over the sink, and used to read while my hands went automatically through base gestures of purification. I made the great spirits of literature partners of my sorrow, and learned by heart a good deal of 'Paradise Lost' and of Walt Mason, while I soused and wallowed among pots and pans. I used to comfort myself with two lines of Keats:

'The moving waters at their priest-like task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores—'

Then a new conception of the matter struck me. It is intolerable for a human being to go on doing any task as a penance, under duress. No matter what the work is, one must spiritualize it in some way, shatter the old idea of it into bits and rebuild it nearer to the heart's desire. How was I to do this with dish-washing?

"I broke a good many plates while I was pondering over the matter. Then it occurred to me that here was just the relaxation I needed. I had been worrying over the mental strain of being surrounded all day long by vociferous books, crying out at me their conflicting views as to the glories and agonies of life. Why not make dish-washing my balm and poultice?

"When one views a stubborn fact from a new angle, it is amazing how all its contours and edges change shape! Immediately my dish-pan began to glow with a kind of philosophic halo! The warm soapy water became a sovereign medicine to retract hot blood from the head; the homely act of washing and drying cups and saucers became a symbol of the order and cleanliness that man imposes on the unruly world about him. I tore down my book-rack and reading lamp from over the sink.

"Mr. Gilbert," he went on, "do not laugh at me when I tell you that I have evolved a whole kitchen philosophy of my own. I find the kitchen the shrine of our civilization, the focus of all that is comely in life. The ruddy shine of the stove is as beautiful as any sunset. A well-polished jug or spoon is as fair, as complete and beautiful, as any sonnet. The dish-mop, properly rinsed and wrung and hung outside the back-door to dry, is a whole sermon in itself. The stars never look so bright as they do from the kitchen door after the ice-box pan is emptied

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the whole place is 'redd up', as the Scotch say."

"A very delightful philosophy indeed," said Gilbert. "And now that we have finished our meal, I insist upon your letting me give you a hand with the washing up. I am eager to test this dish-pantheism of yours!"

"My dear fellow," said Mifflin, laying a restraining hand on his impetuous guest—"it is a poor philosophy that will not abide denial now and then. No, no—I did not ask you to spend the evening with me to wash dishes." And he led the way back to his sitting room.

"When I saw you come in," said Mifflin, "I was afraid you might be a newspaper man, looking for an interview. A young journalist came to see us once, with very unhappy results. He wheedled himself into Mrs. Mifflin's good graces, and ended by putting us both into a book, called 'Parnassus on Wheels,' which has been rather a trial to me. In that book he attributes to me a number of shallow and sugary observations upon bookselling that have been an annoyance to the trade. I am happy to say, though, that his book had only a trifling sale."

"I have never heard of it," said Gilbert.

"If you are really interested in bookselling you should come here some evening to a meeting of the Corn Cob Club. Once a fortnight a number of booksellers gather here and we discuss matters of bookish concern over corn-cobs and cider. We have all sorts and conditions of booksellers: one is a fanatic on the subject of libraries. He thinks that every public library should be dynamited. Another thinks that moving pictures will destroy the book trade. What rot! Surely everything that arouses people's minds, that makes them alert and questioning, increases their appetite for books."

"I was told," said Gilbert, "that the Government had made the publishers decrease their consumption of paper."

"And a very good thing too! Probably that will mean that the publishers will scrutinize their manuscripts more carefully, and only publish books that are really worth while.

"The life of a bookseller is very demoralizing to the intellect," he went on after a pause. "He is surrounded by innumerable books; he cannot possibly read them all; he dips into one and picks up a scrap from another. His mind gradually fills itself with miscellaneous flotsam, with superficial opinions, with a thousand half-knowledges. Almost unconsciously he begins to rate literature according to what people ask for. He begins to wonder whether Ralph Waldo Trine isn't really greater than Ralph Waldo Emerson, whether J. M. Chapple isn't as big a man as J. M. Barrie. That way lies intellectual suicide.

"One thing, however, you must grant the good bookseller. He is tolerant. He is patient of all ideas and theories. Surrounded, engulfed by the torrent of men's words, he is willing to listen to them all. Even to the publisher's salesman he turns an indulgent ear. He is willing to be humbugged for the weal of humanity. He hopes unceasingly for good books to be born.

"My business, you see, is different from most. I only deal in second-hand books; I only buy books that I consider have some honest reason for existence. In so far as human judgment can discern, I try to keep trash out of my shelves. A doctor doesn't traffic in quack remedies. I don't traffic in bogus books.

"A comical thing happened the other day. There is a certain wealthy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man who has long frequented this shop. He heard about the Corn Cob Club, and though of course he is not a bookseller he begged to come to our meetings. We were glad to have him do so, and he has entered into our discussions with great zeal. Often he has offered many a shrewd comment. He has grown so enthusiastic about the bookseller's way of life that the other day he wrote to me about his daughter (he is a widower). She has been attending a fashionable girls' school where, he says, they have filled her head with absurd, wasteful, snobbish notions. He says she has no more idea of the usefulness and beauty of life than a Pomeranian dog. Instead of sending her to college, he has asked me if Mrs. Mifflin and I will take her in here to learn to sell books. He wants her to think she is earning her keep, and is going to pay me privately for the privilege of having her live here. He thinks that being surrounded by books will put some sense in her head. I am rather nervous about the experiment, but it is a compliment to the shop, isn't it?"

"Ye gods," cried Gilbert, "what advertising copy that would make!"

At this point the bell in the shop rang, and Mifflin jumped up. "This part of the evening is often rather busy," he said. "I'm afraid I'll have to go down on the floor. Some of my habitués rather expect me to be on hand to gossip about books."

"I can't tell you how much I've enjoyed myself," said Gilbert. "I'm going to come again and study your shelves."

"Well, keep it dark about the young lady," said the bookseller. "I don't want all you young blades dropping in here to unsettle her mind. If she falls in love with anybody in this shop, it'll have to be Joseph Conrad or John Keats!"

As he passed out, Gilbert saw Roger Mifflin engaged in argument with a bearded man who looked like a college professor. "Carlyle's 'Oliver Cromwell'?" he was saying. "Yes indeed! Right over here!"

OUT OF THE WAR

BY H. W. BOYNTON

One benefit of war has always been the bringing together of races naturally akin but separated by stupid obstacles of language and custom. Not seldom has this happened between conqueror and conquered; it cannot conceivably so happen during the present war of hate. But among the allied races, on our side at least, there is an unexampled process of hobnobbing and *rapprochement*. This is strongly reflected in all the literature of the war. It inspires our books of document and colors our books of romance. Even the idea of the foreigner as a picturesque person to be coquetted with, perhaps, but fled from in time, is rapidly passing. Mrs. Rinehart, in "The Amazing Interlude", shows her pretty American heroine deliberately choosing for her mate, not the worthy average American to whom she has been promised, but the dark romantic Belgian with the title up his sleeve. Mr. Locke, in "The Rough Road", ad-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

verses the situation by causing his British "Doggie" to turn joyfully from his insular fiancée to the colorful Jeanne into whose life war has dropped him by the scruff. This is a much better story than "The Red Planet"—better worth reading and, I should say, not less likely to be read by this writer's tolerably unexacting constituency. Of course it is a variation upon his habitual theme—the hero unheroic. Mr. Locke has us at his mercy because he works with one finger in our buttonhole and another in our ribs. He takes the inglorious fellow we suspect ourselves to be—the ass, or the crank, or the poltroon, or the dullard—and gives him the center of the stage, greatly to his advantage. The central figure in "The Red Planet" was rather hopeless. Not all his creator's assiduity, not all his dark and greatly emphasized "virility", can make him out less than a yellow cur in the long run. Doggie Trevor of "The Rough Road" is far more palatable and digestible. Like all Mr. Locke's heroes he is rather patently the product of an idea. We are to take a young Briton of most unhopeful origin and breeding and see what the war can make of him. This is one of the familiar themes of current fiction. One would say that the way for an artist to give it fresh saliency would be to handle it with new depth and subtlety. Not so Mr. Locke; his is always the broad treatment, the *reductio ad populum*. He resists, it is true, the obvious temptation to make a military hero, in the conventional sense, of his little man. "Doggie" Trevor, he tells us at the outset, did not get the Victoria Cross. He got no cross or distinction whatever. He did not even attain the sorrowful glory of a little white cross above his grave in the Western Front. But he does, at the author's hands, undergo a violent conversion from congenital silly-ass and trained popinjay to hearty and attractive, if not strikingly efficient manhood. This I must doubt, war or no war. The premises are strained; it is sheer virtuosity, not to say charlatanry, that sets this feeble prig and fop before us, humorless and unhuman, and forthwith under cover of his khaki slily substitutes a decent chap for him. The point is that the pre-war "Doggie" Trevor is not a manly chap, even potentially. His case is not covered by the fact that "he had been brought up from babyhood like a toy Pom". He *is* a Pom; and our doggie of war is quite another animal! Private Trevor of the trenches, of the simple ways and friendly heart, who is man enough to love and win his French Jeanne, might well have had a more honest derivation.

A similar sleight-of-hand is undertaken in "Khaki". Here is Tom Gilstar, a tall and brawny American youth, who is the reputed coward of his village. All the devil and daring of the breed belong to his brother Sherry, who has long ago run away from home; he is supposed to have "gone to the bad", but it is to worthy Tom that the contempt of the village is awarded. Tom is honest and industrious, but he does not like to fight; his appointment as Constable is a sort of joke; he himself accepts it because "nothing ever happens in Tredick". Then begins a melodramatic action involving the runaway brother, who has become a yegg, and Tom in his official duty, and a village maiden (the usual daughter of the skinflint deacon), and a Post-Office Inspector—and so on. Under the spur of his sweetheart's scorn Tom has taken khaki, but still has a few days

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to serve as Constable, when word comes of an unexpected break, by a band of yeggs, at the post-office. Tom is commissioned to handle it. The brother turns up in the party, and Tom, for their mother's sake, permits the criminals to escape. Then a number of highly improbable things happen in rapid succession. Sherry and his particular pal are suddenly converted to the error of their ways, and make up their minds to enlist. First, though, they must square themselves with their gang. There is a row, and a *coup* by which Sherry and his reformed pal capture the leaders of the gang, turn them over to the authorities at Tredick, are forgiven their past and permitted to enlist—and all is well. It is a pity that the writer, who has evidently had the impulse to do an honest and inspiring piece of work, was not able to avoid the worn counters of the story-telling trade. As a sort of literary recruiting poster, at least, it has merits. "These stars of France, shining on our boys, shine upon us. The same winds blow over us all; it is our mutual sun, and the ocean touches us both. We did not know this before, or if we had known we were forgetting. We were thinking that we lived in our little world apart. We know better now. Wherever one of our Tredick boys lies asleep in France, that little spot is part of Tredick, and shall ever be."

Nor is it only the Tredick boys who have experienced the great awakening of war. You remember Marcel Berger's "Ordeal by Fire"—one of the earliest and best stories of its sort, with its picture of the young boulevardier fighting his way not more towards the defeat of Germany than towards the love of France and his kind. "You No Longer Count" is a parallel study of a young Frenchwoman, a wife whose idol has been snatched from her in the first days of the war. She has led the sheltered and petted life of her class. After four years of marriage, her husband is still her lover and her world. He happens to be an officer of reserves, as is good form in their circle. Suddenly the sky falls. He is called to the frontier, and is one of the victims of the first German wave of invasion. There is nothing to soften the blow for the little widow. Her heart has had no warning, and will not be consoled. She deliberately vows herself to the memory of her happiness. The war is nothing to her except as the destroyer of that happiness. Even when her misery finds company in the households of her friends, she is not to be diverted from her exclusive sorrow. In short, she is an egotist of grief, a selfish and sterile cumberer of the stricken earth. The war closes about her. She finds no real escape from it, and is presently drawn into hospital work. But her heart is unsoftened; her desire for escape remains; her cold indifference to France and the world's destiny. Her time is to come, however. Incapable as she is of clearing a new path for herself, the pressure of circumstance is to do it for her. Slowly she perceives that she is exceptional, not in her loss but in her selfishness. Everywhere about her, even among the most worldly of her old set, she sees steadfast sorrow and steadfast sacrifice. What affects her as much as anything is the secret change in her odd confidant, the old worldling La Villaumer. In theory a hater of war and a lukewarm patriot, an individualist and hedonist, his speech remains sceptical long after his heart has given in. Odette finds that as quietly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as possible he is giving his time and his fortune to the victims of the war who have fought for France; and it is he who words for her the motto that renounces individualism in the name of France: "*Tu n'es plus rien!*" he says. "The individual is dead. . . . You no longer have any rights, not even the right to mourn your unending grief. The moment has come to mourn more largely, more grandly, with the only grief that can save a soul like yours. The only hope of a resurrection lies in giving oneself to the common need, and losing oneself in it with love."

It is with many difficulties that race has drawn near to race, through all the years of opportunity. Even now, with all the experience of the Tommy and the *poilu* painfully approaching each other over the barrier of language, we send our thousands over there with little or no attempt to give them at least an elementary bit of French in advance. The doughboy's ignorance of French is considered an excellent joke, as Tommy's was before him. And indeed it is an obstacle soon got round, if not surmounted. Thrown in among the good, honest, devoted French people, our boys at once find under the quaint differences of the surface a great store of common feelings and ideals. Each of the newcomers has this to discover for himself, and hastens to inform the folks at home of the astonishing fact that the Frenchies are a very decent lot. Here is a typical incident from "Ambulance 464", an animated account of the experiences of an American boy who decided to put in a season in the ambulance service in France while he was waiting to be old enough to go to college! One would say from the evidence of his narrative as a whole that he had quite a bit of French, but here is the incident: "I picked up a chap near Brocourt today who was on his way home to Mort Homme after his permission. He had walked all the way from Bar-le-Duc that day, and was tired out. He was mighty glad to get the ride, for he had orders to be back in his company before midnight. We talked for a while in jerky little sentences; I, using the usual *'N'est-ce pas?'* and *'Comprenez-vous?'* and he always relying on *'C'est la guerre'* for an answer to my questions. At one place we passed a flock of strange birds. I pointed to them and mumbled something to signify that I wanted to know what they were. He simply said *'oiseau'*, and I replied as well as I could that we didn't have any "oiseaus" in America. He looked rather surprised and muttered something about always having heard that *Les Etats Unis* was a queer sort of place. I discovered when I got back to the cantonment that the word *oiseau* means bird." This chronicle, which is a sort of revised and enlarged diary, is very straightforward, amusing, and youthful.

"Home Fires in France" is a sympathetic and frankly emotional study of the French people in wartime. As the work of a skilled novelist, many of its sketches take more or less loosely the form of fiction. But primarily it is the work of an American woman who knew life in France during the early years of the war, not only as an observer but as a practical worker in the interests of the wounded *poilu* and the refugee. A special service was the founding in Paris of an establishment for printing in Braille. But she has seen much also of the people of the French villages, and perhaps the most valuable part of the book is her interpretation of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those "provincials" whom we now apprehend to be the really national type. Those traits and customs of country living which must remain a puzzle, though a kindly one, to the transient Tommy or doughboy, she dwells upon with illuminating sympathy. Their religion of old ways, their religion of thrift—above all, their religion of home—are strange matters to the casual Yankee. He does not understand the huddling of French farmers into villages, their cherishing of cramped houses and tiny high-walled gardens while the whole countryside lies open and empty. Miss Canfield helps one understand the stubborn persistence of these villagers, who have refused to leave the spot where their cottages and gardens and streets once were. She has a pathetic tale of a *poilu* on leave after two years, making his way towards his devastated home, not knowing whether wife and children are alive, but lugging with him over the weary miles the tools with which he means, if the worst has come, to do what he can for the old spot during the few days granted him. He finds wife and children haunting the desolate ruins, unable to think of leaving *their* place on earth. So they all fall to among the rubbish. There is a very good story, too, called "A Fair Exchange". A staving American dealer in toilet preparations is in France bent on the main chance, but not without his vision of service. He sees what is wrong with the French from a business point of view—their conservatism, their caution, their total lack of enterprise in the American or even the German sense. He sees a chance to do his bit by preaching the gospel of Success among these sluggards and by setting one here and there on the right path. In a provincial village he happens on a *pharmacien* who makes a wonderful cold cream. His family, it appears, has been making it for generations, making it with the utmost care in limited quantities for the few who know. The American is outraged by this failure to push a remarkable article. He offers to back it, to find the capital, and market a huge output as soon as the necessary factories can be built and set to turning it out. The Frenchman quietly refuses. He is satisfied with his comfortable little French prosperity. He knows that his precious cream cannot be made wholesale by machinery and untrained workmen. He prefers the pleasant leisure of his routine, his family, his garden, to the glitter of wealth. The American is incredulous and contemptuous, and they part at odds. But each has his afterthought, yielding to his adversary the possession of something that he lacks. Each of them has dropped a seed of doubt into the complacency of the other; and neither will ever be quite the same thereafter. The give and take of race and race in sympathetic contact—this is, of course, the moral of the little story.

The war has produced several notable books introducing us as it were in the flesh to those strange Russians whom we had known hitherto only through the vaunted Russian novelists. They leave us, on the whole, not very much farther than the novelists have left us. There is a racial cleavage here to be found between no Western peoples. In Hugh Walpole's remarkable story "The Dark Forest", in "Miss Amerikanka", by Olive Gilbreath, the obscure and tragic romance of the Russian character is strongly lighted, yet remains fitful of color and wavering of outline. So it does in "Trapped in Black Russia",

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Ruth Pierce, and even in "Runaway Russia", by another American, Florence MacLeod Harper. Mrs. Pierce's might be called a personal record with a literary flavor and Miss Harper's a personal record in a frankly journalistic style. Miss Harper, to accept her own tone, is a fellow with no nonsense about her. When the revolution broke out she was in Russia as a correspondent of "Leslie's Weekly", because she has had a "hunch". "Runaway Russia" is the informal record of her nine months in Russia, ending with the fall of Korniloff. She writes with the vivid random touch of the experienced journalist, apparently running together without care her narrative of public events and the minutiæ of personal experience. It is good "copy", if no more. Out of it the Russian looms, as always, a mass of contradictions and potentialities. Devoted at the front, treacherous at home, hero and mountebank, patriot and charlatan—what is a Russian, when all is said? One belief emerges clearly—in the hopeless opportunism of the Kerensky type, and the forlorn hopefulness of the Korniloff type.

There have been several attempts (all of them that I recall by women) to give a generous slant to the interpretation of the character of the individual German as distinguished from the national "Hun" type. There was the honest and bewildered German surgeon in "The Red Cross Barge", by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. In "The Light Above the Cross Roads", by Mrs. Victor Rickard, as in "Comrades", by Mary Dillon, there is a great-hearted German noble who with strong ties to England and a fine nature, finds himself caught up in the machine of war and destined to take part in a struggle whose methods and morals revolt him. Now comes the translation of a personal record by one of the most famous German aviators during the first years of the war, Captain von Richthofen. He also is of the higher caste, a Freiherr and a professional soldier before the outbreak of the war. His record shows the ruthlessness of the fighter. He bags his enemy as he bags the wild boar whom he hunts during his leaves of absence. He has the reckless, sporting attitude of the airman, but if this record is to be trusted (and there are signs of its having been "edited" by authority) he is not a beast or an opponent without scruple. He downed some fifty allied machines before his own inevitable end came; but to all appearances he downed them honorably and according to the rules of the game. In flying as we know there is the closest modern approximation to the war-duel of chivalry. Even the German service has retained certain usages not observed elsewhere by the practical Hun; so that the enemy aviator—young Roosevelt, for example, is buried with full honors of war—as an adversary conquered and not merely a foe to be wiped out. C. G. Grey, editor of "The Aeroplane", seems justified in saying in the preface he here supplies that von Richtho-

---

The Rough Road. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Company.

Khaki. By Freeman Tilden. New York: The Macmillan Company.

You No Longer Count. By Rene Boylesve. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Ambulance 464, Encore des Blessés. By Julien H. Bryan. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Home Fires in France. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Runaway Russia. By Florence MacLeod Harper. New York: The Century Company.

The Light Above the Cross Roads. By Mrs. Victor Rickard. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Red Battle Flyer. By Captain Manfred Freiherr von Richthofen. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fen and the members of his "circus" have shown themselves "worthy enemies and brave men"; and that "this little book gives one a useful insight into the enemy's methods, and more than a little respect for at any rate some of those whom we are at present endeavoring to kill".

SINGERS IN THE SERVICE

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

We who are called arise
To an imperious, unaccustomed toil,
And lay aside the garments that we wore
Trailing the quiet years that went before—
The old serenities
And the familiar beauty. To the soil
We go—to elemental force and stress—
To own and to defy our weariness;
And we breathe beauty where we never thought
Beauty could be, and brotherhood unsought
Is warm in us, who wished for it amiss
And coldly at our ease . . . how long ago?
We live, who sang of life we did not know.
And more than all our loss and gain we see
Another age, the happy heir of this:
Children of the future, clean and free,
Wearing with new majesty the dear
Familiar beauty that we laid aside;
In their illumined eyes,
Fixed holy stars, the old serenities;
Before their joyous feet a way made clear
By the great strife where we saw God—and died.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ESSENTIALS OF A WAR LIBRARY

Suppose you were told that you might have on your shelves twenty-five books of history dealing with the war and twenty-five of general literature also concerning the war—no more. What would you choose? THE BOOKMAN *addressed this inquiry to a number of literary critics and history experts, and we print below some of the early lists received. The differences of opinion make the selections of unusual interest. For the casual reader, as well as for the person who is charged with the responsibility of selecting books for students or libraries, this nucleus of essential war books should have particular value. We shall have a number of other groups in later issues of* THE BOOKMAN.

LIST SENT BY PROFESSOR ROY MALCOM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Historical

The Historical Development of Modern Europe, 2 vols., Charles M. Andrews; Cambridge Modern History, vol. xi, Growth of Nationalities—vol. xii, The Latest Age, Lord Acton and others; The English-Speaking Peoples, George Louis Beer; France, England, and European Democracy, 1215-1915, Charles Cestre; Readings in Modern European History, 2 vols., Robinson and Beard; European History, 1862-1914, Holt and Chilton; The Evolution of Modern Germany, W. H. Dawson; A Political and Social History of Modern Europe, 1815-1915, 2 vols., Carleton J. H. Hayes; Europe Since 1815, Charles D. Hazen; Nationalism, War and Society, Edward Krehbiel; Governments and Parties in Continental Europe, A. Lawrence Lowell; Social Progress and the Darwinian Theory, George G. Nasmith; Social Progress in Contemporary Europe, F. A. Ogg; The Development of European Nations, 1870-1914, J. Hollan Rose; The Diplomatic Background of the War, Charles Seymour.

LIST SENT BY ALLEN WESTCOTT OF THE UNITED STATES NAVAL INSTITUTE

The following list is obviously not for the historical specialist, who would need to be very much more fully equipped with such official documents and reports as are available and with collections such as are supplied by the "Political Science Quarterly," the "International Military Digest," the "American Journal of International Law," the New York "Times" Current History and the United States Naval Institute. It is intended as a list, perhaps fuller than necessary and involving some duplication of works, which an ordinary student might find of value.

The list excludes for the most part not only enemy versions of history, which whatever their value are not easily obtainable, but also certain standard historical works which, while essential to the understanding of the war, are not concerned primarily with it. It may be added that the definitive studies of the war itself have not yet been written; hence the emphasis here on the political background and opening events.

Certain works mentioned consist of several volumes, and some of the writers mentioned have produced other works perhaps equal in value to those cited.

Diplomatic

Diplomatic History of the War, M. P. Price; The Diplomacy of the Great War, Arthur Bullard; President Wilson's State Papers and Addresses; Collected Diplomatic Documents Relating to the Outbreak of the European War (Harrison and Sons, London); A Survey of International Relations Between the United States and Germany, James Brown Scott.

Political and Historical

Nationality and the War, A. J. Toynbee; Nelson's History of the War, John Buchan; London "Times" Documentary History of the War; The New Map of Europe, H. A. Gibbons; Germany and the Next War, Friedrich von Bernhardi; The Eclipse of Russia, E. J. Dillon; Mitteleuropa, Friedrich Neumann; The Pan-German Plot Unmasked, André Chéradame; My Four Years in Germany, James W. Gerard.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Military and Descriptive

Elements of the Great War, Hilaire Belloc; Under Fire, Henri Barbusse; Gallipoli, John Masefield; My Year of the Great War, Frederick Palmer; Warfare of Today, Paul Azan; Over the Top, A. Guy Empey; A Student in Arms, Donald Hankey; Report of the Committee on Alleged German Outrages, edited by James Bryce.

Naval

The Fighting Fleets, Ralph D. Paine; Naval Power in the War, C. C. Gill; The British Fleets in the Great War, Archibald Hurd.

LIST SENT BY PROFESSOR CLAUDE H. VAN TYNE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN AND THE NATIONAL SECURITY LEAGUE

The English Speaking Peoples, George L. Beer; The Anglo-German Problem, Charles Sarolea; England and Germany, J. A. Cram; The New Map of Europe, H. A. Gibbons; The Foreign Policy of Sir Edward Grey, Gilbert Murray; The Pan-German Plot Unmasked, André Chéradame; The Evidence in the Case, J. M. Beck; My Four Years in Germany, J. W. Gerard; The World in the Crucible, Sir Gilbert Parker; Out of Their Own Mouths, utterances of German rulers and statesmen, with introduction by W. Roscoe Thayer; 501 Gems of German Thought, William Archer; The Land of Deepening Shadow, T. D. Curtin; Germany's Commercial Grip on the World, Henri Hauser; Scraps of Paper, edited by Ian Malcolm; My Home in the Field of Honor, Frances W. Huard; When the Prussians Came to Poland, Laura Turczynowicz; Over the Top, A. Guy Empey; the First Hundred Thousand, Ian Hay; Under Fire, Henri Barbusse; Their True Faith and Allegiance, Gustave Ohlinger; The Pentecost of Calamity, Owen Wister; Ordeal by Battle, Frederick S. Oliver; Alsace-Lorraine Under German Rule, C. D. Hayen.

LIST SENT BY JAMES I. WYER, JR., DIRECTOR, NEW YORK STATE LIBRARY

The Great War: Causes

The Provocation of France, J. C. Bracq (an account of Franco-German relations for the past fifty years); Why Italy Entered the Great War, L. Carnovale; The Pan-German Plot Unmasked, A. Chéradame; My Four Years in Germany, J. W. Gerard; History of Twelve Days, July 24-August 4, 1914, J. W. Headlam (text and discussion of official documents. Archer's "The Thirteen Days" may well be read in connection); Italy in the War, Sidney Low; Origins of the War: Study of Anglo-German Relations since 1871, J. H. Rose; Diplomatic Documents Relating to the Outbreak of the European War, edited by J. B. Scott; The Diplomatic Background of the War: Study of European Inter-State Relations, 1870-1914, C. Seymour; Diplomacy of the War of 1914; the Beginnings of the War, E. C. Stowell.

Issues

American Academy of Political and Social Science. America's Relation to the World Conflict and to the Coming Peace. (Annals, vol. 72); The Reconstruction of Poland and the Near East, H. A. Gibbons; Central Europe, Frederick Naumann; The Winning of the War, R. G. Usher; The War of Democracy, the Allies's Statement, James Bryce; Why We Are at War, Woodrow Wilson.

Military History

Elements of the Great War: the First Phase; The Second Phase. In two vols.: 1, Analysis of Causes of War. 2, Best Popular Account of the Battle of the Marne, H. Belloc; Battle of the Somme, J. Buchan; Nelson's History of the War, J. Buchan; The Battle of Verdun, H. Dugard; New York "Times" History of the European War, 1914-date; The Campaign of 1914 in France and Belgium, G. H. Perris; "The Times" (London) History of the War, 1914-date; The Marne Campaign, F. E. Whitton.

LIST SENT BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN, AUTHOR AND SHORT-STORY CRITIC

Fiction and Personal Narrative

Under Fire. Henri Barbusse; La Flamme au Poing, Henry Malherbe; La Sainte Face, Gabriel Fauré; Men in War, Andreas Latzko; A Prisoner of Life, Basil de Selincourt; The Return of the Soldier, Rebecca West; Mr. Britling Sees It Through, H. G. Wells; The Flying Teuton, Alice Brown; Tales of Fighting France, edited by W. L. MacPherson.

Poetry

Vision of War, Lincoln Colcord; The Old Huntsman, Siegfried Sassoon; Marlborough, Charles H. Sorley; Trois Poèmes de Guerre, Paul Claudel.

General

The New Book of Martyrs, Georges Duhamel; Tales from a Famished Land, Edward E. Hunt; An Inquiry into the Nature of Peace, Thorstein Veblen;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marching on Tanga, Francis B. Young; The League of Nations, Henry N. Brailsford; Why Men Fight, Bertrand Russell; In Our First Year of War, Woodrow Wilson; The Aims of Labor, Arthur Henderson; Gallipoli, John Masefield; Pendant l'Orage, Remy de Gourmont; The Odyssey of a Torpedoed Transport, "Y"; British Labor Party Report on Reconstruction.

LIST SENT BY ROYAL J. DAVIS, LITERARY EDITOR NEW YORK "EVENING POST"

General

The Evidence in the Case, James M. Beck; Report of the Belgian Commission, James Bryce; President Wilson's State Papers and Addresses, edited by Albert Shaw; Central Europe, Friedrich Neumann; The Guilt of Germany, Prince Karl Lichnowsky; J'Accuse! Anonymous; Modern Germany in Relation to the Great War, various German writers, translated by William Wallace Whitlock; Russia in Upheaval, Edward Alsworth Ross; Inside the British Isles, Arthur Gleason; Sea Warfare, Rudyard Kipling.

Volumes of Experience

A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium, Hugh Gibson; My Four Years in Germany, James W. Gerard; Over the Top, Arthur Guy Empey; Winged Warfare, Major W. A. Bishop; The First Hundred Thousand, Ian Hay; Gallipoli, John Masefield; The Iron Ration, George Abel Schreiner; Two War Years in Constantinople, Doctor Harry Steurmer; A Student in Arms, Donald Hankey.

Poetry

A Treasury of War Poetry, edited by George Herbert Clark.

Fiction

Between the Lines, Boyd Cable; Mr. Britling Sees It Through, H. G. Wells; The Tree of Heaven, May Sinclair; Under Fire, Henri Barbusse.

Cartoons

Raemaeker's Cartoons.

LIST SENT BY EDWIN F. EDGETT, LITERARY EDITOR OF THE BOSTON "TRANSCRIPT"

Kitchener's Mob, James Norman Hall; My Home in the Field of Honor, Frances Wilson Huard; The Return of the Soldier, Rebecca West; Outwitting the Hun, Lieutenant Pat O'Brien; Where Do You Stand? Hermann Hagedorn; The Real Front, Arthur Hunt Chute; A Soldier Unafraid, Captain André Cornet-Auguier; Men in War, Andreas Latzo; You No Longer Count, René Boylesve; The First Hundred Thousand, Ian Hay; All In It, K1 Carries On, Ian Hay; A Journal from the American Legation in Belgium, Hugh Gibson; A Treasury of War Poetry, George Herbert Clarke, Editor; The Belfrey, May Sinclair; Mr. Britling Sees It Through, H. G. Wells; A Hilltop on the Marne, Mildred Aldrich; On the Edge of the War Zone, Mildred Aldrich; The Spires of Oxford, W. M. Letts; Christine, Alice Cholmondeley; The Land of Deepening Shadow, D. Thomas Curtin; The Dark Forest, Hugh Walpole; The Great Push, Patrick MacGill; They Shall Not Pass, Frank H. Simonds; War Poems, X; Because I Am a German, Herman Fernau.

LIST SENT BY LLEWELLYN JONES, LITERARY EDITOR CHICAGO "EVENING POST"

General Literature

President Wilson's State Papers and Addresses, edited by Albert Shaw; The Lost Fruits of Waterloo, John S. Bassett; The Approach to the Great Settlement, Emily Green Balch; The Structure of Lasting Peace, H. M. Kallen; The End of the War, Walter Weyl; In the Fourth Year, H. G. Wells; Above the Battle, Romain Rolland; Why Men Fight, Bertrand Russell; My Four Years in Germany, J. W. Gerard; Face to Face With Kaiserism, J. W. Gerard.

Personal and Descriptive

Under Fire, Henri Barbusse; Gallipoli, John Masefield; The Old Front Line, John Masefield; How to Live at the Front, Hector MacQuarrie; All In It, Ian Hay; A Student in Arms, First and Second Series, Donald Hankey; Headquarters Nights, Vernon Kellogg; Pan-Germany: The Disease and the Cure, André Chéradame.

Novels

Mr. Britling Sees It Through, H. G. Wells; The Tree of Heaven, May Sinclair.

Poetry

Rupert Brooke's Collected Poems, containing the famous "1914" sonnets; Ardours and Endurances, Robert Nichols; The Old Huntsman, Siegfried Sassoon; The Cause, Laurence Binyon; A Treasury of War Verse, edited by G. H. Clark; The Muse in Arms, edited by Edward B. Osborn.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEA POWER PAST AND PRESENT

BY ALLAN WESTCOTT

So completely is Admiral Mahan dominant in the field of naval history and philosophy that his doctrines underlie much of the current writing on these themes. This indeed is as it should be, and the Allied nations are fortunate in having had so wise a mentor as to the importance, uses, and limitations of sea power. Without his influence, as the British naval writer, Mr. Archibald Hurd, pointed out some time ago, it is doubtful if public opinion in England would have steadfastly supported the maintenance of the fleet at a strength which proved none too great when the crisis came. It was unfortunate, but inevitable, that in Germany his writings should have been utilized to the same end.

Since Mahan a multitude of writers have spread his message. Among these, Mr. Gerard Fiennes, in "Sea Power and Freedom", is, as his title indicates, following in Mahan's footsteps, while at the same time extending his survey to the period prior to 1660 and to the present war. This wide scope, in a volume so brief as Mr. Fiennes's, is of doubtful wisdom. There is, it is true, still excellent opportunity for a work covering the entire field. It might succeed on the one hand by presenting a well-organized, authoritative study of the development and influence of naval power from the beginning to the present—a simplified and extended Mahan—properly supplied with maps and plans, and steering a circumspect course through the more or less obscure epochs of history in which sea power has played a part. Or, on the other hand, it might take the form of a more concrete and highly colored narrative of the stirring episodes and striking changes in naval warfare from the days of the galley to those of the seaplane and submarine.

If Mr. Fiennes' series of lectures lacks the surefootedness essential to a book of the first type, it lacks also the lift and energy required for the second. His audience of London school teachers must surely have nodded at times as they were carried rapidly over the struggles of the Phoenecians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Turks, Venetians, and modern European states in rivalry for control of the seas. The purpose which Mr. Fiennes has most at heart, however, is in reality much more restricted to demonstrate that Great Britain's naval supremacy has "contributed to the spread of freedom in the world and to the general good of mankind," and that it has served as a bulwark in past and present against the aggressions of predominant land powers.

The nations, belligerent and neutral, who have profited by this bulwark for the last four years will have no inclination to dispute his thesis, and the arguments are, in the main, vigorously and fairly presented. At one point, nevertheless, and here again under the guidance of Mahan, the case is badly stated. It is only partly true that "the hard facts of geography, and not British jealousy or ill-will, forbid the development of an oversea empire of Germany, unless Great Britain can

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

first be subdued." Jealous or not, Great Britain showed by her concessions in Mesopotamia and Africa—revealed in the Lichnowsky memoirs—how far she was willing to gratify Germany's colonial ambitions as the price of peace. Up to the time of the war the paths and ports controlled by England stood open. Neither geographical barriers nor late entry into the field would have proved fatal handicaps to Germany's legitimate expansion, had she not put her case out of court by her own foul and reckless acts.

About sea power, as about freedom of the seas, there has been much loose talk and ready acceptance of historical principles, very satisfactory if they still hold true. Before pinning our hopes too confidently to the teachings of Mahan, would it not be well to study closely their application to the situation to-day? To what extent and how are conditions at present analogous to those which prevailed in the struggles of England and Holland and in the Napoleonic Wars?

One striking difference is immediately clear. In the Napoleonic Wars, at least until the Emperor's elaborate "Continental System" became fully effective, British commerce increased by leaps and bounds, nearly doubling in the decade between 1793 and 1803. England became the great carrier and entrepôt for Europe, shutting her chief rival from the sea, and drawing from it the financial sinews to sustain herself and her allies. Thus her powerful mercantile classes were strengthened in their resolution to keep up the war, while the burden of her military forces on the Continent was in no sense comparable with that of to-day. French privateers cut into her tonnage, but at a rate of not more than two and one-half per cent a year, a loss lower than that suffered in the worst stages of the submarine campaign, and under conditions in which England was better able to make good with new construction. How does this compare with the situation now, when half of her merchant marine has been pressed into military service, when she has been forced to a tremendous military effort, and when the profits of wartime commerce have gone largely to neutrals?

Very naturally, yet vainly, may Mr. Fiennes and other British naval writers express the regret that Great Britain could not confine her efforts, as in the past, to the sea. The circumstances permitted no such economy. Had France been conquered, the war would have been lost, or fearfully prolonged, in spite of sea power; and is it too much to say that it would have been lost also had not the conditions of 1812 been reversed, and America entered on the side of the Allies?

On the other hand, there has been a greater preponderance of naval force at the service of Great Britain and her allies in the present war than there was in the Napoleonic era, and at the same time all nations are far more dependent now than they were then on oversea trade, if not for bare existence at least for the prosperity, comfort and industrial development essential to national growth. Germany realizes the powerful weapon of economic control in the hands of her enemies. The blockade, so far as sea traffic is concerned, is the most complete in history, and its working, if slow, is sure. We may fail fully to realize the effect on Germany of the complete exclusion of cotton, jute, hemp, metals, foodstuffs, tropical products, to mention only the more important imports of which she is deprived. It is the maritime supremacy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the Allies that has forced the Central Powers, as it forced Napoleon, into renewed conquests and fatal expenditures of strength, so that, to quote General von Freytag Loringhoven, "Victories that would otherwise have been decisive, and the conquest of whole kingdoms, have brought us no nearer peace."

There is no mention in "Sea Power and Freedom" of the breakdown on the Eastern Front and the possibility of new markets and resources thus opened to the Central Powers to counterbalance their exclusion from the seas. The lectures of which the volume is composed may have preceded the peace of Brest-Litovsk, else this new aspect of affairs would surely have received the consideration it deserves in any discussion of sea power.

Be it added that this very hasty comparison of past and present is here offered with no idea of casting discredit on Mahan's doctrine, but merely of suggesting that modern applications of them should take into account existing facts.

There is perhaps something of this ready acceptance of traditional wisdom in Rear Admiral Fiske's "The Navy as a Fighting Machine". No one will deny the author's forward-looking thoughts, his eagerness for reforms, his quickness to see the possibilities of new instruments of warfare; yet he falls back on the conclusion that "the world will move in the future as in the past," and "wars . . . will rage over the surface of the earth for the gaining and retaining of the mastery of the world." Without appealing to theories of creative evolution to refute such a denial of change and growth, the hope is surely permissible that in the world's political machinery, as in the great fighting machine which Rear Admiral Fiske describes, or in the particular engines of warfare which his inventive faculty has helped to perfect, there is possible as well as highly desirable a well-organized central control that would eliminate some of the friction, jars and lost motion which has reduced its efficiency in the past.

As a matter of fact, regarding possibilities of war, or even the importance and general measure of preparation, there is no reason for taking the military man as inspired with a special dispensation of wisdom. But when we are haled into court, we call a lawyer; when we are ill, unless we are Christian Scientists, we call a physician; and in like manner we have come to recognize more and more clearly that the details and execution of both military preparations and wartime operations should be under military control. As Admiral Fiske points out, it is the business of Congress to determine the size of military appropriations and to scan closely their expenditure; but can there be a sadder spectacle of wisdom misapplied than that of a House Naval Committee attempting to solve a delicate professional problem such as the relative advantages of dreadnaughts and battle cruisers, or pondering at length over highly unique schemes of naval strategy?

But Rear Admiral Fiske's most significant message in this volume is his argument for a general naval staff; or, if that name be anathema, like the title of *admiral* in the old navy, then for some form of improved central control of naval operations. Of the various factors which make for success in a naval campaign—ships, guns, training, morale, tactics, leadership at sea, and general plan of campaign or strategy—it is the last which falls chiefly, in modern times, to the authorities on shore, and upon which success or fail-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ure chiefly depends. Witness, as a case in point, the attack on the Dardanelles.

Fortunately, in the present war, we have profited by two and a half years of watching the game, by the counsels of our allies, by the unusual privilege of taking up by degrees, both on sea and on shore, our share of the burden of war. Granting these initial advantages, we may still turn with well-justified pride to our fighting machine in action. And in Mr. Ralph D. Paine's "The Fighting Fleets" we have an unusually satisfactory portrayal of the work the navy has done. Books of this type there have been many, for the British have realized more keenly than we the value of arousing national enthusiasm and interest in the fleet. But let us hope it is not merely national predilection that sees in this book the most complete, readable and inspiriting description of naval activities, filled with frank admiration that does not "slop over", lightened by humor, written by one who has made himself a part of what he sees, and withal doing abundant justice to our allies, who have so long borne the brunt of the naval campaign alone.

There is a little less here of the tantalizing vagueness which has characterized most stories of the war. It is a satisfaction to know that a "certain port" is Dunkirk, or Lough Swilly, or London, that "a certain ship" was the "Broke" or the "Fanning", and that a certain individual was Chief Petty Officer Copassaki, or Sturtevant of Yale, or Gunner O'Rourke.

For American readers its interest is enhanced by the pervasiveness of slang, in all its naval permutations and combinations. It must be accorded to Mr. Paine that he discriminates with success between the gob and lime-juicer varieties of this vernacular, with the passing criticism, perhaps over-subtle, that he has let something of the peculiar rhythm of British spoken discourse carry over into the talk of Yankee sailors. Only two phrases may be challenged. "Harkee, Bill" (p. 93) came from the lips of no jack tar outside of "Pinafore" or Cooper. And the statement that "this lad that trims me at checkers is by way of being the youngest man in the navy", contains an idiom which was not uttered by a Yankee sailor who before enlistment had worked forty-seven years in the Scranton mines.

Were his stories not apparently well authenticated, one might suspect the author of "The Fighting Fleets" of occasionally drawing a long bow. Some of the tales have already become common stock, as that of an enemy submarine discovered unexpectedly by a diver at the bottom of a British harbor. The ingenious diver tapped out in Morse code on the hull of the submarine a message to "Rise and surrender, or a depth charge will be exploded against your hull." A second, more urgent summons brought the enemy to the top, under the guns of an equally surprised British trawler. Surrender was inevitable, and was hastened by a shell against the conning tower of the submarine.

"I knew you was wide awake, Tom," said the diver as he emerged, "and I could trust you to nail the beggar when he came to the top."

There is another narrative of an even more resourceful petty officer, who was the only one to escape from a British submarine wrecked at the bottom of the North Sea. "He was alone," says the Admiralty Report, "in almost complete darkness, receiving electric shocks, and toward the end suffering from the effects of chlorine gas and a badly smashed hand, and yet in spite of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

continual disappointments he worked on *for nearly two hours*, keeping his head to the last, and at the seventh attempt at opening the hatch he escaped" —and was blown to the surface.

The legend may be believed or not of a red-headed, cross-eyed trawler lad who could not be drowned, who had been blown up in five trawlers, and in two cases was sole survivor; or of the patrol boat that collided with a French lighthouse on a dark and foggy night and brought the fragments of brick and mortar into port on her forward deck.

Finally there is the yarn in lighter vein of the negro stevedores of the U. S. N. A. (Uncle Sam's Nigger Army) who sought to enter into conversation with Senegalese troopers, with unsatisfactory results. "All they does is make funny noises", commented a colored American sergeant. "I never did 'spect to see niggers so plumb ignorant."

It is well that the gloomy recital of submarine savagery should be relieved by tales such as these, of bold exploits, victories, and the heroic side of war. "The Fighting Fleets" is the best kind of recruiting literature. It should set many a youngster, and many an oldster still young in spirit, fairly aflame for a share in the glorious hardships and dangers of the "band of brothers" at sea.

Sea Power and Freedom: A Historical Study, by Gerard Fiennes, with an Introduction by Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Navy as a Fighting Machine, by Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske. Charles Scribner's Sons. Second Edition.

The Fighting Fleets: Five Months of Active Service with the American Destroyers and Their Allies in the War Zone, by Ralph D. Paine. Houghton Mifflin Company.

SONGS IN SAIL

BY C. FOX-SMITH

SAILOR TOWN

Along the wharves in sailor town a singing whisper goes
Of the wind among the anchored ships, the wind that blows
Off a broad, brimming water, where the summer day has died
Like a wounded whale a-sounding in the sunset tide.

There's a big China liner, gleaming like a gull
And her lit ports flashing; there's the long gaunt hull
Of a Blue Funnel freighter, with her derricks dark and still,
And a tall barque loading at the lumber mill.

And in the shops of sailor town is every kind of thing
That the sailormen buy there or the ships' crews bring.
Shackles for a sea chest, and pink cockatoos,
Fifty-cent alarm clocks and dead men's shoes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You can hear the gulls crying, and the cheerful noise
Of a concertina going, and a singer's voice—
And the wind's song and the tide's song, crooning soft and low
Rum old tunes in sailor town that seamen know.

I dreamed a dream in sailor town, a foolish dream, and vain,
Of ships and men departed, of old days come again—
And an old song in sailor town, an old song to sing
When shipmate meets with shipmate in the evening.

SHIPMATES

Good-bye, and fare ye well, for we'll sail no more together
Broad seas and narrow in fair and foul weather;
We'll sail no more together in foul weather or fine,
And ye'll go your own way and I'll go mine.

Oh, the seas are very wide, and there's never any knowing
The countries we'll see or the ports where we'll be going;
All across the wide world, up and down the sea,
Before we come together, as at last may be.

Good-bye, and fare ye well; and maybe I'll be strolling,
And watching the ships there, and the crews a-coaling,
In a queer foreign city and a gay, gaudy street—
And who but yourself will I chance there for to meet?

You'll blow up from Eastward and I'll blow in from West,
And of all the time we ever had it's then we'll have the best.
Back from deep-sea wanderings, back from wind and weather,
You and me from all the seas, two friends together!

Good-bye, and fare ye well. Nay, naught but good attend ye
All across the wide world where sailor's luck may send ye—
Up and down the deep seas, north and south the Line,
And ye'll go your own way and I'll go mine!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GOSSIP SHOP

The New York "Sun" in a recent editorial on the subject of "American Literature" has some very sound and, it would appear, some equally foolish things to say about the obstacles in the way of our producing better literature.

"The chief obstacle", it says, "to our producing a literature more thoroughly modern and American is the critical clamor for this very thing."

Does it not depend upon what is meant by "critical clamor"? Certainly the thing on which most careful and competent observers of American writing are agreed is that we have not enough well-informed and urbane critical clamorers. We have scores of soft-speakers, any number of three-ring performers whose personalities are more reviewed than the books they write about; but few there are who pass judgment with real knowledge and discrimination.

The "Sun's" comment, one is likely to feel, is equally futile when it comes to the discussion of unorthodox forms. It says:

"The new poet, for instance, talks about being free from rhythm and metre. That is to say, he denies himself these aids to poetic expression. It is as if a carpenter should proclaim himself free of the saw and the chisel."

The analogy here limps because the rhythm and metre inhere in the literary art-form and the saw and chisel do not become a part of the carpenter's art. And it is in this very faulty parallel that the fallacy of the argument resides. It would have been truer possibly to say that rhythm and metre are to the poet what varnish and nails are to the carpenter; but having said this, it must be at once apparent that neither pair of the material causes, as the philosopher might term them, is absolutely essential to the making of a Shakespearean idea or a Gothic chapel. It is this confusion of the creation with the material of its expression that underlies much of the futile criticism of the literary rebels. The facts that many good carpenters and poets are orthodox and that many liberated carpenters and poets are fakes have little to do with the case.

The "Sun" is on sure ground, however, when it declares that all true ideas are old and that what we need in our writing is the sincere effort to express unaffectedly that which is in us. We would add one thing to this: simplicity and sincerity are cultivated qualities of the adult mind; they are natural only to children. And just as great actors require great audiences, so great writers require intelligent readers. If we are to develop the one we must educate the other. Matthew Arnold is very sound to-day in this respect, and until we have some such "body of criticism" in this country, which will place American writing in its true relation to the real things of literature, there are no boot-straps strong enough to lift us.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That is why the sound of "critical clamors" should be a very cheering one—especially if it come not in shrill falsetto but in a good rich baritone.

Any reader who became confused in the stack-room of the New York Public Library and chanced upon the first issue of THE BOOKMAN, published in February, 1895, would come upon this rather timely paragraph:

"Professor Bryce's 'American Commonwealth' has fallen under the Censor's ban in Russia, where its sale is prohibited."

One marvels that so much could have happened to a country and still leave it in the same frame of mind. Lord Bryce on America is probably no more popular in Bolsheviki quarters than he was to the oligarchs of 1895.

If this bit of contemporary gossip led to an extended excursion through the first few numbers of THE BOOKMAN, the effect would be to retouch with emphasis that very lively impression one had of the magazine under the hand of Harry Thurston Peck. His swivel chair swept the horizon and it was set upon a sufficient eminence to see things afar off. In the third number one finds him asserting with confidence that the author of the then anonymous "Joan of Arc", running in "Harper's", was none other than Mark Twain.

The effect on the mind of browsing through these issues of twenty-three years ago is the curiously contradictory one of the futility of mere success on the one hand and the essential continuity of all writing on the other. In the many pages crowded with news of new works, momentarily big sales and important authors, how few are the names and titles that are more than names and titles to-day! And yet there are a few.

It is amusing to read an announcement of a "semi-erotic novel on the New Woman." It is several removes from the "semi" days to psychoanalytic fiction, and the New Woman has matured to such a degree that she is positively old with the wisdom of political government.

If the reader immured in the stack-room had the time to explore, he would find much to-do in the early BOOKMAN about Barry and Crockett, Lucas Malet, W. B. Yeats and Turgenieff; Ibsen, Thomas Hardy and Bill Nye; Louise Guiney and Father Tabb, Brander Matthews and H. C. Bunner; Oliver Optic, Katharine Tynan Hinkson, Alice Brown, Andrew Lang, Conan Doyle and Rider Haggard; Anthony Hope, Rudyard Kipling and George Gissing; George Saintesbury, Zangwill and Howells; Brunetière and Arthur Sherburne Hardy. These are some of the names that occupied the attention of the world twenty-three years ago. How efficient is time!

How ironical, too. We read in the first issue of THE BOOKMAN that the Baroness von Sutter, the authoress of the Peace novel, "Waffen Nieder", is an active member of a Peace Society which "links its objects with those of the various Peace Societies of Europe." A magazine published for the same ends "is largely made up of translations from English and German modern writers in whose work the note of 'universality' is sounded." Thus early was Prussia gently rocking the cradle of the world to a peace lullaby. We know so much more about the "universality" of German Peace Societies to-day than they did in those days.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In a recent interview some statements are attributed to Sara Teasdale about the value of having everybody his own poet. She says:

"The writing of poems should be considered as natural and simple as the writing of letters. Children should make up poems without the slightest embarrassment, and the time spent in school in writing their own poems would be better spent than that consumed in learning arithmetic. Poetry is the most democratic of the arts, because no money is needed for long special training in learning how to compose it. It is the best antidote for the morbid repression that many of us have inherited from generations of Puritan ancestors. When everybody writes his own poems, two-thirds of the misery of the world will flow away singing, like ice-locked rivers when the spring sets in."

Of course it may be argued with a good deal of reason that poetry is no more democratic than dancing, singing or prose-writing. What is much more to the point is that the writing of it, like the practise of any other art, can hardly be done to any real purpose without a knowledge of first principles. Unfortunately these are born in but one or two in each generation.

Few children probably could exchange to advantage a knowledge of arithmetic for the privilege of covering sheets of paper with their self-conscious and almost always imitative lucubrations on a world of which they have no reflective experience. And one finds it difficult to believe that the result, even under the most favorable circumstances, would be anything but worthless to the children and to the community. As far as the development of the poetic sense is concerned, doubtless far more would be accomplished by making them acquainted in some human way—alas, all too rare in the schools—with the radiant pageantry of true poetry that every boy and girl ought to relive.

Perhaps if Miss Teasdale had ever been a publisher's reader she would know that already far too many people are "flowing away, singing" than can be contemplated with serenity by anyone who has a wasteless nation at heart, and that any prospect of having the nation at large take up the pursuit of poetry might result in the complete extinction of the publishing business.

Apropos of the subject of children and poetry, Madeline Alston has a very pleasant article in the "Poetry Review" for August in which she recounts some of her personal experiences in cultivating the love of poetry in children. Her list of books will prove valuable to those who have been puzzled to find the answer to this problem. Among other things she says:

"It is from the child's mother, not in the schoolroom, that the poetic stimulus should first come. Poetry cannot bring the same joy read in the formal atmosphere of the schoolroom as when read by the fireside stretched on the hearthrug amidst the associations of the home; or, better still, read in the garden, in the woods or fields, or by the sea. To feel free to wander at will, to pick a cowslip or throw a stone in the water, to turn a somersault or utter a war-whoop, takes away the air of compulsion that hovers around all schoolwork and destroys the very spirit of poetry. In the home, too, individual preferences can receive consideration to an extent not possible in school. Children

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

show great diversity of tastes. The preferences of boys differ from those of girls, as Henley recognized when he made his 'Lyra Heroica' anthology. Girls prefer to hear about other children, about fairies and flowers or subjects connected with the home. They are not less imaginative than boys, but their thoughts do not roam so far afield. Lions and dragons, shipwreck and battle have not the same fascination for girls as for boys. My little girls loved and immediately committed to memory Masefield's beautiful little verse quoted in 'The Spirit of Man':

'O lovely lily clean,
O lily springing green,
O lily bursting white,
Dear lily of delight:
Spring in my heart agen
That I may flower to men!'

"They were also charmed by Christina Rossetti's 'Golden Glories':

'The buttercup is like a golden cup,
The marigold is like a golden frill,
The daisy with a golden eye looks up,
And golden spreads the flag beside the rill,
And gay and golden nods the daffodil,
The gorsey common swells a golden sea,
The cowslip hangs a head of golden tips,
And golden drips the honey which the bee
Sucks from sweet hearts of flowers and stores and sips.'

"These two poems would leave a boy cold. In reading Tennyson a girl will ask for the 'May Queen', while a boy will demand 'The Charge of the Light Brigade'; but they meet on common ground in their enjoyment of Browning's 'Piper of Hamelin' or 'Hiawatha', and in their love of the old ballads.

"But in all modern poetry for children there is nothing quite so gem-like, so sweet or so charming as the poems that have been appearing in 'Punch' by Rose Fyleman. Could anything be more delicious than:

'Have you seen the fairies when the rain is done?'

or

'There are fairies at the bottom of the garden'

or

'A fairy went a-marketing'?"

THE BOOKMAN inaugurates with this issue two departments in the back of the magazine which it is hoped will grow to large proportions of usefulness for its readers. One is "Where to Buy Books", which will contain the announcements of booksellers all over the country whose facilities enable them to serve you quickly and well no matter where you are. The other, "THE BOOKMAN Limited", is a selected list of the month's books which the various publishers feel are of sufficient immediate importance to deserve your careful attention. Each publisher makes his own selection and he is limited to an announcement of two books only.

A week or two ago William Marion Reedy in his shining "Mirror" protested against the "Veblenization" of "The New Republic", "The Dial", "The Public" and other organs of opinion. It is interesting that almost of a sudden Thorstein Veblen's influence should become so widely potent. It is almost twenty years since the publication of "The Theory of the Lei-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sure Class". Since then the author has written a number of books equally effective in their respective spheres. It is likely, however, that his volume entitled "The Higher Learning in America, a Memorandum on the Conduct of Universities by Business Men", to be published early this season by B. W. Huebsch, will attract greater attention than any of his earlier books. Coming as it does after the various expulsions of professors, clashes between trustees and faculties and administrative tyrannies, it affords an opportunity to consider the whole question of the relation of the university to the people and of college government. Professor Veblen's treatment of his subject gives his book an interest that will probably extend its reading far beyond academic confines.

Grantland Rice, whose "Songs of the Stalwart", published by D. Appleton and Company, is in its third edition, has reached France with his regiment. He is Lieutenant Rice now, of the 115th Field Artillery of Tennessee. "Why Tennessee?" someone asked, and Lieutenant Rice said, "Well, it had to be Tennessee, because, you see, I was born there. Naturally, when I answered the call to the colors I went home to do it. I guess on such occasions a man feels that, given his preference, he will cast in his lot with the men who have been reared in his home country. So I'm here, and that is all there is to it, except that I'm glad I'm here." Since his arrival in France, Rice has been one of the leading contributors to "The Stars and Stripes".

Peter B. Kyne is now a Captain in the 144th Coast Artillery. This is Captain Kyne's second appearance in the Army. He served in the Philippines in '98. In addition to being a soldier he has been a newspaper man, a lumber man, a railroad man and a miner. He knows much about Mexico. "The Valley of the Giants", published by Doubleday, Page and Company, his latest novel, is the story of the Red Woods of California.

In September Duffield and Company will publish a book with the very interesting title "The Applewoman of the Klickitat", by Anna V. R. Morris. The volume, it is said, gives actual experiences, told in story form, of a New York newspaper woman, who goes to the Washington apple-growing country and develops a quarter section of government land into an orchard at the time when the locality was being opened up to settlement and improvement. A new sort of frontier is presented, all sorts of men and women, Americans, a few English, some Indian types, and left-over pioneers of the mining days. The fictional interest is a young Princeton man who visits the girl and her brother during his vacation. He falls in love with the wife of a professional well-borer, but the situation is saved for both of them. The chief interest, one gathers, is in the many types of settlers and in the development of the apple-growing country.

Two Kipling books will be published this Fall by Doubleday, Page and Company. In "The Eyes of Asia" the author goes back to his old East Indian life transplanted to the field of France.

The second book is a book of verse, the tentative title of which is "Gethsemane". This includes the greater part of his war verse and those poems which have appeared since the last

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

published volume, "Songs from Books".

Major Stewart White of the 144th Coast Artillery went overseas a few days ago, his big game hunting having been transferred from Africa to Hun-land.

Captain Alan Bott, the author of "The Cavalry of the Clouds", has been captured by the Turks in the Holy Land. He was wounded and his aeroplane fell in enemy country. He is reported out of danger.

Miss Elizabeth Frazer has been writing of her overseas experiences for "The Saturday Evening Post". Duffield and Company will publish these articles in book form early in October, the title of which will be "Ward 83, and Other Stories". These stories have met with much popularity in "The Saturday Evening Post".

When General Pershing got to France, he was glad to find Dorothy Canfield there. She had been a favorite pupil of his in mathematics at the Kansas War College when she was a girl of fifteen, and now was there ahead of him with her husband, Mr. Fisher, who had been training American ambulanciers while his wife had been rendering most valuable help to Miss Winifred Holt, daughter of her publisher, Mr. Henry Holt, in her work for "Men Blinded in Battle". General Pershing has now accepted the dedication of Dorothy Canfield's "Home Fires in France", which Professor W. L. Phelps of Yale calls "the finest work of fiction—if fiction it can be called—produced from an American by the war." He has also joined Miss Holt's "Committee for Men Blinded in Battle", the pioneer American work of this kind abroad.

Edward Stilgebauer, author of "The Ship of Death", published by Brentano, is one of those few Germans who refuse to stifle their consciences. As a result of the sentiments and facts expressed in his novels, he has been obliged to flee from Germany, and is now hiding in one of the neutral countries.

Homer Croy, whose first novel, "Boone Stop", has just been published by the Harpers, will leave next week for France. Mr. Croy has offered his services to the Y. M. C. A. to operate motion-picture shows in the huts and camps near the front lines, providing American soldiers with entertainment in off-duty moments. "Boone Stop" is far removed from the movies, being the story of a boy, his father and mother, in the Ozark Mountains, with what is described as a Mark-Twainish sort of humor.

Before he joined Uncle Sam's forces a few months ago, Irving R. Allen, author of "The Money Maker", published by Dodd, Mead and Company, was an efficiency expert and adviser to leaders in the world of business, and his salary, it is said, ran well up into the five-figure class. The author introduces a few of his efficiency ideas into his love story—he even has an efficient and time-saving method of proposal.

The "Education of Henry Adams", for which an eager public has been anxiously waiting ever since its private publication some ten years ago, is to be published in September by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Houghton Mifflin Company. This book, which has been called "one of the most original, amusing and piquant books ever written," was privately printed in an edition of only 100 copies in 1907. Now, after Mr. Adams' lamented death some few months ago, it is offered to the public.

Professor G. B. Baker of Workshop 47 is a busy man. He has divided his time between government work and college classes since his appointment as Head Supervisor of Amusements for the soldiers. A few months ago he completed the introduction and editing of the "Harvard Plays", published by Brentano's, and already he is at work on future volumes. Next year he will have his usual classes at Harvard and Radcliffe.

"With Three Armies: On and Behind the Western Front", by Arthur Stanley Riggs, bears evidence that its author has had long literary and world-wide experience and that his opportunities in France and Belgium were exceptional.

In a word of introduction Mr. Riggs says: "I have tried to do something different from the technical, philosophical and personal accounts which make up the bulk of the war books—tried to bring the war home to the reader, that he might realize how big and how small, how heroic and how bestial, how exceedingly far from and how crushed up against his very soul this war is."

Among the many photographs is one—probably the only one brought to this country—of a five-year-old boy whose left hand has been cut off by the German officer who had been quartered in the child's own home. And among the posters and proclamations reproduced in facsimile is the one announcing the execution of Edith Cavell and signed by General von Bissing. This proclamation has, as far as we know, never before been reproduced in this country. The book is published by The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Roy Chapman Andrews, the scientist, explorer and author, whose "Camps and Trails in China", is published this week by D. Appleton and Company, has been sent back to China by the American Museum of Natural History in search of the "golden fleece." The prize which this modern argonaut is to endeavor to secure is a form of rare cow of a beautiful yellow color, a specimen which the Museum regards as being worth as much as the ram which Jason sought. And if Mr. Andrews encounters as many difficulties in locating it as he did in his hunt for the "blue tiger", described in his new book, his journey is certain to be quite as perilous as Jason's.

Alice Calhoun Haines, author of those successful juveniles, "The Luck of the Dudley Grahams" and "Partners for Fair", and of the novel based on Pershing's expedition into Mexico, "Firecracker Jane", which Henry Holt and Company expect to publish some time in September, has been living in the little mining town of Nogal in New Mexico. It is a hamlet of not more than sixteen families, but they are "doing their bit" to the utmost and with others from outlying ranches have organized a Red Cross branch, and on the Fourth of July gave an entertainment from which they raised $75. Mrs. Baskin, the author's name since she wrote her juveniles, has recently left New Mexico to visit in California.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Few families are large enough to hold a poet, and still more rare is the contentment of the family in which there are two poets. The literary world has long recognized Louis Untermeyer as a lyrist and a critic, but it knows his wife only through a few poems that have appeared in recent years in leading magazines, signed Jean Starr Untermeyer. Though the number has been small, the poems attracted attention because of the combination of searching introspection and flawlessness of expression. Mrs. Untermeyer has resisted the frequent demands to write more freely and has limited herself to those thoughts and impulses that cannot be gainsaid. Her new volume, a record of spiritual struggle and development, "Growing Pains", is announced for early publication by B. W. Huebsch.

"The Kaiser As I Know Him", by Dr. Arthur N. Davis, for fourteen years the Kaiser's personal dentist in Berlin, is announced by Harper Brothers for late August publication. Doctor Davis succeeded in finally getting out of Germany early this year, so that his contacts with the Kaiser continued for many months after the United States came into the war and he became an enemy alien in Germany, meeting the Kaiser frequently at his bidding but suffering all the restrictions of enemy aliens. The ordinary relation of dentist and patient apparently was early lost sight of by the Kaiser, for he found Doctor Davis a keen young American and he sought to cultivate him. Doctor Davis shows what the Kaiser thinks of Roosevelt, Henry Ford, Charles E. Hughes, and in addition he gives a picture of the Kaiser himself.

New York City is no place for a perfectly good author in summertime: —this is the opinion of Freeman Tilden! Even the allurements of exceedingly good press notices and the constant announcements of "New Edition Printing" cannot keep the author of "Khaki" in New York during the hot weather.

Shortly after the publication of "Khaki", by The Macmillan Company, Mr. Tilden came to the metropolis to see how it "took" to his story. He found it very kind and he would like to have remained, for people were saying "such nice things, don't you know," about the story. But the cooling shades of Chester, Massachusetts, were too inviting.

"Why all I can do here," he said on the day that he made his return flight to Massachusetts, "is to sit and fan myself and sip lemonade through a straw, and sometimes I haven't even the ambition to sip."

But the publishers report that "Khaki" is keeping up despite Mr. Tilden's withdrawal. The fourth edition will be announced for publication before the book is four weeks old.

Georges Guynemer is a name that has been made famous by the world war. Moffat, Yard and Company are bringing out the authentic story of his life as an aviator, under the title of "Guynemer, the Ace of Aces". The book is by Jacques Mortane, the well-known European authority on aviation and editor of "La Guerre Aérienne", and has been ably translated by Dr. Clifton Harby Levy. Much of the context of this book was dictated by Guynemer himself.

It is the story of a man who will go down in history not alone as a French hero, but a world hero of warfare of the air.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The chapter "A Modest Hero", in which Guynemer gives so able a picture of himself and his ambition, is also a glowing tribute to the *poilu*.

"Not long ago, at one of our warehouse centers (in France), I saw in operation the second-largest ice factory in the world, and at the same place I saw one thousand German prisoners at work, helping build new warehouses, together with four or five thousand Chinese and various other Eastern nationalities," writes Burton E. Stevenson, whose enlarged and still huger "Home Book of Verse" Henry Holt and Company issued August 15th.

Mr. Stevenson is "over there" as European representative of the American Library Association, with the full co-operation of our War Department. In this same letter to his publishers he further writes: "I think if people in the States could see the tremendous work which we are doing over here, they would all feel exceedingly proud of the progress we have made. As I travel about France, it seems to me that there is not a town, or a village, or even a cross-roads where American troops are not in evidence, and if you could see the miles of piers, the countless thousands of great warehouses, and the league on league of railroad sidings, you would get some idea of the vast machinery it takes to feed and provide for an army of one million men."

Mr. C. Haddon Chambers, the English playwright, is busily engaged on a new play for Charles Frohman, Inc. Brentano's fall list includes Chambers's most famous plays, among them a new play called "The Saving Grace", which will have its New York *première* September 29th.

A volume presented as the first comprehensive book on open-air playhouses and outdoor pageants and drama has been written by Sheldon Cheney, and will be published in a profusely illustrated volume on August 25th by Mitchell Kennerley.

It aims to be a complete and interesting account of the open-air theater, and of the forms of drama suitable for production out-of-doors. The ancient Greek and Roman playhouses and the mediæval religious theaters are treated incidentally, but most emphasis is put upon the current revival of interest in outdoor productions.

Ernest Goodwin, a young English writer, has the unique distinction of being the author of two first novels, both of which have been accepted at the same time by Houghton Mifflin Company, after one had been successfully serialized in "Ainslee's" and the other in "Everybody's"! Even more remarkable, however, is the fact that although both have been written during the war, "The Caravan Man", which will be published in October, is "a gay tale of love and laughter in which a London artist goes adventuring in a gypsy caravan", and "The Duchess of Siona", to be published next spring, a dramatic novel of the Middle Ages. The publishers are enthusiastic over Mr. Goodwin's work, and say that "The Caravan Man" is a story "so full of delicious romance and sparkling humor as to make you forget the war and all your troubles."

Kathleen Norris has written a story said to be quite different from her other novels, "The Heart of Rachael" and "The Story of Julia Page". It appears that the characters of her new book are mostly New Yorkers, although a large portion of the story

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is placed in Paris. It is described as the story of a woman's faith. Mrs. Norris manages to write two or three novels a year and yet keeps her household running. She takes a most active part in Red Cross work, and in a most practical way stands back of her husband, Captain Charles G. Norris, who will soon be overseas.

Ex-Ambassador Henry A. Morgenthau has a valuable story which no one but himself could tell. He tells why Turkey sided with Germany; why the British failed to come through the Dardanelles because of the Armenian massacres; and of the famous conference in Potsdam where the Germans decided to make war. Mr. Morgenthau, in addition to his knowledge of conditions in Constantinople, possesses the ability of being able to say things in a vivid way. He looks at diplomatic affairs from the interesting point of view of the successful business man. "Ambassador Morgenthau's Story" is scheduled for publication about the middle of October by Doubleday, Page and Company.

That delightfully friendly spirit, C. K. S. (Clement K. Shorter), whose "Literary Letter" is a charming feature of the London "Sphere", shares with his readers a recent "find"—a little book with the engaging and in these days startling title, "The Way to Live for Twopence a Day", bearing the date 1697. Mr. Hoover would discover here much food for reflection, though he would find considerable price-adjusting necessary before the return of the halcyon days here depicted. Dairymen would not rejoice in the thought of selling two quarts of milk for a penny, "to which add a pint of Water, and not half a Pennyworth of Flower, and make it into flower'd Milk, according to our Directions, and you will have a fine Dish sufficient for 4 People, and stands but in three half-pence." For twopence also is recommended "the young tops of Asparagus boil'd," and "Pumpkin fry'd, with Vinegar and Butter put to it." Further reinforcement of the Food Administration is found in the following passage: "Sugar is an excellent rich thing, but in my opinion, fit only to be taken Physically, and not at every turn to be mix'd with our common Food and Drinks; the use whereof makes it of evil consequence, particularly all sweetened Drinks and Food forward the generation of the Gout, and other Diseases of the Body, which simple innocent food would prevent, if Temperance be but observ'd."

It is amusing to note that the Library Association, falling victim to the besetting temptation of official functionaries, takes the negative view of education as a process of censorship. "Zola's 'L'Assomoir', Daudet's 'Sapho', and Maupassant's 'Bel-Ami'," remarks the "Dial", "are to have no chance to rub the bloom off our soldiers. But if one is so fortunate as to possess a copy of the famous expurgated edition of Felicia Heman's poems, one need not withhold it from the army."

The spectacled, bent and legendary professor has become one of the stock figures in our comic repertoire; it is assumed that he is remote from life. The real professor may, like Professor Edward Alsworth Ross, teacher, traveller, writer, and swordsman in the cause of academic freedom, measure six feet five inches and be guiltless of even a *pince nez*. Professor Ross has taught for twenty-five years or so, has written nine books on sociological sub-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

jects, of which the latest is the fruit of his experiences in Russia during the revolutionary year of 1917, and avers that he has "never experienced a dull moment save when waiting at little railroad junction points." "When I fear I am getting bookish," he says, "I flee for half a year to Tunis, China, South America or Russia. Although fishing and camping are my favorite pastimes, I know no sport like professing sociology."

Another example of the educator who refuses to look the part is Mr. William Creech, whose recent death took from a Kentucky mountain school one of the most picturesque figures in American educational history. His last photograph shows him standing coatless, gun on shoulder, on a little path near the school he founded. He was not a man whom the most bitter scorners of the "highbrow" would stigmatize as academic, but education was to him a passion. The Pine Mountain Settlement School, for which he gave the land in vision and sacrifice, is a monument to the old mountaineer who for clarity of thought and singleness of purpose deserves a place of honor among the real educators of the land.

That "art knows no frontiers" has perhaps been more true in theory than in practice, save for the comparative few who are at home in languages other than their own. In the great gathering of the nations to defend civilization, there has been an effort at closer *rapprochement* in the living sympathy of books as well as in the exigencies of war. Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "England's Effort" has recently appeared in a Japanese version, published in Tokyo, with a preface by Viscount Sutemi Chinda, the Japanese ambassador.

The necessity of promoting fellow feeling between South and North America gives special interest to the translation of Edward Everett Hale's "The Man Without a Country" into Spanish with the title "El Hombre Sin Patria". In Spanish-speaking countries Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" is said to enjoy extraordinary popularity, in numerous translations.

BRIEF MENTION OF NEW BOOKS

War

A Traveller in War-Time, by WINSTON CHURCHILL [Macmillan Company, $1.25].

The novelist's account of his visit to France and England in the third year of the war, with an essay on the American Contribution and The Democratic Idea.

On the Fringe of the Great Fight, by COLONEL GEORGE G. NASMITH [George H. Doran Company, $1.50].

A scientist's record of gas attacks on the Canadian division, with accounts of work in sanitation behind the lines.

From Bapaume to Passchendaele, by PHILIP GIBBS [George H. Doran Company, $2.50].

Letters from a war correspondent with the British army in the field, illustrated by maps.

Practical Flying, by FLIGHT-COMMANDER W. G. MCMINNIES [George H. Doran Company, $1.50].

A work on actual training and instruction for the flying services, with glossary. Illustrated by diagrams and drawings.

A Village in Picardy, by RUTH GAINES [E. P. Dutton & Company].

A personal account of the history

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the work of the Smith College Relief Unit in the Somme.

Elements of Navigation, by W. J. HENDERSON, revised [Harper & Brothers, $1.25].

An exposition of the newest methods used in the navy and merchant marine.

How a Soldier May Succeed After the War, by RUSSELL H. CONWELL [Harper & Brothers, $.50].

True stories of present-day great men who were privates in the Civil War.

A History of the Great War, Vol. *III*, by SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE [George H. Doran Company, $2.00].

An account of the British campaign in France and Flanders, 1916, illustrated by maps.

The Great Crusade, by the RIGHT HONORABLE DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, M.P. [George H. Doran Company, $1.50].

Extracts from speeches on different aspects of the war, such as the war aims of the allies, the Russian Revolution, food conservation, America's place in the world war.

Out of the Jaws of Hunland, by CORPORAL FRED MCMULLEN and PRIVATE JACK EVANS, illustrated [G. P. Putnam's Sons, $1.50].

An account of the imprisonment and escape of two American soldiers.

The White Road of Mystery, by PHILIP DANA ORCUTT [John Lane Company, $1.25].

A personal record of incidents and events in the life of an American Ambulancier.

Our First Year in the Great War, by FRANCIS VINTON GREENE [G. P. Putnam's Sons).

Six papers of summary and estimate, reprinted from the New York *Times*.

Knights of the Air, by BENNETT A. MOLTER [D. Appleton & Company, $1.50].

An aviator's account of his experiences, with descriptions and incidents of the life of the Allied Airmen.

Fighting France, by STEPHANE LAUZANNE [D. Appleton and Company, $1.50].

A discussion of why the French are at war, how they are fighting, and on what terms they will accept peace.

The New Death, by WINIFRED KIRKLAND [Houghton Mifflin Company, $1.25].

Comment, with quotation from letter and statement, regarding those facing death at the front.

Manual of Local Defense, by MAJOR HENRY A. BELLOWS, illustrated [Macmillan Company, $1.00].

Principles underlying the organization, equipment and tactics of local defense, with bibliography.

The Good Soldier, with comment by N. P. DAWSON [Macmillan Company, $1.25].

A selection of soldiers' letters, 1914-1917.

Out to Win, by LIEUTENANT CONINGSBY DAWSON [John Lane Company, $1.25].

An account of the American army in France, as seen by the author when commissioned by the British Government to visit there.

The Red Battle Flyer, by CAPTAIN MANFRED FREIBERR VON RICHTHOVEN. Translated by T. ELLIS BARKER [Robert M. McBride and Company, $1.20].

The exploits of the famous late German aviator, in his own words.

What Every American Should Know About the War, edited by MONTAVILLE FLOWERS [George H. Doran Company, $2.00].

A series of studies on different aspects of the war, delivered at the National Conference of American Lectures, Washington, 1918.

The End of the War, by WALTER E. WEYL [Macmillan Company, $2.00].

An appeal to America to assume leadership in international diplomacy leading to peace.

Hunting the Hun, by CAPTAIN JAMES BELTON and LIEUTENANT E. G. ODELL, illustrated [D. Appleton and Company, $1.50].

The personal exepriences of two Canadian officers who have seen active service at the front.

The Cloud, by SARTELL PRENTICE [E. P. Dutton and Company].

A discussion of Germany's ambition as a menace to America.

A Dictionary of Military Terms, by EDWARD S. FARROW [Thomas Y. Crowell Company, $2.50].

Twelve thousand definitions of words and phrases covering ancient and modern warfare.

Fragments From France, by CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER, Part V. [G. P. Putnam's Sons].

The original series of war cartoons which with the later group of designs will bring the record down to the participation of America in the war.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction

The Little Girl Who Couldn't-Get-Over-It, by ALFRED SCOTT BARRY [E. P. Dutton and Company, $1.50].

The imaginative story of an actor's daughter.

A Girl Named Mary, by JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS, illustrated [Bobbs-Merrill Company, $1.50].

The story of a lost girl and of her choice between a real and a foster mother.

The Court of Belshazzar, by EARL WILLIAMS [Bobbs-Merrill Company, $1.50].

An historical romance of the deliverance of Jerusalem.

The Eastern Window, by SIDNEY WILLIAMS [Marshall Jones and Company, $1.00].

The philosophic journal of a soldier addressed to the woman he loves.

Love Eternal, by H. RIDER HAGGARD [Longmans, Green and Company, $1.50].

A new war novel, with scenes in England and abroad.

The Ship of Death, by EDWARD STILGEBAUER. Translated by M. T. H. SADLER [Brentano's, $1.40].

A story of German intrigue on an American ship.

The Rough Road, by WILLIAM J. LOCKE [John Lane Company, $1.50].

A novel dealing with the experiences of a pampered young Englishman in the war.

Barbara Picks a Husband, by HERMANN HAGEDORN [Macmillan Company, $1.50].

A New York story of a girl's choice of one of three eligible young men.

The Land Where the Sunsets Go, by ORVILLE H. LEONARD [Sherman, French and Company].

A collection of sixty short sketches, poems and stories of the American desert.

Virtuous Wives, by OWEN JOHNSON [Little, Brown and Company, $1.50].

A novel of married life in New York society as affected by the war.

Boone Stop, by HOMER CRAY [Harper and Brothers, $1.50].

A boy's story of a queer old man—a religious zealot—and the experiences of his family.

Minniglen, by AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE [D. Appleton and Company, $1.50].

The romance of an English society girl and a young laird, in the early days of the war.

Khaki, by FREEMAN TILDEN [Macmillan Company, $1.50].

The story of the coming of the war to a little New England town.

Poetry

Motley, by WALTER DE LA MARE [Henry Holt and Company, $1.25].

A new book of lyrics, some of which are reprinted from English magazines.

Verse and Worse, by NORAH LEE HAYMOND [Published by the author].

Passionate verse of unconventional meter and form.

High Altars. by JOHN OXENHAM [George H. Doran Company, $.50].

A series of narratives and impressions of the author's visit to the battlefields of France and Flanders.

The Forest-Altar, by JAMES EDWARD RICHARDSON (Printed by the author].

Collected verse reprinted from various magazines.

Chimes and Humoresques, by ERNEST M. HUNT [Published by the author, $.50].

A pamphlet of verses reprinted from various magazines.

New York and Other Verses, by FREDERICK MORTIMER CLAPP [Marshall, Jones and Company, $1.25].

A collection of the author's verse on different aspects of his native city.

Economic and Social Questions

The Abolition of Inheritance, by HARLAN EUGENE READ [Macmillan Company, $1.50].

An argument for the abolishment of inherited wealth on the ground of justice to the individual and to the public.

Studies in History, Economics and Public Law. Valuation and Rate-Making, by ROBERT L. HALE. *The Enclosures in England*, by HARRIETT BRADLEY. *Social and Private Life at Rome in the Time of Plautus and Terence*, by GEORGIA W. LEFFINGWELL [Longmans, Green and Company].

Three discussions in pamphlet form, edited by the faculty of political science of Columbia University.

Playing the Game, by ZEBEDIAH FLINT [Service, $1.00].

Practical ways of promoting thrift and economy.

The Real Business of Living, by JAMES H. TUFTS [Henry Holt and Company].

A discussion of the origin of national institutions and standards, and of the tasks of co-operative democracy resulting from them.

Municipal House Cleaning, by WILLIAM PARR CAPES and JEANNE R. CARPEN-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TER [E. P. Dutton and Company, $6.00].

Official reports of the New York State Bureau of Municipal Information, giving the experiences of American cities in sanitary activities.

The History of Statistics, collected and edited by JOHN KOREN [Published for the American Statistical Association by the Macmillan Company, $2.50].

An account of the history and development of official statistics in many countries.

Crime Prevention, by ARTHUR WOODS [Princeton University Press, $1.00].

Experiences and conclusions of the author during his term as Police Commissioner of New York.

Social Insurance in the United States, by GURDON RANSOM MILLER. The National Social Science Series. [A. C. McClurg and Company, $.60].

A summary of the new social requirements in America after the war.

Your Negro Neighbor, by BENJAMIN BRAWLEY [Macmillan Company, $.60].

An historical review of the education and industry of the negro, with discussions of theories and fallacies.

The Gospel for a Working World, by HARRY F. WARD [Missionary Education Movement of the U. S. and Canada].

A discussion of unchristian conditions and relations in the world of work and how they may be removed.

Creative Impulse in Industry by HELEN MAROT [E. P. Dutton and Company, $1.50].

A discussion of industrial efficiency after the war,—a survey of conditions made for the Bureau of Educational Experiments.

Ancient Peoples at New Tasks, by WILLARD PRICE [Missionary Education Movement of U. S. and Canada].

A discussion of the industrial revolution in South America and the Orient.

Drama

Karma, by ALGERNON BLACKWOOD and VIOLET PEARN [E. P. Dutton and Company, $1.60].

A reincarnation play giving the love story of a woman in four different lives in England, Egypt, Greece and Italy.

Plays for Any Child, by F. URSULA PAYNE [Harper and Brothers, $.75].

A group of ten plays suitable for representation on various holidays.

General Post, by J. E. HAROLD TERRY [E. P. Dutton and Company, $1.50].

A stage comedy of English social life, showing the undermining of the caste-system under the new war conditions.

Essays

European Dramatists, by ARCHIBALD HENDERSON [Stewart and Kidd Company, $2.00].

A new and enlarged edition of seven critical essays, some of which are reprinted from magazines.

The Hive, by WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT [George H. Doran Company, $1.50].

Reflective sketches based on experimental child development at Stone Study.

The True Character of Hamlet, by ALFRED B. CRUIKSHANK [Knickerbocker Press].

A pamphlet of criticism and comment.

The Quest of the Face, by STEPHEN GRAHAM, illustrated [Macmillan Company, $1.75].

Eleven narrative sketches, each embodying a different vision of the ideal.

History and Politics

Genseric, by POULTNEY BIGELOW [G. P. Putnam's Sons, $1.50].

The story of the King of the Vandals with a parallel sketch, from personal acquaintance, of the present Kaiser.

Rise of the Spanish American Republics, by WILLIAM SPENCE ROBERTSON [D. Appleton and Company. $3.00].

A historian's account of Spanish-American history, 1808 to 1830, with state documents reprinted.

The Political Conditions of Allied Success, by NORMAN ANGELL [G. P. Putnam's Sons, $1.50].

A plea for the protective union of the democracies.

Americanism and Social Democracy, by JOHN SPARGO [Harper and Brothers, $1.50].

A statement of the aims and platform of the new Socialist party, with appendix of documents presented at the St. Louis Convention.

What Is National Honor? by LEO PERLA [Macmillan Company, $1.50].

An analysis of national honor in the light of international law.

Philosophy

An Ethical Philosophy of Life, by FELIX ADLER [D. Appleton and Company, $3.00].

A presentation of practical philos-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ophy in its main outlines,—autobiographical, applied, and theoretical, with appendix.

The New Rationalism, by EDWARD GLEASON SPAULDING [Henry Holt and Company, $3.50].

The development of a constructive realism upon the basis of modern logic and science, and through the criticism of opposed philosophical systems.

Religion

A Commentary on St. Paul's First Epistle to the Thessalonians, by ALFRED PLUMMER [Robert Scott, 4/6].

An interpretation for the Bible student and scholar.

Religious Education in the Church, by HENRY F. COPE [Charles Scribner's Sons, $1.25].

A discussion of the activities of the church as adapted to the training and development of citizens for the new social order.

The Miracles of Jesus, by the RIGHT REVEREND COSMO GORDON LANG [E. P. Dutton and Company, $1.60].

A new American edition of discussions appearing originally as Sunday Readings in the "Good Words" Magazine.

Miller's Essays, by EDWARD MILLER, JR. [Miller's Publishing Company].

A collection of essays on mental science.

Counterfeit Miracles, by BENJAMIN B. WARFIELD [Charles Scribner's Sons, $2.00].

An investigation of alleged miracles extending from biblical times to the present.

Juvenile

Second Bubble Book. Singing by Simple Simon, Little Bo-Peep, Old King Cole. Story by RALPH MAYHEW and BURGES JOHNSON. Pictures by RHODA CHASE. Records by Columbia Graphaphone Company [Harper and Brothers].

A little book containing three actual Victrola records, with poems and illustrations that correspond.

Sandsy Himself. by GARDNER HUNTING. Illustrated [Harper and Brothers, $1.25].

An outdoor story dealing with the adventures of three boys.

Games for Children's Development, by HILDA A. WRIGHTSON illustrated [Prophet Press, $1.50].

A large number of games for training, in physical co-ordination, of normal and sub-normal children.

Spiritualism

The Reality of Psychic Phenomena, by W. J. CRAWFORD [E. P. Dutton and Company, $2.00].

The record, by scientific experiment, of the amount, direction, and nature of the forces used in "spiritualistic" phenomena

The New Revelation, by Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE [George H. Doran Company, $1.00].

The author's account of his conversion to spiritualism after thirty years' experiment, with discussion of problems and limitations.

Psychoanalysis

Totem and Taboo, by Dr. SIGMUND FREUD, translated by Dr. A. A. BRILL [Moffat, Yard and Company, $2.00]

Essays tracing the resemblances between the psychic lives of savages and neurotics.

Personality and Conduct, by MAURICE PARMELEE [Moffat, Yard and Company, $2.00].

A discussion, on the basis of psychoanalysis, of the adaptation of the individual to social law.

General Literature

Mythology of All the Races, Vol. III, edited by Louis Herbert Gray, illustrated [Marshall Jones and Company].

Description of ancient Celtic myths and early national tales of Slavic mythology, with notes and bibliography.

On Reading Nietzsche, translated from the French of Emile Faguet by GEORGE RAFFALOVICH [Moffat, Yard and Company, $1.50].

A criticism of Nietzsche and his contribution to thought.

R. W. Emerson: Autobiographie d'apres Son "Journal Intime," 2 vols. [Libraire Armand Colin, 3 fr. 50 per vol.].

A translation, with introduction and notes, of Emerson's "Journal," by Professor Régis Michaud of Princeton University

Feodor Vladimir Larrovitch, An Appreciation of His Life and Works, by WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN and RICHARDSON WRIGHT (The Authors' Club).

An imaginary Russian author's memoirs, written by various members of the Authors' Club, as a satire on prevalent methods of literary biography and criticism.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED